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Presented by
Professor Joseph Wright
July, 1914

R. See.

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Britain's Remembrancer.

(cId Idcxxxviii.)

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

PART I.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1880.



PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER.

CONTENTS.

Britain's Remembrancer *Containing A Narration of the PLAGUE lately past ; A Declaration of the MISCHIEFS present ; And a Prediction of IVDGMENTS to come ; (If Repentance prevent not.) It is Dedicated (for the glory of God) to POSTERITIE ; and, to These Times (if they please) by GEO: WITHER.*

IOB. 32. 8, 9, 10, 18, 21, 22. *Surely, there is a spirit in man ; but the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding. Great men are not alwayes wise, neither doe the aged alway understand judgement. Therefore, I say, heare me, and I will shew also my opinion. For, I am full of matter ; and the spirit within mee compelleth me. I will not accept the person of man, neither will I give flattering titles to man. For, I may not give flattering titles, lest my Maker take me away suddenly.*

Reade all, or censure not : For ; *He that answereth a matter before he heare it, it is shame and folly to him.* PROV. 18. 13.

Imprinted for *Great Britaine*, and are to be sold by JOHN GRISMOND in *Ivie-Lane.* c15 16CXVIII.

(Lowndes, p. 2965 ; Haslitt, No. 19.)

cId Idcxxxviii.

Britain's Remembrancer.

(LOWNDES, p. 2965 ; HAZLITT, No. 19.)

The meaning of the Title page.

BEhold ; and marke ; and mind, ye British Nations,
This dreadfull vision of my Contemplations.
Before the Throne of Heav'n, I saw, me thought,
This famous Island into question brought.
With better cares then those my Body beare,
I heard impartiall IVSTICE, to declare
God's Benefits, our Thanklesnesse, and what
Small heed, his Love, or Iudgements here begat.
I view'd eternall MERCI E, how she strove
God's just deserved Vengeance to remove.
But, so encrease our Sinnes, and cry'd so loud,
That, at the last, I saw a dismall Cloud
Exceeding blacke, as from the Sea ascending,
And over all this Isle it selfe extending :
With such thicke foggie Vapours, that their steames
Seem'd, for a while, to darken MERCI ES beames.
Within this fearfull Cloud, I did behold
All Plagues and Punishments, that name I could.
And with a trembling heart, I fear'd each houre,
God would that Tempest on this Island poure.
Yet, better hopes appear'd : for, loe, the Rayes
Of MERCY pierc'd this Cloud, & made such waies
Quite through those Exhalations, that mine eye
Did this Inscription, thereupon espie ; (said,
BRITAIN E'S REMEMBRANCER : &, somewhat
These words (me thought) The Storme is, yet, delaid,
And if ye doe not penitence defer,
This CLOVD is only, a REMEMBRANCER.
But, if ye still affect impiety,
Expect, e're long, what this may signifie.
This having heard and seene, I thought, nor fit
Nor safe it were, for me to smother it :
And, therefore, both to others eyes, and eares,
Have offred, here, what unto mine appears.
Iudge as ye please, ye Readers, this, or me :
Truth will be Truth, how e're it censur'd be,
GEO: WITHER.



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TO
THE *KINGS* MOST
EXCELLENT
MAIESTIE.

Most Royall SIR :

B*E*cause I doubted who might first peruse,
These honest Raptures of my sleighted Muse ;
Observing in the quality of most,
To passe rash judgements (taken up) on trust ;
And, that according to the wits of those
Who censure first, the common Censure goes :
Perceiving, too, with what oblique aspect,
Some glaring Comets, on my Lines reflect ;
Awhile I pawsed, whether trust I might
My plaine-paced Measures to their partiall sight,
Who may upon them (ere you reade them) seize,
And comment on my Text, as they shall please,
Or sleight, or scoffe ; such men were knowne to me ;
And being loth, they first of all should be
My Iudges ; here, I offer to your eye
The prime perusall of this Poësie.

For, minding well what hopes I have of You ;
What course, my Fortunes urge me to pursue ;
What blurres, good Studies by those Fooles have got,
Who sleight desert, because they know it not ;
What freedome Nature gives to ev' y soule,
To speake just things, to Kings, without controule ;
How farre from noble, and from wise they be,
Who disallow the Muses should be free ;

A 2

How

To the KING.

*How eas'd we are, when we our minds disclose ;
What profit from our honest boldnesse flowes ;
What Resolutions I have made mine owne,
And what good cause there is to make them knowne :
All this well weighing, with some Reasons moe
(Which usefull are for none but me to know)
I did not feare these Poems forth to bring,
To bide, at first, the censure of a King.
And loe, on milke white paper wings they flye,
Reade they that list, when you have laid them by.*

*But, S I R, I humbly pray you ; let not fall
Your Doome, till you have read, and read it all :
For, he that shall by fragments this peruse,
Will wrong himselfe, the Matter, and the Muse.
Although a tedious Worke it may appeare,
You shall not wholly lose your labour here.
For, though some heedlesse Courtiers censure may
That on this Booke your time were cast away,
I know it may your spirits recreate,
Without disturbing your affaires of State ;
And, with more usefull things acquaint your eares,
Then twenty hundred thousand tales of theirs.
You also know, that well it fits a King,
To heare such Messages, as now I bring.
And, that in doing so, to take some pleasure,
Great Monarchs thought it just to be at leasure.*

*Long since, I have elected you to be
Mœcenas, to my Muses, and to me,
And if my hopes in you shall be bereft me,
I have no other hopes in this kind left me ;
Nor any purpose, whatsoever come,
To seeke another Patron, in your roome.*

*Nor seeke I now, that I from you may gaine,
What, other times I covet for my paine.*

Nor

*Nor for because my heart hath any doubt,
 That I shall need a Friend to beare me out
 Against the fury or the fraud of those,
 That openly, or secretly, oppose
 Such Works; For, He that me to this doth call,
 Shall save me harmlesse, or I meane to fall.
 Not that I sleight your favour, speake I this;
 (For deare and precious to my soule it is)
 But rather, that the world may know and see,
 How him I trust that hath inspired me.
 (Though some suppose I may) I do not feare,
 As many would, if in my case they were.
 I doe not feare the World deprive me can
 Of such a mind, as may become a Man;
 (What ever outward miseries betide)
 For, God will Meanes, or Fortitude provide.
 I doe not feare (unlesse I merit blame)
 That any one hath pow'r to worke my shame:
 Since they who causlesly my Name shall spot,
 Reproach themselves; but me disparage not.
 And, sure I am, though many seeke to spight me,
 That ev'ry Dog which barketh cannot bite me.
 I oft have lookt on Death, without dismay,
 When many thousands he hath swept away
 On ev'ry side; and from him have not stirr'd
 One foot, when he most terrible appear'd.
 I know of Want the utmost discontents;
 The cruelty of Close-imprisonments;
 The bitternesse of Slanders and Disgrace,
 In private corners, and in publike place:
 I have sustain'd already, whatsoever
 Despight can adde, to wrong a good endeavor:
 And, am become so hopelesse of procuring
 True Peace, (but by a peaceable enduring)*

A 3

That,

To the KING.

*That, what remains to suffer shall be borne :
And, to repine at Fortune, I will scorne.*

*I doe not feare the frownes of mighty men,
Nor in Close-prison to be lodg'd agen :
For, Goods, Life, Freedome, Fame, and such as those,
Are things which I may often gaine or lose,
At others pleasures : and, o're much to prise
What Man may take, or give, I much despise.*

*I am not fearfull, as (I heare) are some,
What of the Times, now present, will become :
For, God to prosper them exploring still,
I fearlesly attend upon his will ;
And am assur'd, by many Presidents,
That like proceedings will have like events.*

*I doe not feare those Criticks of your Court,
That may my good intentions misreport ;
Or say it mis-beseemeth me to dare
With such bold language to salute your eare :
For, as I know your Greatnesse, I have knowne
What freedoms on the Muses are bestowne ;
And, that their Servants should not whine like those
Who are your daily Orators in prose.*

*I feare not any man that would abuse,
Or in her lawfull flights affront my Muse,
Because, perhaps, exceptions may be tooke
Against some passage in the following Booke.
For, she to none hath purposed abuse,
And, therefore, needs nor shelter, nor excuse.
And when she pleaseth, she hath meanes to fray
Those Buzzards, that would interrupt her way.
She dares not onely, Hobby-like, make wing
At Dorrs and Butterflies : but also spring
Those Fowles that have beene flowne at yet by none,
Ev'n those, whom our best Hawks turne taile upon.*

Not

*Not only at Crows, Ravens, Dawes, and Kites,
 Rookes, Owles, or Cuckowes, dare she make her flights,
 At wily Magpies, or the Iay that vaunts
 In others Plumes; or, greedy Cormorants;
 Or those, who being of the Kastrell-kinde,
 Vnworthily aspire, and fan the winds
 For aerie Titles; or, the Birds men rate
 Above their value, for their idle prate.
 At Wag tales, busie Titmife, or such like;
 But, with her pounces, them dares also strike
 That furnish Courtly Tables. As, our Gull,
 A bird much found among the Worshipfull.
 Our Dottrells, which are caught by imitation.
 Our Woodcocks, shadowing out that foolish Nation,
 Who hide their heads, and thinke secure they be,
 When they themselves their dangers doe not see.
 Our strutting Peacockes, whose harsh voice doth show,
 That some sharpe stormy windes will shortly blow.
 Our Herneshawes, slicing backward filth on those,
 Whose worths they dare not openly oppose.
 Our traitierous Mallards, which are fed and taught,
 To bring in other wilde-fooles, to be caught.
 Those Fowles, that in their over-daring pride,
 Forget their breed, and will be Eglifide.
 Our British Barnacles, that are a dish
 That can be termed neither flesh nor fish.
 Ev'n these, or any Fowle, she durst surprize,
 If they dare crosse her, when to check she flies.
 Or, if that any one shall doe us wrong,
 Who for our mounting Falcons is too strong;
 I can unkennell such an eager packe
 Of deep-mouth'd Hounds, that they afraid shall make
 Our sternest Beasts of prey, and cunning'st Vermine,
 Ev'n from the Fox-fur, to the spotted Ermine.*

A 4

In

To the KING.

*In plainer termes ; if any shall oppose
My Muse, when in a lawfull path she goes,
She will not much be startled ; but, goe neare
To tell them what they would be loth to heare.
She's none of those that spew out railing Rimes ;
Against some publike persons of the Times,
Through spleene or envy ; then, for feare, or shame,
Divulge them to the world without a Name ;
Or hide their heads. Nor can those threats (that fright
Such Libellers) compell her not to write,
Vnlesse she please : for, she doth know her Warrants,
And sends her Messengers on lawfull arrants.
She utters Truth ; ev'n that, which well she knowes
Becomes her, at this present, to disclose.
That call'd she was, to make this Declaration,
She stands assured ; and of that vocation
Such testimonies hath, that I despise
His judgement who the pow'r thereof denies.
For, yours I doubt not, and if pleas'd you are,
For what mans censure living need I care ?
No such like pannick feare affrighteth her,
As that which doth her enemies deterre.
But, if she list, in spite of all the rage,
(And all the bitter malice of this age)
She dares reprove, and vexe the proudst of them,
Who her, and her endeavors doe contemne ;
And set (who e're they be) her markes on those
Who Vertue, in her honest course oppose.
Yea, them shee'll make, whom selfe-conceit besots,
Distrust, that we discry their secret'st plots,
And may at pleasure, lay to open view,
Both what they purpose, and what shall ensue
On their vaine Projects ; though when they begun them,
They placed many veiles, and maskes, upon them.*

S I R,

*S I R, no such Toyes as those doe make me fearfull,
Nor of their hate or favour am I carefull.
For shelter therefore, this I brought not hither,
Nor am I hopefull, or desirous either,
To compasse any private profit by it,
Or, to my person any praise, or quiet.
For, I can hope for nothing, till I seee,
The World, and my deservings better be.*

*And, howsoever I am, now and then,
As foolish in my hopes as other men;
Yet, at this present, (and at ev'ry season,
In which my oft weake eyes of Faith and Reason
Vndosed are) me thinks, those things, in which
The world appeares most glorious, and most rich;
Are no more worthy of my serious hopes,
Then Railes, Pot-guns, or the Schoole-boyes Tops.*

*If God will give me bread but for to day,
(And, but my soule vouchsafe me for a prey)
Twixt him and me, there shall be no conditions
For worldly honours, or for large possessions:
For, (as long since an Hebrew Prophet said,
When such like times, as these, had much dismaid
His fearfull Scribe) Is this a time for me
To seeke preferment, or made rich to be?
No, no; for, if these dayes continue such
As now they be, each Groome will have as much
As hath his Lord; and diffrence will be small
Betwixt the richest and the poor'st of all.*

*There are enough already, who desire
To riches, and high places to aspire.
There be great numbers, who will projects bring you,
And Bookes, and Tales; and Songs, it may be, sing you,
For, their owne profit: but, there want of those,
That would their honors, or their livings lose,*

A 5

Or

To the KING.

*Or hazard their preferments, to declare
Those Truths, that worthy of disclosing are.*

*Yet, that is all (Dread Sovereigne) I have sought,
In tending you these Lines that I have brought.
And, that by my example, others may
Take heart to speake what they are bound to say.
I know, the ods is more then ten to three,
That for this boldnesse most will censure me
As mad or foolish : and, my best reward
Will be this comfort, that I boldly dar'd
To speake the needfull Truth, at such a time,
In which the bravest vertue seemes a crime.*

*I doe expect this wise-appearing age
Should at the freedome of my Poeme rage,
And, that some witty Scorners should abuse
With taunting Epithites, my honest Muse ;
As if she were produce'd by Chymistry,
Of Salt and Sulphur, without Mercury.
But, I am prooffe against their flashy stuffe ;
And for their scornings I have scorne enough.*

*I looke our Politicians should defame
My Straines, by censuring them to be to blame,
Or over busie. But, my seeming folly
May make some Readers strive to be more holy,
Then heretofore : yea, some who thinke they know
Enough already ; shall more prudent grow
By This. And I am willing to be thought
A foole, that they more wisedomes may be taught.*

*Yet, I confesse, that lately when I saw
This course, did hate, and wants upon me draw,
And that, without a Second, I was faine
The waight of all my troubles to sustaine ;
I halfe resolv'd, that I would speake no more
So plaine, against Abuse, as heretofore ;*

And

*And (thinking I had ventur'd well for one)
Did meane to leave the World her course to run :
Nay, from good words (although it was a paine)
I fully was resolv'd to refraine.*

*But, when I silence kept, my heart became
As hot within me, as a fiery flame,
Yea, like new wine, in vessels wanting vent,
My thoughts did swell my brest to be unpent ;
And, at the last, I empti'd with my quill
A veine, which did the following Volume fill ;
Supposing by the publike Presse to send it,
To them, for whose Remembrance I intend it.*

*But, they who keepe the passage, back did thrust it
Before perusall ; and, (belike) distrust it,
Because my name it cary'd, to be such
As might upon their friends too neerely touch.
For, some of them have said ; that were my writing
As true as that of holy Iohns inditing,
They would not licence it : so fearfull are
These guilty Times the voice of Truth to heare.*

*When therefore, I had this my Offring brought,
And laid it at their doore ; a while I thought
My selfe discharged : but, my Conscience said,
My worke was lost, and still my vow unpaid,
Till I had practis'd ev'ry likely way,
To tell the Message which I had to say.
And, since the common way it might not passe,
To bring it by your Gate, resolv'd I was.*

*My first determining of such a thing,
Did many severall doubts upon me bring.
One while I doubted, that those fooles who mock
At piety, would make a laughing-stock
Of this and me : and say (with some disdain)
That I would make my selfe a Prophetaine :*

And

To the KING.

*And puffed with selfe conceit, had penn'd a Story
For private ends, and for mine owne vaine glory.
Or, that with pride and arrogance deluded,
I had upon undecent things intruded.*

*Another while I doubted some would prate,
That these my Lines dishonored the State,
And on the Government aspersions laid;
As of their warnings oft the Iewes have said.*

*Sometime I feared, all my words would make
But few or none the better heed to take.
Because I reade, that many a Prophet spoke,
What, small effect within his life time tooke,
Except, in aggravating of abuses,
And leaving them the more without excuses.*

*Sometime againe, I feared lest if You
Referring this my Poem to their view
Who misconceive it may, (and trusting them
In censuring, who causlesly condemne
Men innocent) might, by that evill chance
Be wrong'd; and suffer for their ignorance.
Thus Kings are often injur'd: and, some perish
In their dislike, whom they are bound to cherish.*

*I saw, moreover, that my Foes, of late,
Had so much wronged me in my estate,
By needlesse charge, and causlesse hindring me,
From those due profits, which my Portion be;
That to recover them, (and to pursue
My lawfull right) I have no meanes but you,
And your just favour. Which, if I should misse,
(By giving to your eare distast in this)
My adversaries would prevaile, I thought,
And, my disgrace, and ruine would be wrought.*

*These carnall doubts, and many other such,
Against my Reason did prevaile so much,*

That

*That I was half afraid to venture on
In that, which ought with courage to be done.
But, whilst I stagger'd, and began to stay,
Me thought, within me, somewhat thus did say.*

Bafe Coward; hath God's love so many dayes,
To thee appeared; and so many wayes?
Hast thou so often felt, what thou dost know,
From nothing, but the pow'r of God can flow?
Hath he so plainly told thee, with what wiles,
The foolish *world*, her selfe, and those beguiles
That harken to her? Hath he made thee see
How little harme, her spight can do to thee?
Nay, hath he pleas'd bin to bring unto thee,
Great profits, by those injuries men doe thee.
And, shall the feare but of a paltry scoffe,
From that which he appointeth, beat thee off?
Hath he so often kept thee from disgrace,
And fed and cloth'd thee, meerely of his grace,
That thou shouldst now distrust he will deceive thee,
And, when he sends thee on his *Message*, leave thee,
Without those necessaries, which pertaine
To those who in his *Service* doe remaine?

Hath he no meanes to bring thee fit supplies,
But such as thine owne wifdome can devise?
Hath God destroy'd so many of thy *hopes*,
And dost thou build them still on carnall props?
Didst thou so many times, in secret, vow
Affiance in his promises? and, now
Hast thou no surer helps to trust unto,
Then *Kings* and *Princes*? And, as others doe
(Who have not thy experience) dost thou shrink
As soone as any outward *Stay* doth sinke?
Wouldst thou thy God displease, to keepe a friend,
Perhaps in vaine, for some poore temporall end?

Is't

To the KING.

Is't now a *Season* (when the *Lands* transgressions
Have shaken all) to settle thy *Possessions* ?
When all the Towne about thee is on fire,
Wouldst thou go build thy straw clad Cottage hyer ?

Well ; take thy course. Yet, know, if thou forbear
What now thy Conscience bids thee to declare,
Thy foolish *Hope* shall faile thee, ne're the lesse ;
Thy wrongfull suffering shall have no redresse ;
Thou shalt have greater wants then pinch thee yet ;
New sorrowes, and disgraces, thou shalt get
In stead of helpe ; and, which is worst of all,
A guilty *Conscience*, too, torment thee shall.

Then, be advised, and proceed to do
That lawfull *Act*, thy heart enclines unto ;
And, be thou sure, that God will make thee strong
Against the violence of ev'ry wrong.
Be stout ; and though all persons through the *Land*,
Ev'n *Prince* and *People* both, should thee withstand,
Their opposition nothing harme thee shall ;
But, thou shalt bide them like a brazen wall ;
And if thou suffer persecutions flame,
Thou shalt be but refined in the same.

*Such thoughts were whisper'd in me. And though some
May think them vaine suggestions, flowing from
Distemper'd Fancy ; I dare boldly say,
They lye : And, I their motives doe obey.
All doubts, and feares, and stops, are broken through,
And loe (Dread Sov'raigne) I have brought to you
(In all humilitie) my selfe and these
My honest and my just REMEMBRANCES :
To passe, for those, to whom they appertaine ;
Or, here for my discharging to remaine.
God is already angry (I'me afraid)
Because this duty I so long delaid.*

And

*And, stand, or fall, now I have reacht thereto,
I would not, for the world, it were to do.*

*Good S I R, reject it not, although it bring
Appearances of some fantastick thing,
At first unfolding: for, those Mysteries
Which we most honor, and most highly prize,
Doe seeme to be but foolishnesse to some.
And, when our sin to any height is come,
yt brings a height of folly, which oft makes
That course to seeme uncomely, that God takes
For our reproofe, (and chiefly) if it cary
The shew of any way not ordinary.
Which (out of doubt) is requisite, when sin
That's extraordinary breaketh in.*

*Beleeve not those, who reasons will invent,
To make this Volume seeme impertinent:
For, what is more of moment, then a story
Which mentioneth to God Almightyes glorie,
His Iudgements, and his Mercies? and doth show
Those things that may prevent our overthrow?
Sure, nothing is more worthy of regard:
And, though a foolish tale be sooner heard,
Yet, in respect thereof, the gloriousst things,
That stand upon record of earthly Kings,
Appeare to me as vaine, as large discourses
Of childish May games, and of Hobby-horses.*

*Give eare to none, I pray you, who shall seeke
To move, within your Highnesse, a dislike
To my unusuall boldnesse, or my phrase:
For, who doth listen to an honest cause
In these regardlesse times, unlesse it be
So drest, as if it seem'd to say; Come see
What's here to do. Men's wits are false asleepe;
And, if I doe not some strange rumbling keepe,*
(That

To the KING.

*(That is not lookt for) they no heed will take,
Of what I say, how true soe're I speake.
I know there be Occasions, Times, and Caufes,
Which doe require soft words, and lowly Phrases:
And, then, like other men, I teach my Muse
To speake such language as my neighbours use.
But, there are also Times which will require,
That we should with our Numbers mingle fire:
And, then I vent bold words; that You, and They
Who come to heare them, take occasion may
To aske or to examine, what's the matter,
My Verse speakes tartly, when most Writers flatter.
For, by that meanes, you may experience'd grow
In many things which else you should not know.
My Lines are loyall, though they bold appeare:
And though, at first, they make some Readers feare
I want good manners; yet, when they are weigh'd,
It will be found that I have nothing said,
In manner, or in matter worthy blame,
If they alone shall judge me for the same,
Who know true Vertues language; and how free
From glozing termes, her Servants use to be.
Though bold I seeme to some, that Cowards are,
Yet, you I hope, shall finde, I neither dare
Things that or needlesse be, or desperate;
Or, that I covet to be wondred at
Among those fooles, who love to heare it said,
That they to breake their necks were not afraid.
For, as a Seaman, when the Mast he climbs,
Is safe enough, though he in danger seemes
To some beholders: So, although that Path,
In which I tread, a shew of perill hath
To those who see not what fast hold I take,
My standing will be firme, when theirs doth shake.*

And

*And, if I fall, I fall not by this Act,
 But, by their malice, who dislike the Fact.
 Heed none I pray, that hath so little shame,
 To say these times are not so much to blame
 As I have made them seeme: for, worse they are
 Then I have yet expressed them, by far.
 And, much I feare, that they who most defend them,
 Will make them to be worse, before they mend them.
 Nor doubt you, Royall SIR, that from the story
 Of your just raigne, or from your future glory,
 It ought shall derogate, to heare it told,
 Such evils, whilst you raigned, were contrould.
 For, we doe reade, that Kings who pious were,
 Had wicked Subjects. And, beside, you are
 So late enthroned, that your government
 Could little in so small a time augment
 Their being good or ill: But, you shall gaine
 The greater glory, if you can restraine
 (And keepe from growing worse) a time, become
 So grossely wicked, and so troublesome.
 If any other way my Verse be wronged,
 By Readers ill advis'd, or evill tongued,
 Vouchsafe to spare your censure, till you heare
 What just replies to their Objections are.
 Or, if that any to disparage this,
 To you, shall of my life report amisse;
 Reject their scandals (for your owne deare sake)
 And let them no impressions on you make.
 For, evill tongues sometimes will set their stings
 Unjustly, on the sacred name of Kings;
 Much more on mine. But, for my owne repute,
 So carefull am I not to make this sute,
 But for my Muses honor. For, in all
 My outward actions, I dare boldly call*

Your

To the KING.

*Your strictest Lawes to censure me. And what
I am to God, it may be guessed at,
But rightly knowne, to none but him, and me.
And, though from outward scapes I stand not free,
Yet, let this Message her due merit win :
For, Gods most holy Prophets had their sin.
As in a Glasse, here may you, by reflection,
Behold (without the hazard of infection)
The horrid Pestilence in her true forme,
Which in your Kingdome did so lately storme ;
And is so soone forgotten, that I erre,
Vnlesse there needeth a REMEMBRANCER.*

*Hereby, succeeding Times, in such like terrors,
May learne to see and to prevent some errors.
Here, understand you may (without false gloze)
What heretofore your people did suppose
Of You : Their hopes before your Coronation,
And what hath beene since then their expectation,
Here, you may partly see, what you of them
May hope : what you should cherish or condemne.
Here, view you may (before too far they steale)
The sicknesses of Church and Commonweale :
What brings upon your Person, and the State,
Such care, and so much trouble as of late :
What marres your Counsels, and what undermines
Your most approved and most wise designs :
What makes your Armes your Vertues, & your Friends
So little helpfull to your pious ends :
What makes your Fleets returne without successe ;
What breedeth doubtings and unsettlednesse
In weighty matters ; and whence discord springs
Among the People, and twixt them and Kings.
And, if it well observed be, perchance,
What seemes to most a trifling circumstance,*

Shall

*Shall of it selfe informe, or else prepare
To signifie those things that weightiest are:
For, they who can my Muses reach discern
Shall find, that what most think doth but concerne
My person onely; may to that conduce,
Which serves to publike, and to private use.*

*Moreover, this Remembrancer doth show,
To what the folly of these times will grow;
And, what in future daies will surely fall
If we our courses long continue shall.
He, lastly doth declare the certaine way,
By which, ensuing harmes prevent we may;
Take off the skars, our passed sins have given,
And, make our present peace with earth and heaven.*

*Deare SIR; as you your honor do respect
For times to come: as you do now affect
Your present comforts, and those hopes that are
The pledges of that Crowne, you looke to weare,
(When you must leave that golden Crowne of thornes,
Which paines your head, as much as it adorne)
Give heed to these Remembrances: Command them
To passe, in spite of such as would withstand them.
Doe you reforme, according to your pow'rs.
In ev'ry quarter of this Ile of yours,
Give way to Reformation. In the Crimes,
And many crying sins, of these lowd times,
Be you no partner, by conniving at
Their Actors; or, discountenancing that
Which may disable them to tyrannize;
Who will to hide old finnes, new faults devise.
And, doe not for some few reserve that eare,
Which should the suit of ev'ry Subject heare.*

*But, as you have beene, yet (and as I trust
You shall continue) be in all things just;*

And

To the KING.

*And as upright, as him it may besit,
Who doth in place of God Almighty sit;
That you and yours, may still in safety stand,
What plague soever fall upon the Land.
And, let not my Petition be condemn'd,
As over bold; or my advice condemn'd.
Because a man despised gives the same;
For, seldome hitherto, a Message came
From God, on such occasions, but some one
In outward show, scarce worthy thinking on,
Was made the Messenger. All heavenly graces
Are not intail'd on men of highest places:
Nor is all that which ev'ry Prelate says,
To be believ'd as Gospell, now adayes.
God still (as heretofore) calls vulgar men
To speake his will to Princes, now and then:
Yea, to delude the World, or to deride
Her arrogant vaine glory, and her pride,
God checks her oft, by those of whom we see
She most of all disdaines reprov'd to be:
That, so, her loftinesse he may debase,
And to the lowly minded shew his grace.
It peradventure may be thought I come
With nothing else but gleanings, gathered from
The common Rumors, (which I faine would strow
Abroad againe, to publish what I know)
But, let men judge their pleasures: I am free
From those poore ends; and, so still hope to be.
In this, I mov'd not, of mine owne intent,
Nor am I, S I R, by any Mortall sent:
More strong is my Commission. And, what e're
It seemes to those who unacquainted are
With Gods Characters, and his Privie seale,
The Times to come shall openly reveale*

*What these perceive not ; and, it shall be seene,
That I have warrantably called beene.*

*Meane time my Conscience, knowes I have not run
With rashnesse into that which I have done ;
But, rather that I maugre mine owne will,
Was roused up, and spurred onward still,
In this performance ; when my Cowardice,
My Sloth, my Pleasure, or my Avarice,
Or worldly Policies, their baits did lay,
To tempt and draw my heart another way.
Yea, so untoward was I to conforme
My Will, this uncouth Action to performe,
That, many times I quite gave off to doe
What I had vowed, and set hand unto.*

*For, had not God by terrors, wants, distractions,
And crossing all those temporall hopes and actions
Which I attempted, since I first began
This taske : or, if he had not now and then
Among those lashes, mixed comfortings,
And apprehensions of diviner things
Then flesh and blood informeth (as, no doubt,
This Booke will prove to some who reade it out)
I neither should have knowne what I have told,
Nor dared in these times to be so bold.*

*For, when the World can tempt me for a day,
To cast such Meditations quite away,
(And plod, as others doe, in her affaires,)
My Courage, and my Comforts, it impaires.
And, if I happen then, to over-looke
Some passages in this ensuing Booke,
I wonder at their boldnesse, just as much,
As he, whose heart had never such a touch :
And, till by reading them, new fire I take,
My owne Expressions, me doe fearefull make.*

Yet,

To the KING.

*Yet, here are poore and slender things, to that
Which of these Times, time comming will relate :
For though my Fortune hath obscured me,
Yet in all matters might it fitting be
For me to speake my knowledge of those things
Which to my care and eye, Occasion brings,
So many fad relations I could make,
That every honest Readers heart would ake ;
And think this Nation foolish, (if not mad)
Or, that all Reason quite forooke us had.
Yea, had I meanes to prove to ev'ry man,
What to my owne experience prove I can ;
Or were it meet, in publike to declare
All things which knowne, and unconsidered are ;
My Muse would make, perhaps ev'n those to grieve,
(And tremble too) who doe nor yet beleieve,
Nor care to know how desprately diseas'd
This Land is growne. How ever they are pleas'd
Who have dissemper'd it ; to you I trust
I shall not be distastfull, that I must
Dilate my minde a little, in such wise,
That you may see how sicke your Kingdome lies.
For, that alone which fits me to disclose,
And what's already knowne to friends and foes
My Verse discovers. Yea what to conceale
More harmes, then profiteth your Commonweale,
Is here in part commemoriz'd, to show
That we consider not the things we know.
And, if I shall miscarie for declaring
These needfull Truths, (and, for this honest daring)
A rush I care not. For, I'de rather die
Alone, before those dayes of misery
That seeme to be approaching (and for saying
What (being heeded) might procure the slaying*

Of

*Of universall Plagues) then live and perish
With fooles, who doe themselves for slaughter nourish.*

*I am no Statesman, neither (by pretence
Of having gotten large intelligence)
Would I insinuate for more esteeme
Then I deserve; or, to deserve may seeme.
But, being set on such a middling height,
Where I (by God's permission) have the sight
Of many things (which they shall never see
Who far above, or far below me be)
What I observe, I ponder, and compare;
And, what I thinke may profit, I declare.*

*I therefore hope, what e're the person seeme,
The matter shall procure it selfe esteeme:
And, make this age to know, ther's majesty
In simplest Truth; and such authority
As will command regard, though want it shall
Those glorious garbs which falshood jets withall.*

*I hope to see all Vertue shine in You;
And that your good example will renue
Decaying Piety. I likewise hope
That these Remembrances shall find no stop
By your appointment, nor by any pow'r
Which taketh her authority from your.
For, when it shall be seene, that you give way
To publish This: your people justly may,
(And will) affirme, that you are still the same
They hoped of you: that you also blame
As much as any, what disordered is;
And, that you seeke to mend what's found amisse:
Yea, they that else will storme and vexe to see
My Lines, thus bold, will calme and quiet be.*

*However, I have said, and, I have done;
Let what God pleaseth follow thereupon.*

My

To the KING.

*My heart is fixed; and I up have taken
Those Resolutions, that will stand unshaken,
(I trust) though Earth should sinke, and all the Spheares
Come thundring downe in flames about my eares.*

*Which Hopes of mine, some will, perchance deride,
And foole themselves, to see my patience tride
By what they can inflict, (unlesse you stay
That rage, to which my Verse provoke them may)
But, see your Honour be not wronged by it,
And, let them doe their worst; for I desie it:
Because I know, what e're the spight of man,
Against this Poeme, speake or practise can,
It shall continue, when all those be rotten,
Or live with infamy, or dye forgotten,
Who shall oppose it. I moreover know,
That, dead, or living, I esteem'd shall grow,
For what they blame. That Genius tells me this,
Which never yet perswaded me amisse,
And, I beleeve him: Else let me become
Of all as scorn'd, as I am now of some.
Yea, if they ever drive me to repent,
That honest minde with which I under-went
This Labour; Let the wishes of my Foes
Befall me, and let ev'ry one of those
Who either heare me nam'd in future ages,
Or shall perceive, I fail'd in my Presages,
Be bold to say, my heart was never right,
But, that I liv'd and di'de an HYPOCRITE*

Your Majesties most loyall Subject,

and most humble Servant

GEO: WITHER.

A Premonition.

STay Reader, and take a few lines by way of *prevention*: For, though in meere temporall endeavors, I observe with *Solomon*, that *The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill, but that time and chance commeth to all*; yet, I know every man is to prosecute likely meanes of convenient things. And, though *Ignorance* waxeth so arrogant, and *Art* so envious, that after much paines in some good performance, wee must otherwise take as much more to prevent misconstructions (and thinke our selves well rewarded, if at last we may escape without a mischief) yet, since it is the common lot, I will beare it patiently, and seeke to avoyd as many inconveniences as I may.

It is impossible to prevent all: for, some out of meere malice practise the disparagement of every labour whereby the glory of God may seeme to bee advanced; and if on the *Worke* they cannot fasten their *Detractions*, then they will, to disable it, vilifie the person of the *Author*. This was the conspiracy of the *Iewes* against *Jeremy*, (*Come (said they) let us devise device against him, let us smite him with the tongue, and let us not give heed to any of his words.*) And this way also in so violent a manner have I beene persecuted, as if my Disgrace might advance the publike Honour.

Against my *MOTTO*, though (as I forespake) it redounded to their owne shame, so raged my Adversaries, that not content with my personal troubles, they fought the disparagement of that Booke, by a libellous answer thereunto: wherein, I was used as most writers of *Controversies*, in these dayes, use each other: To wit, they objected what I never thought,

B

and

A Premonition.

and then made replies to their owne devices : which being finished, was imprinted with an inscription falsely charging me, with labouring to stay the publication thereof ; and then also, it was very gloriously fixed on the gate of my lodging, as if it had been some bill of *Triumph*. But, it proved a ridiculous *Pamphlet*, and became more losse and disgrace unto the divulgers thereof, then I desired ; and, none thought the worse of me or that *Booke* for those Invectives, save they onely, whose commendations would be more dishonor to me, then their dispraise.

Hereby, therefore, I seeke not so much to prevent the like injury to my person, as to remove those occasions of prejudice, which scandalous censures may raise in some other, who might else, perhaps, receive the more profit from this *REMEMBRANCE*: And what I will say to that purpose shall bee very brieve.

First (in regard my ayme in this *Poeme*, is chiefly God's glory, and the welfare of this *Church* and *Commonwealth*) I desire I may not be traduced, though I have here and there inferred some lighter expressions, then seeme at first view to become the gravity of the *Subject*: For, (considering the common vanity, and how tedious matters of most consequence are unto some eares) it is necessary, and by good authority warrantable, to make use of all indifferent meanes, to worke on humane infirmities, for our hearers profit.

Secondly, I request that wherein I differ from the vulgar Tenets, I may not rashly be reproved ; but that my affirmations, may with all their due circumstances, be first weighed : For, otherwhile there is just occasion to hyperbolize. And, as he that rec-
tifying

A Premonition.

tifying a crooked staffe, bends it somewhat on the other side: so, in many cases, we are constrained to urge that which appeares over much on the right hand, before those who are too far on the left hand, will beleieve they are ought awry. Thus did the *Fathers* of the *Church* when they had to doe with some *Heretikes*, and have beene thereby mis-understood, and mis-censured by heedlesse Readers. In the same manner have my writings beene abused; yea, my hearers have beene so hasty, that had I not explained my selfe to be of their opinion, within some few lines after, doubtlesse they would have robbed me of my owne meaning. But, they who well heed what I affirme or deny, will finde (I hope) that I keepe a midling path betwixt extreames.

If any conceive (as I heare they doe) that I did unwisely to remaine in *London* during the great *Mortality*, here memorized, let them peruse the third *Canto*, and they shall there see, what *Motives* and what warrant I had for so doing. I think it will satisfie them; for, so well it satisfied me, that (whatsoever others may imagine) I know it had beene better I should have perished in that *sicknesse*, then to have had a heart disobedient to such *motions*.

If any taxe me for inferring so many Lines concerning my owne thoughts and resolutions; let them consider what use some Readers may make by application to themselves; by having my inward conflicts for their examples; and by seeing also what necessities there were for me to strengthen my selfe, both against the world, and against my owne facilities, (in my hazardous undertakings) by expostulating with my heart, what my conscience could say, for it selfe. Let them, I say, consider what in this kinde is confi-

B 2

derable,

A Premonition.

derable, and then, perhaps, those personall relations will not seeme impertinent.

If question be made, by what authority, I took on me to write this *Ilands REMEMBRANCE*: in the fifth *Canto*, and in some other places of this Book, they shall finde mention of my *Commission*; And if they be not thereby perswaded, that I have a good *Authority*, it will be through their ignorance, and no fault of mine. Those *Mercies* and *Iudgements* of God's which I memorize, are such as this *Kingdome* is generally witnesse of. The *Sins* I reprove, are none but those which were, and are notoriously committed: I have reprehended them in such manner, as God's holy *Word*, and the universall law of *Nature* hath warranted in all ages. I have foretold what shall come upon such Transgressors, according to the predictions of the *Prophets*. I have assured, upon *Repentance*, those blessings which God himselfe hath promised. I have confirmed all my owne Resolutions by the divine *Covenant*, and that working of the blessed *Spirit*, which I have a feeling of in my own heart: And, if in these things I be deceived, I know not who hath power to make me confident of any thing in this life.

If any dislike my personating God (as in the first *Canto*) let them search, and they shall finde it usuall not onely in Christian *Poems*, but also in the holy *Text*. And if we introduce him according to his *Attributes*, and speaking according to what in his written word he hath already spoken, it may be justified. If my personating *Mercy* and *Justice*, or my creating of other *Objects* representative, or my *Method*, or my *Phrase*, or any such like, seeme offensive; my *Muse* hath apologized for her selfe, as much as I thinke needfull,

A Premonition.

needfull, in many places of this Booke as occasion is offered, especially in the second, fifth, and eighth *Canto's*.

If the *Poeme* seeme too large, or the particulars to be over tediously insifted vpon; consider, in how many impertinent and trifling discourses and actions the best of us doe consume farre more houres then the perusall of this requires minutes, and yet thinke it no tediousnesse: and let them call to minde how many huge Volumes this age imprints and reades, which are foolish, if not wicked: let them remember also, that our whole life is little enough to be employed in the meditation of what is here recorded. Let them be perswaded likewise, that I have not written this for those who have no need thereof, or to show my owne wit or compendiousnesse, but to warn and instruct the ignorant; to whom I should more often speake in vaine, if I did not otherwhile by repetitions and circumlocutions, stirre up their affections, and beat into their understandings, the knowledge and feeling of those things which I deliver. Yea, let them know, that I know those expressions will bee both pleasing and profitable to some, which they imagine to be needlesse, and superabundant; and that I had rather twenty nice *Criticks* should censure mee for a word here and there superfluous, then that one of those other should want that which might explaine my meanings to their capacities, and so make frustrate all my labour to those who have most need of it, and for whom it was chiefly intended.

If you find any thing which may seeme spoken out of due *Time*; blame not mee altogether; for, it is above two yeares since I laboured to get this *Booke* printed, and it hath cost me more mony, more pains,

B 3

and

A Premonition.

and much more time to publish it, then to compose it: For, I was faine to imprint every sheet thereof with my owne hand, because I could not get allowance to doe it publikely: so unwilling are we of *Remembrancers* in this kind.

If you find ought else that may be doubted of, or for which I may seeme reprovabie, or needing advice; let me christianly and charitably receive intelligence thereof: And if I make not a reasonable defence, I will humbly acknowledge and give the best satisfaction for my errors, that I am able. So, I commit you to the blessing of God, and to the perusall of this *REMEMBRANCER*, if you please.

Geo: Wither.

BRITTAN'S REMEMBRANCER.

Canto the first.

*Our Author first with G O D begins ;
 Describes his anger for our sinnes ;
 Of all his Iudgements muster makes ;
 Declares how Mercy undertakes
 The pleading of this Kingdome's Cause,
 To bring God's wrath unto a pause ;
 And (for the common Reader) futes
 High things, with lowly Attributes.
 Then, steps into a praisefull straine
 Of CHARLES his new-beginning Reigne ;
 Emplores that well succeed he may,
 And, for his weale makes Mercy pray.
 He Iustice also, introduces,
 Complaining on our grosse abuses,
 Who proveth so, our sinfull Nation
 To merit utter Desolation,
 That all Gods Plagues had us enclosed,
 If Mercy had not interposed.
 But, after pleading of the Case,
 With Iustice, Mercy doth embrace,
 Who (that our sinnes may punisht be)
 To send the Pestilence agree ;
 Their other Plagues a while suspending,
 To prove how that will worke amending.*

ONe Storm is past, & though some clouds appear,
 A peacefull ayre becalmes our Hemispheare.
 That frighting Angell whose devouring blade,
 Among the People such a havock made,

B 4

Is

Is now departed, and hath tooke from hence
 His pois'ned Arrowes of the *Pestilence*.
 God smoothes his brow ; and lo, we now obtaine
 The cheerfull brightnesse of his face againe.
 Oh bountlesse *Mercy* ! what a change is this !
 And what a joy unto my heart it is !
 Run quickly *Muse*, to cary thy *Oblation* ;
 And, (twixt that *Angell*, and the *Congregation*)
 Some sweet perfume to our *Preserver* burne,
 Before that bloody *Messenger* returne.

Let all affaires keepe off, and give thee way ;
 For, though my fairest outward *Fortunes* lay
 This houre at spoyle, I would not be advis'd
 To speake for them, till I had sacrific'd ;
 Nor will I, to the world, one line allow,
 Till I have made performance of my *Vow*.

Most awfull *Pow'r*, by whom hath formed bin
 The Globe of Heav'n and Earth, and all therein ;
 Thou *Alpha*, and *Omega* of my Songs,
 To whom all glory, and all fame belongs ;
 To thee, thrice holy and Almighty King,
 Of *Judgement*, and of *Mercy*, now I sing.
 Thou hast unclos'd my lips, and I will raise
 My thankfull voice in setting out thy praise :
 Thou hast preserv'd thy Children in the flame,
 And we ascribe the glory to thy *Name*.
 Thou saved hast thy people from their crimes ;
 And, here, I publish unto future Times,
 What I have seene. Oh ! let my *Poeme* be
 A sanctified *Sacrifice* to thee.
 Accept this poore *Oblation* I prefer ;
 These drams of *Incense*, and these drops of *Mirr'h*,
 (Which fired in Afflictions Flame, perfume
 Thy sacred *Altars*) gratioufly assume ;

And

And give my Lines a date to last as long
 As there are speakers of an *English* tongue ;
 That Children, yet unborne, may reade the Story
 Which now I sing, to thy perpetuall glory.

And, harke ye *People* : harken you, I pray,
 That were preserv'd with me to see this day ;
 And listen you that shall be brought upon
 This *Stage* of action, when our *Saene* is done :
 Come harken all ; and let no soule refraine
 To heare ; nor let it heare my words in vaine.
 For, from the Slaughter-house of *Death*, and from
 The habitations of the *Dead* I come.

I am escaped from the greedy Iawes
 Of *Hell*, and from the furious *Lions* pawes ;
 With sorrowes I have lodged ; and I have
 Experience in the horrors of the *Grave* ;
 In those discomforts which, by day, assaile ;
 And those black terrors which, by night, prevaile :
Despaire, with her grim Furies, I have seene ;
 Spectator of Gods *Iustice* I have beene ;
 And, passing through Gods *Iudgements*, had a sight
 Of those his *Mercies* which are infinite :
 And here, I tell the world what I observed ;
 For, to this purpose is my soule preserved.

That fatall *Yeare*, in which the forward *Spring*
 Became an *Autumne* to our peacefull *King* ;
 When *James* his Crowne and Scepter did forgoe,
 That *Charles* (of whom this Kingdome hopeth so)
 Might shew, when he did weare his Diadem,
 How worthily we plac'd our hopes on him.
 Yea, when within the compasse of one houre,
 Two *Kings* both had, and had not, regall pow'r :
 Ev'n then, by *Thames* faire Banks, I did reside,
 Where her sweet waters watheth ev'ry *Tide*

B 5

The

The spacious verge of that well peopled *Towne*,
Which with most princely Pallaces doth crowne
Her goodly *streame*, and at her *Ports* and *Keyes*,
Take in the wealth of Kingdomes and of Seas.

Our foueraigne *Citie*, then I did espie
Vpon the couch of soft security ;
And, how with Peace and Plenty being fed,
She toyed like a wanton, on her bed.
I saw her drest in all that rich attire,
Which doth inflame her *Lovers* with desire ;
And how her idle Children, ev'ry day,
Sate downe to eate, and drinke, and rose to play.
For, she was growne insensible of cares ;
She had almost forgotten, sighes, and teares ;
And all this *Iland* in her cup of *Pleasure*,
With her had quaffed (so much out of measure)
Till they grew drunke together through excessse,
And wilde and giddy in their drunkenesse.

They had almost forgotten him, from whom
Their ease and their prosperity did come.
They spent their houres in laughter and in song,
And grew regardlesse of the poore mans wrong.
They alwayes clothed went in soft array ;
They fed themselues with dainties, day by day ;
And, that no outward meanes of pleasure might
Be wanting to accomplish their delight,
Those iollities, wherein they did appeare,
Were further'd by the season of the yeare.

The *windes* then breathed on them wholsome aire
The *Groves*, their summer clothings did repaire ;
The fruitfull *Fields* with fresh Greene gownes were
Which *Flora* curiously embroydered had : (clad,
The pleasant *Gardens* their choyce plants displaid,
Their *Orchard* with gay bloffomes were arraid ;

The

The winged *Choristers* did sweetly sing,
 And with choice Musicke welcome in the *Spring*:
 Their *streets* with matchlesse bravery did shine;
 Their *Parlers* many beauties did enshrine:
 Their costly *Bowres* with rarities were hung,
 And alwayes filled with a merry throng.
 Of nought but sports & triumphs were their dreams
 Wealth, health & honor, were their studied theames
 No noisome *Plagues*, within their Gates were found,
 Of Grones, their dwellings did but rarely found;
 Nor was there any storme or danger feared:
 For, in this *Hemisphere* so bright appeared
 New *CHARLES*-his-waine, that funlike he did chase
 All fogs of discontentment from each place.
 And, all those clouds of grieve, expelled farre,
 VVhich rose at fetting of our *IACOB*-Starre.

But, oh how trustlesse are those lying shoves
 Of happinesse, on which most men repose
 Their greatest confidence? And from our sight
 How swiftly did these pleasures take their flight
 For, whether he, who from his heav'nly *sphere*
 Beholdeth all our thoughts, and actions here,
 Did with a searching eye, examine more
 Our courses at that present then before:
 Or, whether hee our carelesnesse had eyde,
 Or our hypocrisie, or else our pride,
 Or our impiety; or whether he
 Did in this *Iland*, or this *Kingdome* see
 Our old Idolatries come creeping in;
 Or, whether he some new devised sinne
 Descride to sprout among us here; yea, whether
 It were some one of these, or all together,
 Or what it was, I know not: But it prov'd
 A crying sinne; and so extreemly moov'd

Gods

God's gentleneſſe, that angry he became ;
 His browes were bended, and his eyes did flame.
 Me thought I ſawe it ſo : and (though I were
 Afraid within his preſence to appeare)
 My Soule was rais'd above her common ſtation ;
 Where what enfues I view'd be *Contemplation*.

There is a ſpacious *Round* which bravely reares
 Her *Arch* above the top of all the *Spheares*,
 Vntill her bright *Circumference* doth riſe
 Above the reach of Mans, or Angels eyes ;
 Conveying through the Bodies chriſtalline
 Thoſe Rayes which on our lower Globe doe ſhine ;
 And, all the great and leſſer *Orbes*, doe lye
 Within the compaſſe of that *Canopy*.

In this large Roome of State is fixt a Throne,
 From whence the wiſe *Creator* looks upon
 His workmanſhip ; and thence doth heare and ſee,
 All ſounds, all places, and all things that be.
 Here ſate the *King of Gods* ; and from about
 His eye lids, ſo much terror ſparkled out,
 That ev'ry circle of the Heav'ns it ſhooke,
 And all the World did tremble at his looke ;
 The proſpect of the *Skie*, that eaſt was cleare,
 Did with a lowring countenance appeare :
 The troubled *Ayre*, before his preſence fled ;
 The *Earth* into her boſome ſhrunk her head ;
 The *Deepſ* did roare ; the *Heights* did ſtand amaz'd ;
 The *Moone* and *Stars* upon each other gaz'd ;
 The *Sun* did ſtand unmoved in his path ;
 The Hoſt of Heav'n was frighted at his wrath ;
 And with a voice which made all Creatures quake,
 To this effect, the great E T E R N A L L ſpake.

*Are we a G O D ? and is there pow'r in us
 To ſtartle all our whole Creation thus ?*

And

*And yet, are we despis'd, as if these Pow'rs
Were either lesser growne, or none of ours?
Are we, that with our gentlest breath can blow
All things to nothing, still abused so?
Hath our long suffering hardned so our Foes,
That now our Godhead into question growes?
Nay (which is worfe) have we compassion showne,
Till we are quite neglected of our owne?*

*Is this the Land whom we have lov'd so long,
And, in our love, elected from among
The Heathen Iles (and at the first was huri'd
Into the utmost corner of the world)
That we might raise the glory of her name,
To equall Kingdomes of the greatest fame?
Is this that Iland, which our love did place
(Within our bosome) in the safe embrace
Of great Oceanus? and, garden like
Did wharfe about (within her watry Dike)
With mighty Rocks, and Cliffes, whose tops were higher,
Then any foming Billow dares aspire?*

*Is this the Kingdome, which our hand hath made
The Schoole and Shop, of ev'ry Art, and Trade?
The Cornucopia of all needfull plenties?
The Storehouse, and the Cloffet of our dainties?
Our Iewell house, and Palace-royall, where
The fairest of our Loves maintained are?*

*Is this the Country which our bounty served
With store of bread, when many Lands were starved?
And whom we have preserved from the spoiles
Of Foes abroad, and from domesticke broyles?
Are theirs the Cities, which doe weare the Flag
Of Peace, while Rochel, Heidleberg, and Prague
And all the Christian world engaged are,
In some offensive, or defensive warre?*

Are

*Are their's the Cities, to whose fleets were shovne,
The pathlesse wayes through many seas unknowne?
Whose wealthy Merchants have encreast their trade
From ev'ry Port and Creek, that we have made?
Whose vessels have, by our protection, gone
Past both the Tropicks, and through every Zone,
And made their petty Villages, become
Acquainted with more worlds, then ancient Rome?*

*Is this that people unto whom we gave,
More lovely Bodies, then most Nations have?
And in whose minds (of our especiall grace)
We did the best approved temper p'ace?
Is this that People, whom we did restore
To humane shape, when as the scarlet whore
Had with her charmed Cup of poisoned wine,
Transform'd them into Asses, Apes and swine?
Did we in persecution heare their cries?
Take off, the scales of blindness from their eyes?
Wincke at their follies, when they most offended?
Forbeare the punishments that were intended?
From diverse Plagues inflicted them release?
Make Europe stand and wonder at their peace?
Yea, save them from the malice of their Foe,
When all were like to perish at a blow?
And, grace and favour undeserved shew,
When they their owne destruction did pursue?*

*Have we, these threescore yeares and upwards blest
Their Kingdomes from those troubles that infect
Most other States? And (when their soules had been
Nigh famisht else) did we provide a Queene,
(A Maiden Queene, with vertues masculine)
To nurse them up in holy Discipline?
Did we provide, when she her course had run,
A King who favor'd, what her hand begun?*

And

*And now another, who doth both restore
 Those hopes they lost in him, and promise more ?
 Did we but here, of late, when they had lost
 Their Prince (that now is King) when they almost
 Despair'd of his returne, for evermore,
 When he remained on th' Iberian shore ?
 Did we accept their vowes ? observe their teares ?
 Compassionate their jealousies and feares ?
 And send their Darling home, when few did know
 Whereon to build a hope it should be so ?
 Yea, when throughout the world no other pow'r,
 Could such a work have compassed but our ?
 Have we endured their forwardnesse so long ?
 Forgiven and forgotten so much wrong ?
 Sought after them, when they had us forsaken ?
 So oft, their counterfeit Repentance taken ?
 So many times apparant made unto them,
 What mischiefes their owne foolish projects doe them ?
 Yea, did we freely sundry blessings daigne
 Vnaskt, which other Lands could not obtaine
 By labors, vowes, and prayers ? And have they thus,
 For all these benefits requitted us ?
 ys that their vowed thankfulnessse ? Are these
 The fruits of all their zealous promises ?
 Is this their Piety ? Goe, draw together
 Thy Forces, Vengeance : quickly march them thither
 With all our Armies ; and consume them so,
 That we may never more displeased grow
 At their unkindenesse ; or be cheated by
 The fained weepings of Hypocrisie.*

No sooner had he spoken, but, behold,
 An *Host* (which he doth alway keepe enrolld,
 To execute his wrath) did straight appeare
 And in his awfull presence mustred were.

So

So many *Troups*, did round about him throng,
That, all the world with *Plagues*, was overhung :
For not a *Judgement* is there, which hath name,
But, thither to attend his *Will* it came.

Sterne visag'd *WAR* (whose very look doth strike)
Came driving on his Charret, *Iehu* like ;
Arm'd and beset with holberts, bills, and glaves,
Bowes, arrowes, pikes, pole-axes, darting flaves,
Guns, balls of fire, and ev'ry thing that furthers
The worke of *Defolation*, *Wounds*, and *Murthers*.
His prime companions, *Theft* and *Rapine* were,
With all those *Vices* which most cruell are.
And at their heeles purfued all those *Bands*
Of raging mischiefes, that afflict the *Lands*
On which he falls. This is that roring *Fiend*
Who Lawes, and Leagues, doth into pieces rend.
This is that bloody *Tyrant*, who o're turnes
The goodl'est *Monuments*, and spoiles and burnes
The fairest Dwellings. This is he that razes
Renowned Cities, and the strongest places.
This is that sacreligious Theefe, who spares
Nor *Hospitall* nor *Temple* ; neither heares
The suits or cries of aged or of young ;
Nor is regardfull of men weake or strong.
The Suckling from his Mothers breast he snatcheth
And braines it in her sight : The Wife he catcheth
Ev'n from her Husbands bed ; and Virgins from
Their Lovers armes, his Strumpets to become.
A fertile Soile he makes a Wilderneffe,
And Wolves, and Beares, and Foxes, to possesse
Those places, wherein Arts did once abound ;
And where have dwelled Nations most renown'd.
However, he's an instrument of God's ;
And usually, the last of all those rods

Which

Which on a thankelesse Kingdome he doth lay,
 Before he finally remove away
 The meanes of *Grace*. Next him, came sneaking in
 Leane *Famine*, with bare bones, and parched skinne ;
 With deep funke eyes, with talons over-growne ;
 With hungry teeth that would have crackt a stone ;
 And, close behind her, and at either hand,
 Such Troups did wait, as are at her command.

The crawling *Caterpillers*, waftfull *Flyes*,
 The skipping *Locust* (that in winter dies)
Floods, Frosts, & Mildewes, Blastings, Windes, & Stormes,
Drough, rav'nous Fowles, & Vermine, Weedes, & Wormes :
Sloth, Evill busdandry, and such as those,
 Which make a scarfenesse where most plenty grows.

This is that hungry *Houfwife*, who first found
 The searching out for meat from under ground ;
 To dig up Roots; to relish well the tast
 Of stinking Gallick, and of bitter Mast.
 She taught poore people how to fill their mawes,
 With Bramble-berries, Hedge-picks, Hips, & Hawes.
 Twas she who finding on the sandy shore
 A heape of *Oysters* (all bedaubed o're)
 First fought within those dirty shels for meat,
 Else we had never dar'd of them to eate ;
 Nor thought, nor hoped, that so foule a dish
 Could bring to table such a dainty fish.

Twas she that learn'd the *Spaniards* how to dresse
 Their *Frogs* ; the *Frenchman* how to cooke a messe
 Of spumy *Mushromes* ; *Germans* how to make
 A dinner or a supper on a *Snake* ;
Italians on the slimy *Snaile* to feed ;
 Our *Irishmen* to live upon a weed
 That growes in Marshes. And I dare to say,
 That, but for her, we scarce had heard this day

Of

Of *Caveär*, and twenty such like bables,
VVhich *Gluttony* now sets upon our Tables.

The broyling of old shooes, was her device ;
And so was eating Cartion, Rats, and Mice.
Those dainty pallats which could relish nought
But what was set farre off, and dearly bought,
She so hath dieted, that they could feed
On mouldy scraps ; and beg them too for need.

This *Hag*, hath Townes and Cities famished.
VVith humane flesh, she hungry men hath fed :
She forc't them hath to suck their horses blood :
To feed on Pigeons dung (in stead of food)
And dearly purchase it. Yea, some constrained
To drinke their Vrine, when they drougt sustained.
Nay, this is that unequall'd cruell-one,
VVho urg'd a *Mother*, once, to kill her *Sonne*,
And make unnaturally that curfed wombe
VVhich gave him being, to be made his tombe.
Ev'n this is *She*, God shield us from her cheere,
And grant her *Plagueship* never settle here.

The *Pestilence*, moreover, thither brought
Her feared forces, and employment fought.
This is that Nimble *Fury*, who did slay
Her three and twenty thousand in one day ;
And in th' *Affirian* Camp, to death did smite,
Almost two hundred thousand in one night.
Betwixt an evening and a morning tide,
From ev'ry house a soule she did divide
Throughout the Land of *Ægypt* ; and could mark
Their eldest-borne, although the night were dark.
In little space, she quite hath overthrowne
Great Cities, and dispeopled many a Towne.
She from each other makes acquaintance run,
Before that any injuries be done ;

And

And of the pois'ning-*Art* hath found the height,
 For, she knowes how to poison by conceit.
 A *Mantle* wrought with purple spots she wore,
 Embost with many a *Blaine*, and many a *Sore*.
 She had a raving *Voice*, a frantick *Look*,
 A noysome *Breath*, and in her hand she shooke
 A venom'd speare, which, where it toucheth, fills
 The veines with poison, and distracts, and kills.

Within her *Regiment* are all Diseases,
 And ev'ry Torment which the Body seizes ;
Gouts, *Collicks*, *Lethargies*, and *Apoplexies*,
Obstruction, which the spleene, or stomack vexes ;
 The *Pox* of ev'ry kinde, *Rheumes*, *aches*, *Stiches*,
 Quick-killing *Pleurisies*, and *Scabs*, and *Itches* ;
 The *Burning-Fever*, who deserveth well
 The place of her *Lieutenant-Colonell* ;
Consumptions, *Gangreeves*, *Coughs*, and *Squinancies*,
 The *Falling-evill*, *Cramps*, and *Lunacies*,
 (VVith other such Diseases, many moe
 Then I am able by their names to know)
 Besides those maladies the Sea procures,
 As, sloath-bred *Scurvies*, and mad *Calentures* ;
 And all those other Griefes, and Sorrowes, which
 Those Sicknessees doe bring on poore and rich.

But, of that *Hoast* which here is mentioned,
 The maine *Battalion* was both rang'd and led
 By that slye *Prince*, (ev'n that malicious one)
 VVhich in the ayrie Region hath his throne.
 To further his designs, he brought in *Lyes*,
Extortion, *Bribing*, *Fraud*, and *Perjuries* ;
 VVith many thousand stratagems beside,
 VVhose dangerous effects are often tride.
 All ravenous *Beasts*, (or rather those of whom
 Such Beasts are Emblemes) in his troupes did come.

To

To worke his mischiefes (with amaze and wonder)
 He furnisht was with Lightnings, Winds, & Thunder ;
 Prodigious apparitions, and those fights
 Wherewith mens troubled fancies he affrights ;
 And, thither did (for foule assaults) repaire
 His two black Twins, *Presumption* and *Despaire*.
 Attended by those manifold *Temptations*,
 Wherewith he maketh sure the reprobations
 Of all obdurate sinners ; whom in wrath
 Our God, deservedly rejected hath.

These greedy *Spoilers*, hungry for a prey,
 Stood ready, Gods commandings to obey :
 Who having view'd their well prepared *Bands*,
 (And ponting out his finger to these *Lands*)
 Said ; *Goe ye Plagues*. And (had he not beene staid)
 Lay waste, that sinfull *Realme*, he would have said.

And yet, it seems, these dreadfull shews were rather
 The threatnings of a wise and loving *Father*,
 (To bring his Children to a filiall feare)
 Then such a wrath as doth in Foes appeare.
 For, neither *Chance*, nor *Time*, nor *New-desert*,
 Was interposed on the guilty part :
 But, God's owne goodnesse brought the means about
 That stopt our *Doomes*, before his words were out.

And thus it was. The great *Almighty One*
 Hath evermore attending on his throne
 Two royall Daughters. One of them is she
 That's called *Iustice* ; and her Emblemes be
 An equall *Ballance*, and a flaming *Blade*,
 To weigh the *Good* their due, and fright the *Bad* :
 And, both with hand and eye she threatens those,
 That her uprightnesse, any way oppose.

The other for her *Hieroglyphick*, weares
 A *Box of Balme*, and in her bosome beares

A

A sucking *Lambe*, (which meek and harmles creature
 Doth somewhat intimate her gentle nature)
 Betwixt her beauteous breasts, a true *Compassion*
 Erecteth her perpetuall habitation ;
 And, such a lovely sweet aspect hath she,
 Thats if *Wrath* saw her, *Wrath* in love would be.
 We call her *Clemency*. She often makes
 Our peace with God, and his displeasure flakes.

This *Princess*, marking well with what intent
 Her *Lord* would those great *Armies* forth have sent ;
 And finding, by that wrath she saw in him,
 What *Desolations* would have followed them ;
 With teares of pitie, to his throne she ran,
 To kisse and to embrace his feet began ;
 And (whilst his halfe spoke sentence God delaid)
 These words, the faire-well spoken *Virgin* said.

*Deare, oh deare Father ! wherefore frownst thou so ?
 What fearfull thing art thou about to doe ?
 Hold (I beseech thee hold) thou backe the doome,
 Which from thy lips is now about to come ;
 And hear (Dread Sov'raign) heare thy Handmaid speak
 A word or two, before thy lustice wreake
 Deserved vengeance on that wretched place
 Which hath so fallen from thy wonted Grace.*

*Look Father ; looke upon me : it is I,
 Thy best-beloved Daughter C L E M E N C I E :
 Tis I whom thou forgettest. I am she
 Who in thy bosome lay, belov'd of thee
 Before all worlds ; and had a sov'raignty
 O're all thy creatures from eternity.
 Tis I, at whose intreaty thou wert moved
 To send thine onely Sonne, thy best-beloved
 (For Mans redemption) to assume the nature,
 The forme, and fraillties, of a sinfull creature.*

Tis

*Tis I that have presumed to become
A sutor now, to stay thy heavy doome :
And, why should I be doubtfull to make triall
Of thy regard, or fearfull of deniall ?*

*In Iudgement, thou hast promised, oh Lord !
To thinke on Me (ev'n in thy written word)
Yea, Heav'n and Earth have often heard thee say,
Thou never wouldst, for ever, cast away
Thy Loving-Mercy ; and, I know, thou must
And wilt, be found in all thy sayings, just.*

*But, then, to what intents, doe These appeare ?
Why are thy dreadfull Armies mustred here ?
VWhat savour is it possible to show,
VWhere such a Rablement as this, shall goe ?
VWhy may not Pitie shew her selfe as well
VWithin the bottome of the lowest Hell
As where these revell ? Doubtlesse, these rude Bands
VWill spare nor Lawes nor Temples in those Lands
To which thou send them shalt ; but, from each place
Root out (with ev'ry present meanes of Grace)
All outward helps of present knowing thee,
If equall to their hate, their pow'r may be.*

*And, what if then their breathlesse fury shall
Leave some few trifles which are temporall ?
For what will they reserve them, but to breed
A race of Infidels ? a wicked seed,
For them to prey upon ? a Brood, to whom
The Blessings left Damnation shall become.*

*Thou hast upon that Iland (I confesse)
Bestowed Favours, great and numberlesse.
I know that they may justly blush for shame,
To heare how grossely they abuse thy Name ;
Yea, they now are, and have a long time bin,
Growne out of measure sinfull in their sin.*

Yet

*Yet, if thou look upon them, thou shalt see
Some there, who bend not unto Baal their knee ;
Some left, who for thine honour firme have stood ;
Some, who have garments washed in the blood
Of thy unspotted Lamb : and some, which beare
Those marks, that Seales of thy free pardon are.*

*Oh ! let not them enclos'd with Sinners be,
Nor swallowed up with such who know not thee.
But, for the sakes of those forbear thou, rather,
The Tares, untill thy Harvest thou shalt gather :
So, by those Follies which in them abound,
Thy Goodnesse shall the farther be renown'd.*

*If, therefore, thou this Kingdome shouldst not spare,
Because, repleat with sin her dwellings are,
What Nation is there, or what Habitation,
That merits not perpetuall reprobation ?
Where wilt thou finde a People, under Heav'n,
Which hath not ev'ry way occasion giv'n
Of thy displeasure ? Or, what Man is there
That in thy sight could justifi'd appeare,
If thou shouldst mark him with a frowning eye ?
And, what a pretty Nothing, then were I,
If no man lived, that amisse had done,
For me, to exercise my pity on ?
Nay, if Transgression had but finite been,
How should thy Mercies infinite. be seene ?*

*Though on this Field which thou hast plow'd & sown
With purest Wheat) some wicked-ones have throwne
Their Tares, by night ; yet, somewhat it hath borne
For which it may be call'd thy Field of Corne.
Thy Fence is yet about it ; and there stands
A Fort, and Wine-presse, builded by thy hands.
There are thy Sacraments, thy Word divine.
There, is the Schoole of Christian Discipline.*

There

*There, may the meanes of Grace be kept in store
 For those who will hereafter prize them more.
 Thy poore afflicted Servants, thither may
 From forraine persecutions flye away;
 And sheltred in a Storme, there safely tary,
 As in a Fortresse, or a Sanctuary.
 But, whither shall they flye when that lyes wast?
 Where shall thy sacred Oracles be plac'd?
 Or Whither with her Sonne that Woman goe,
 Who by the Dragon is pursued so?*

*I know that if thou please thou canst provide
 A place for her, securely to abide,
 Amid the Westerne wildernesse (and where
 Scarce glimmerings of thy favours yet appeare)
 By moulding out the Heathen Salvages
 To be a people far surpassing these.
 This, Lord, thou couldst effect; and make of them
 Thy people, whom these most of all contemne.
 And, since this Nation, in their wealthy peace,
 Have sent out Colonies, but to encrease
 Their private gaine: since they faire shoves have made
 Of publishing thy Gospell, when the Trade
 For cursed lucre (as the Times reveale)
 Was chiefeſt founder of their fained zeale:
 Since they in that, and other things, pretend
 Religion, when tis farthest from their end:
 Thou didst but right, if thou shouldst force their seed
 To settle on some barbarous Coast for need;
 And, there, thy Truth, to those, with sorrow preach,
 Whom they neglected, in their weale, to teach.*

*But, since it were no more for thee to doe,
 This Land to save, and call anoher too,
 Then one such worke so compasse; why I pray
 Shouldst thou remove their Candlestick away?*

Why

*Why maist not Thou, who all compassion art,
Thy people, rather, by thy pow'r convert,
Then quite destroy them? wherefore shouldst thou not
Their errors forth of thy remembrance blot,
As heretofore? And alwayes praised be
For that abundant Love, which is in thee?*

*Why should their Foes and thine, with jeering say,
Now, now we see our long-expected Day?*

*Why wilt thou give them cause to domineere?
Ev'n those, who love not thee, to laugh, and fleere
At their destruction, who, thy Truth profest,
(If not unfainedly) in shew, at least.*

*Though they have ill-deserv'd, why should the shame
Of their offences fall upon thy Name?*

And, thy Blasphemers (by thy Peoples fall)

Affume the boldnesse on themselves, to call

Thy Gospel into question? Or, thereby,

Their shamelesse falsehoods seeke to justifie?

Why should the wicked, take occasion from

These Plagues, to say; Where is their God become?

Where is their pow'r, on which they did repose?

Where is their Faith? where are the hopes of those

Their services? Oh! for thine owne deare sake,

(However they deserve) compassion take.

Deare S I R, have pittie: and, as often, thou

Hast granted my request, vouchsafe it now.

Yea, to those many thousands, heretofore,

From thy abundance, adde one favour more.

By these, and other Motives (breathed from

A zealous brest) the heav'ns are overcome.

His love of us, doth so our Sampson wound,

That, he hath taught us, how he may be bound.

Yea, Holy-writ informeth us, that He,

By such like Charmings, will compelled be.

C

And

And, now they so prevailed, that the rage
Of our great God, they partly did aswage.
Which *M E R C Y* by his looke, had quickly heeded ;
And taking that advantage, thus proceeded.

*Oh ! what a comfort is it, to behold
Thine Eye speak Mercy, and thy Brow unfold
A reconcilement ! Now, & seeme to see
Thy gracious face, to shine againe on me.
I finde it is the jealousie of Love,
(And no effect of hatred) which doth move
Thy wronged Patience : and, that when thou hidest
Thy presence in an angry Cloud, or chidest,
It is not alwayes in consuming wrath,
(To punish, as the fault deserved hath)
But, that thy frightening Iudgements might prevaile,
To worke amendment, when thy Love doth faile.
That people, whom so much thou didst affect,
How canst thou have a purpose to reject,
So long as in their Confinde doth remaine
That Number, which thy Vengeance doth restraine ?
Who can beleve that thou defraid'st such cost,
To purchase what, thou meanest shall be lost ?
Or, labour to erect them, didst bestow,
For nothing else, but them away so throw ?
VVhy should I thinke, thy endlesse goodnesse, had
So little care, to save what thou hast made,
That Sathans Hate, should for their Desolation,
Out-worke thy Love, in working their Salvation ?
Or, that the boundlesnesse of Mans transgression,
Could over-match thine Infinite Compassion ?*

*It may not be beleved ; Or, that this
Pretended warre, for finall ruine is.
Since, if in summoning thy Iudgements, now,
Thou hadst propos'd their utter overthrow,*

Thou

*Thou wouldst not have discovered an affection,
By still continuing them, in thy protection,
As yet thou dost: Nor daily send unto them
Love-tokens, (as if kindnesse, thou wouldst doe them
VVhich they should never know of) nor, make show
Of having left them, when tis nothing so.*

*Thus have I seene, on earth, a Lover use
His Best-beloved, when she did abuse
His true affection. Though he seeme unkinde,
That her unkindnesse she may thereby finde;
Yea, though he faine some outward disrespectts,
Yet, in his heart, so truly he affects,
That, whatsoever good, he can, he does her:
By meanes unseene, to her lost vertues, wooes her:
For her well-doing, takes a thousand cares:
Of her ill-doing, hath ten thousand feares:
Wakes not, but thoughts of her, in waking, keepes;
Sleeps not, but dreameth of her, when he sleepes.
Not ceasing to endeavour, till he see
Some sparkes of lost affection kindled be.
And, as her over-sights she doth deplore,
So, he his love discovers, more and more;
Vntill the fire, that was a long time hid,
Breake forth, and flame as high as e're it did.*

*I never knew thee, yet, to ruinate
A wicked Kingdome, or a sinfull State,
Professing thee; but, thou didst first withdraw
From those Offenders, thy abused Law.*

*And, as in Christian Realmes, the temp'rall Sword
Cuts off no Preacher of thy blessed Word,
(For any Crime committed) untill he
Of Holy-orders, first degraded be:
So, thou (most frequently) dost first remove
The Seales of Grace, and Pledges of thy Love,*

C 2

Before

*Before thou give up Lands into their pow'r,
Who them, and theirs, shall finally devour:
For, till thy holy things, be fetched from
Their Coast, such Desolation shall not come.*

*Those, they retaine. And, if conclude I shall
From hope of any blessing temporall,
That yet thou lovest them (and dost intend
Their Land, with future favours, to befriend)
That King which thou hast now on them bestowne,
Some token of thy Clemency hath showne.
For, if man may by good externall signes,
Conjecture whereunto his heart enclines:
If Thou, to whom all secrets open be,
Seest that in him, which mortalls hope they see;
And hast not mockt that People, for their sinne,
With shewes of things that have not reall bin:
(As Lord forbid) No Kingdome hath a Prince,
Whose infant yeares, gave better evidence,
That with an earthly Crowne he should inherit,
A plentious portion of thy sacred Spirit.*

*None liveth now, on whom the gen'rall eye
Did so much gaze, and so few scapes espy.
Few private men were in their youth so free
From all those vanities, which frequent be
In these rude times (he having meanes to doe
His pleasure, and, perhaps, strong temptings too)
Who seemed of those knowledges, more faine
That might informe him, to obey, and raigne?
How well those crossings was he thought to beare,
Which in the times of his subjection were?
And, with how brave a temper to neglect,
To be aveng'd of wrongs and disrespect?
What Sonne, did in his Fathers life time, show
A filiall feare and love, united so?*

Or

*Or, which of all thy Vice-royes didst thou see
 Appeare more zealously devout then he ?
 Thou knowest which : But, if they doe not erre
 Who, things by probability, inferre,
 It might be said, The world had not his peere
 In all those vertues, that are mention'd here.
 And should confessed be, ev'n of his foe,
 They had not flattred who affirmed so :
 Since, what was of his worth, at home conceived,
 All Europe for a verity received.*

*And loe ; now by thy Grace he sitteth on
 The seat of Rule, and in his Fathers Throne ;
 VVho giveth signes of truer love to thee ?
 Or of more conscience, of his Charge, then He ?
 VVhat Monarke, in appearance, better preacheth
 By good Examples, what thy Precepts teacheth ?
 Or which of all his reverend Prelacy,
 In shewes of true religious constancie,
 Outgoes or equals him ? Oh ! if so cleare
 His vertues prove, as yet they doe appeare,
 How glorious will they grow ? And what a light
 VVill he become, when he ascends the height
 Of his great Orbe ? And, oh ! what pitty 'twere
 His minde should ever fall below that spheare
 Of Grace which he hath clim'd ! or, that thy Love
 Should wanting be, to keepe him still above !*

*How grievous would it be, that his beginning
 (So hopefull, and such love and honour winning)
 Should faile that expectation, which it hath ?
 And, make thee shut thy favour up, in wrath ?
 Let not oh God ! let not the sins of others
 Nor any fog (which Vertues glorie smothers)
 Ascending from his frailties, make obscure
 His rising honor, which yet seemeth pure.*

*If ought, in him, be wanting of that worth
Which to the publike view is blazed forth,
Forgive, and perfect him, that he may grow,
To be in deed, what he appeares in show.
Yea, Lord (as farre as humane frailty can
Permit the same) make him, ev'n such a Man
As now that Kingdome needs; and spare that Nation
For him, which else deserveth Desolation.*

*If he be what he seemeth; Thou (I know)
Wilt save his Land from utter overthrow.
Thou, in the life-time of a pious King,
Wert never yet, accustomed to bring
Destruction: For, thou shewedst him compassion,
Who did but once, well all humiliation;
Ev'n wicked Ahab; and within his Times
Thou wouldst not punish (no not) his owne Crimes.
Oh! be as mercifull, as thou hast bin;
And let this King, thy favours triumph in.
Let that exceeding Grace already shew'd him,
(Ev'n that wherewith thy Spirit hath indu'd him)
Be Pledges of some greater Gifts, with which
Thou shalt in future times, his heart enrich.
His brest inflame thou, with a sacred fire;
Teach him to aske, and give him his desire:
Grant him thy Wisdome, and thy Righteousnesse,
The wrongs of all his People to redresse.
Let him the Widow, and the Orphane save,
Releiving all, that need of succour have:
And, let his Mountaines, and each lesser Hill,
His humbler Dales, with peace, and plenty fill.
As he was honor'd in his Preservation,
So, let him glory still in thy Salvation.
As he persisteth to relie on thee;
So, let him sure of thy protection be.*

Be

*Be thou his onely joy. Be thou I pray
 His Triumph on his Coronation-day.
 Crowne thou his head with purified gold :
 Make strong his Scepter, and his Throne uphold,
 To be renowned by thy Grace divine,
 As long as either Sunne, or Moone shall shine.*
*Since thou to rule thine Isr'el dost appoint him,
 Let thy most holy Spirit, Lord, anoint him.
 Make thou a league with him, as thou hast done
 With David, and adopt him for thy Sonne.
 To thee, Thou art my Father, let him say,
 My God, my Rocke of safety, and my stay.
 Throughout those Lands, where thou to reign shall place him
 With Title, of thy First-begotten, grace him.
 And, let his Kingdomes harbor none of them,
 Who shall deny him to be their Supreme.
 So guard, and so enclose him with thine Arme,
 The Man of Sinne, may never doe him harme.
 To him, his Adversaries all subiect,
 And, prosper none that him shall disaffect.
 Lead thou his Armies, when his Warre beginnes ;
 Make thou his Peace, when he the Battle winnes.
 Let still thy Truth, and Love, with him abide ;
 Let in thy Name, his name be glorifi'd.
 Doe thou the Seas into his pow'r deliver ;
 Make thou his right hand reach beyond the River ;
 And, plant so strongly on the Banks of Rhyne,
 Those fruitfull Branches of his Fathers Vine,
 (VVhom late the salvage Bore (with tripled pow'r)
 Hath rooted up, with purpose to devoure)
 That they may spread their Clusters, far and nigh ;
 And fill, and top, the Germane Empery.
 Yea, minde thou, Lord, the scornes and defamations,
 Which they have borne among their neighboring nations:*

C 4

And

*And, please to comfort them, and make them glad,
According to the sorrowes they have had.
To them, so sanctifie their great affliction,
That it may bring their vertues to perfection ;
And, fit them for some place, in which they shall
Helpe reare againe, decaying Sions wall.*

*Oh ! keep for them, a favour still in store ;
Preserve them in thy League, for evermore ;
Blesse thou that Race, which is or shall be given :
As lasting make it, as the dayes of heav'n :
And, if thy Lawes or Iudgements, they forsake,
Or, if thy League, or Covenant, they breake,
With Rods, let them, in mercie, be corrected ;
But, never fall, for aye, to be rejected.*

*The like for this new Monark, I emlore :
In him, encrease thy Graces, more, and more.
Make him a Blessing, for all Christendome :
Make him, a Patterne, for all Times to come :
Make him, in ev'ry happy course persever ;
And, let him live, for ever and for ever.*

*His Royall Robe, he hath but new put on ;
And, I my prayers have but new begun.
Oh let me to thy Majestie prefer
These few Petitions, in particular :
And place them where, they may both day and night,
Stand, evermore, unfolded in thy sight.*

*First, teach him, to consider, how and why,
Thou hast enthron'd him on a seat so high,
And, so to think on his great charge ; and trust,
As one who knowes he come to reckning must :
For, honors if by thee they be not blest,
Make wisest men as brutish as a beast.
Teach him to minde, how great the favour was,
When thou, of thy meere motion, and thy Grace,*

Didst

*Didst from so many millions chuse out him,
To weare this Kingdomes fourefold Diadem :
And, make thy Servants, favour'd in his sight,
As thou hast made of him, thy Favorite.*

*Teach him, the fittest meanes to take away
(And let none murmure at his just delay)
Those Groves, and those Hill-Altars in the Land,
Which suffred are untill his dayes to stand :
And, give him wisedome, wisely to foresee,
That Wheat from Chaffe, may well distinguisht be.
For, some will, else, bring Truth into suspition,
Condemne good Discipline, for Superstition ;
And with faire shewes, of Piety, beguile,
That underhand they may encroach, the while,
On Gods Inheritance ; and from her teare
Those outward Ornaments his Bride doth weare*

*Oh ! let him purge from Church and Commonweale,
Those inflammations of corrupted zeale,
And indigested humors, which doe spread
Distempers through the Stomacke, paine the Head :
And, by prepos't'rous courses, raise a storme
To rend that Body, which it would reforme.*

*Let him, his Reformatiōs, first begin,
Like David, with himselfe : and search within
The closet of his heart, what he can finde,
Which may annoy him there, in any kinde :
And let him thence expell it, though it were,
As deare unto him as his eye bals are.*

*His Houehold, let him next enquire into,
And, well informed be, what there they doe ;
That, so he may expect thy Comming-day
With heart upright, and in a perfect way.
Let him in no prophanenesse take delight,
Nor brook a wicked person in his sight,*

C 5

Let

*Let no Blasphemer in his presence tarry;
 Nor they that falshoods, to and fro, doe carry.
 Let him acquaintance with all such refraine;
 The lowly cherish; haughty windes restraine;
 Enquire for them that vertuously excell,
 And take in honest men with him to dwell.
 No such Projector, who doth put in vse
 Great Injuries, to mend a small abuse;
 Nor such, who in reforming, doe no other
 But rob one Knave, to helpe enrich another;
 And prove themselves, when tryall doth befall,
 To be, perhaps, the veriest Knaves of all.*

*Let him be curst with no base Officer,
 Who doth before true Honor, Gold prefer;
 And, to enrich his Chest, a little more,
 Would in his Reputation, make him poore:
 Or with some needlesse Treasure, to supply him,
 Lose him more Love, then all his Lands can buy him.
 Let no man of his daily bread partake,
 VVho at thy holy Boord shall him forsake;
 And, lay thou open their dissimulation,
 Who shall approve of Na'mans Toleration.*

*Keep from his Counsell, though their wit excels,
 All Hypocrites, and all Achitophels.
 Yea, let thy Wisdome, his discretion blesse,
 From Rehoboams childish wilfulnesse,
 VVho left his ancient Princes good directions,
 To follow his young Nobles raw projections.
 Or, if he like their Counsels, and receive them,
 Harme let them bring to none but those who gave them:
 And, if to him some dammage they procure,
 Let present losse his future peace procure.*

*Make him perceive that humane Policy
 Is Hand-maid to religious Honesty;*

And

*And that, the man who doth foundations lay
On Iustice, (and proves constant in his way)
Shall mad the Politician ; and make vaine
His underminings without feare, or paine.
For, as a Fowler seldome doth surprize
That wary Bird, which can her selfe suffise,
With what thy hand provideth in the fields,
Or, what the Forrest, for her diet yeelds :
So, sleights of Policy (although, perchance,
They seeme, a while, to worke some hinderance)
Can disadvantage none, but those, who leaving
The pathes of Vertue, and themselves deceiving
With some false hopes (which were before them laid)
Made them the meanes, whereby they were betrayd.*

*Make him as precious in his Peoples eyes
As their owne blood. Far higher let them prise
His honor then their fortunes ; and let him,
Be ev'ry way as tender over them.
Yea, let the mutuall love, betwixt them bred,
Vnite them as the Body, and the Head.
For, such a blessed Vnion doth procure
More safety then foure Kingdomes can assure ;
Commands mens hearts, their fortunes, and their lives,
Is chiefe of all his chiefe Prerogatives ;
And shall more comfort, and more profit doe him,
Then all those fruitlesse claimes can bring unto him ;
Whereto, perchance, they urge him will, who shall
Pretend his honor, when they seeke his fall.*

*Such men in Princes Courts were ever found,
But, thou their lewd Projections wilt confound ;
And, when their vaine devises bring on them,
Confusion, who this reall Truth contemne ;
When such mens foolish counsels, shall have brought
Those mischiefs on them which their hãds have wrought :
(Yea,*

*And gotst his pardon. Thou hast Proctresse bin
 For Ieroboam (who made Iſr'el ſin)
 That hand recuring which he did extend,
 The Meſſenger of God, to apprehend.
 Thou art for any who in thee beleeves,
 Though Traytors, Strumpets, Murtherers, or Theeves.
 Thou prayd'ſt for Nineveh ; yea thou haſt prayd
 For Sodome ; and my hand had fure beene ſlaid
 When I conſum'd them, if there had beene, then,
 In five great Cities, but tenne righteous men.*

*I never yet could get a verdiſt paſt
 On any Sinner, but thou croſt it haſt,
 Vpon the leaſt repentance. And if ever
 To ſerve an Execution I endeavor,
 Thou, ſtill, one meanes or other doſt procure,
 To mitigate the ſtricleſt forfeiture.*

*Thee, for delaying Iudgements, I prefer
 Ev'n farre before the Courts at Weſtmiſter.
 And, if I longer theſe thy dealings beare,
 Thou here wilt uſe me, as they uſe me there :
 For, lately I ſurveyed it ; and ſaw
 Their Chauncery had halfe devour'd their Law.*

*Sweet Lady call to minde, there is a due
 Pertaining equally to me and you.
 As nothing without M E R C I E ſhould be done ;
 So I V S T I C E ſhould not be encroacht upon.
 I claime a Daughters part, and I deſire
 To keepe mine owne inheritance intire.
 I, for your ſake, huge Armies, often ſave,
 When they had, elſe, beene rotting in the grave.
 I ſuffer you to wipe more ſinnes away
 Then twice tenne thouſand millions in a day.
 There's none whom I doe puniſh for his crimes,
 But I doe ſcarre him firſt, a thouſand times*

(At

*(At your entreaty) when, if I had pleased,
I might so many times his life have seized.
Yea, 't should none have injur'd, though I had
Of all the World, long since, a Bone-fire made.*

*For, what effect hath your Compassion wrought?
What Offerings, to Gods Altars, now are brought
By my long sparing them? Nay, have they not
Him, and his awfull pow'r, the more forgot?
What did I say? forgot him? if they had
Vs'd him and his Indulgence but so bad,
Thou might'st have spoken for them; and I could
Have left thy supplications uncontroll'd,
But, they have aggravated their neglect,
With such base villanies, such disrespect,
And such contempt of Him, of Thee, and Mee,
That if we beare it, we shall scorn'd be.*

*They so presumptuous are, that well I know,
Were but a petty-Justice used so,
He would not brooke it: But, so rough appeare,
That all the sin-professing houses neare,
Of Reformation would be much in doubt;
And feare they should not buy his Anger out,
Though they presented him with coyne and wares;
And brib'd his Clarke, with whom, tis thought he shares.
I will not therefore palliate their despight;
I will not be debarred of my right;
I will not make my selfe a publike scorne;
Nor will I longer beare what I have borne.*

*Here with (as if she thought it were in vaine,
For Vengeance, unto M E R C I E to complaine)
She rais'd her eyes; she fixed them upon
The Throne of heav'n, and Him that sat thereon:
Then bowed thrice; and, then to her complaint,
She thus proceeded like an Angry Saint.*

Great

*Great IVDGE of all the world, just, wise, and holy ;
 Who sin abhorrest, and correctest folly :
 Who drivest all uncleanness from thy sight,
 And feared art, ev'n of the most upright :
 Consider well my Cause, and let thou not
 Thy JUSTICE in thy MERCIE be forgot,
 As well as this my sister, so am I
 United unto thee essentially
 Before all Time ; and there is cause for me
 To boast thy favour, full as much as she.
 For, to maintaine thy Justice (and approve
 That sacred, never violated Love
 Thou bearest me) great Monarkies have drunk
 Thy cup of wrath ; and into ruine sunk.
 For their contempt of me, thou hast rejected
 The Nation, of all Nations, most affected.
 Once, thou the Globe of Earth didst wholly drowne ;
 From Heav'n thou threw'st the sinfull Angels downe :
 And (which is more) thy Best beloved dy'd,
 That my displeasure might be satisf'd.
 But, let no former favour me availle,
 If now of Reason on my side I faile.
 I never did a Vengeance, yet pursue
 Before it was requir'd by double due.
 I never plagued any in despight,
 Nor in the death of sinners took delight.
 Why therefore thus is my proceeding staid ?
 And thy just wrath so suddenly alaid ?
 Hath Mercy their offences vailed so,
 That thou beholdest not what faults they do ?
 And wilt thou still continue thy compassion
 To this unthankfull and forgetfull Nation ?
 What are they, but a most corrupted breed ?
 A wicked, a perverse, ingratefull seed ?*

A

*A people for instruction so untoward,
So stubborn in their courses, and so froward, (them,
That neither threats, nor plagues, nor love can mend
And therefore Desolation must attend them.*

*Me they have injured, past all compare;
They flout me to my face; they me out dare
Ev'n on my Iudgement-seats; they truth deny,
Although they know, their hearers know they lye.
They use my Titles, and my Offices,
But as a meanes to rob, or to oppresse
The poorer sort: and he that wrong sustaines
Is sure of more, if he for right complains.
Search thou their streets, their Markets, & their Courts;
Note where the greatest multitude resorts,
And if thou finde a man among them, there,
That hath of Truth or Iudgements any care,
Him let thine Angell save. But thou shalt see
That nothing else from heele to head they be,
But swellings, wounds, and sores: that they are wholly
O'regrowne with leprogies of noysome folly;
And that, among them, there abideth none,
Whose path is right and perfect, no not one.*

*Their studies, are in cheating trickes, and shifts.
Their practice, is to compass bribes, and gifts.
Their silver is but dross. Their wine impure.
Their finest gold, will not the touch endure.
The poore oppresse the poore. The Childe assumes
An Elders place. The basest Groome presumes
Before the Noble. Women take on them
Mens habits, and subjection doe contemne.
Men grow effeminate. Age dotes, Youth raves,
The begger's proud. The rich man, basely craves.
The neighbour of his neighbour goes in danger;
The brother to the brother growes a stranger.*

There

*There is no kin, but Coufnage. Few professe
 Affection, Amity, or Friendlinesse,
 But to deceive. If men each other greet,
 With shewes of wondrous friendship, when they meet,
 They doe but practise kindly to betray;
 And jeere, and scoffe, when they depart away:
 They labour, and they study, lyes to make:
 To grow more wicked, serious paines they take:
 Wolves are as mercifull: Their Dogs as holy:
 Vertue, they count a Foole: Religion, folly:
 Their Lawes are but their nets, and ginnes, to take
 Those whom they hate, and seeke their prey to make:
 The patronage of Truth, none standeth for:
 The way of Piety, they doe abhor:
 They meet unseene, the harmlesse to deceive:
 They hatch the Cocatrice: They sloely weave
 The Spiders web; and, when in bed they are,
 They lye and study plots of mischief there.
 And, why thus fares it? but, because they see
 That (how unjust soe're their Courses be)
 They prosper in their wickednesse, and thrive,
 Whilst they who honor thee afflicted live.
 If any man reprove their damned way,
 They persecute, and slander him, and say;
 Come, let us smite him with our tongue, that he,
 And his reproofes, may unregarded be.
 They desprately resolve a wicked Course;
 And, ev'ry day proceed from bad, to worse.
 Themselves they sooth in evill: and professe
 In publike manner, Trades of wickednesse.
 They impudently boast of their Transgressions,
 And madly, glory in their great Oppressions.
 Yea, some so farre have over-gone the Devils
 In shamelesnesse, that they make bragge of evils*

Which

*Which they committed not (as if they fear'd
That else they had not lewd enough appear'd)
Whereas, they from themselves would strive to flie,
If they could see their owne deformity.*

*For, what remaineth to be termed ill
Which they are guiltlesse of, in act, or will?
They, gall unto the hungry proper'd have:
They, vineger unto the thirsty gave:
With brutish fiercenesse they themselves aray:
Unsatisfied in their lust are they;
And neither earth nor heav'n escapes the wrongs
Of their injurious and blasphemous tongues.
With ev'ry member, they dishonor Thee,
No part of them from wickednesse is free:
Their Eyes, are wandring after vanitie,
And leere about, advantages to spye.
Their Eares are deafe to goodnesse; but most prone
To heare a slander told of any one:
And have an itching after ev'ry thing,
Which, newes of sensualiitie, may bring.
Their brazen Foreheads, without shame appeare:
Their Teeth are sharper then a sword or speare:
Their Lips, as keenly cut, as Razors doe;
And, under them, is Adders poison too.
Their Mouthes with bitter curfings, over-flow:
Their oily Tongues, contention daily sow:
In Heart, they Falshood before Truth, preferre:
Their Throats, are like a gaping Sepulcher:
Foule belchings from their Stomacks doe arise,
Ev'n filthie speeches, and ranke blasphemies.
Their Hands (their right hands) lawlesse gifts receive:
With Bribes, their Fingers, they defiled have.
Their Feet, are swift in executing ill,
And, run the blood of innocents to spill.*

They

*They are corrupt in ev'ry Facultie ;
In Vnderstanding, Will, and Memorie ;
Yea, their most specious works of pietie
Are little else, but meere hypocrisie.*

*All stain'd with Murthers, Thefts, Adulteries,
And other unrepented Villanies
Thy House they enter, as if they were cleare,
Or, thither came, but to out-brave thee there.
There, they display their pride : there, they contemne
Thy Messengers ; or, sit and censure them.
There, they disturbe thy Children in their pray'rs,
By tattling of impertinent affaires.
The many roving lookes, they throw about,
Doe prove them, far more wanton, than devout.
And, say, they bring devotion for a fit :
Alas ! what pleasure canst thou take in it ?
Or, what doe they but mocke thee, when they pray,
Vnlesse their wickednesse they cast away ?
What profits it, to kneele sometime an houre ?
To fast a day ? to look demure, or soure ?
To raise the hands aloft ? the brest to strike ?
To shake the head, or hang it Bulrush like ?
And, all that while to have no thought of thee ;
But on base projects, musing, there, to be ?*

*I many such enormities might name,
Wherein this People have beene much to blame.
And, shall they still, thy gentlenesse contemne ?
Wilt thou forbear, for this, to punish them ?
Shall such devotion be regarded more,
Then if they brought the hyring of a whore ?
Or sacrific'd a Dog ? Nay, though they had
Of farre fet Calamus an Offring made,
Or, incense brought from Sheba ; doe they think
The smoke of that, shall take away the stink*

Of

*Of their corruption ? shall this wicked Throng,
 (Who partners are in ev'rie kind of wrong,
 And Reformation hate) still spared be
 Because they can a little prate of thee ?
 Make zealous outward shoves ; and preach thy word,
 Whose pow'r they have deny'd ? (if not abhorr'd.)
 Let me consume them rather. For, Compassion
 So often hath prevailed for this Nation,
 That, all my threatnings are no whit regarded,
 Thy Pittie is with disrespect rewarded ;
 Thy Blowes doe nothing soften them : but, more
 Hard hearted, rather, make them then before.
 They neither know nor seeke thee. They scarce daigne
 So much as thoughts of thee to entertaine.
 Or if they doe ; yet, thou in kindnesse, hast
 So frequently, their errors over past
 With gentle stripes ; that they conjecture, now
 That thou art like to them, and dost allow
 Their wicked courses. For, Is there (say they)
 In God, or sight, or knowledge of our way ?
 Doth he behold ? or care what things we doe ?
 Will he take vengeance ? Tush, it is not so.
 Such fables were devis'd in times of old,
 And of strange judgements, stories have beene told ;
 But, who hath seene them ? or, when will appeare
 That Day of Doome, whereof so oft we heare ?
 Sure never. For the world doth still remaine
 The same it was ; and these are feares in vaine.
 Oh ! what will this increase unto, if thus
 Thou suffer them to make a scorne of us ?
 Where is thy feare, if thou a Master be ?
 Why, (if a God) should they not honour thee ?
 What meanes thy long long-suffring ? and, what way
 To worke amendment wilt thou next assay ?*

Thou

*Thou hast already mov'd them to repent,
 By Threats, Gifts, Precepts, and by Punishment.
 To stop their wickednesse, thou Flouds, and Drought,
 Frosts, Fires, and Tempests, hast upon them brought.
 Distempers, Frights, and (many times of late)
 Distrusts, and hazzards of the publike State.
 With ev'ry kind of Sicknesse, thou hast try'd them ;
 With Pestilence, and Famine, mortifi'd them :
 With Slaughters thou hast foild them ; and betwixt
 Each Plague, thou Mercy still hast intermixt ;
 Yet, all in vaine. Oh ! rise, and suffer me
 On all at once avenged now to be.
 Plucke from thy bosome, thy fure striking-hand,
 And, let it fall so heavy on that Land,
 That, all their Follies may their merit have,
 And, they be put to silence in the grave.*

*Permit them not unplagued to persever,
 Blaspheming thus, thy Name and thee for ever.
 But, let me ev'ry Plague upon them cast,
 Which thou, for such as they, prepared hast.
 Let them perceive, that they have lov'd and served
 Those gods, by whom they cannot be preserved.
 Let me transport from their polluted Coast,
 Those Holy-things, whereof they vainly boast :
 And, let not their prophanenesse be protected
 By that, which they so much have disrespected.*

*For, why shouldst thou forbear this people more
 Then many other Nations heretofore ?
 Since they for their example those have had
 The lesse excusable their faults are made.
 Yea, though their wickednesse were but the same,
 Yet, they are worthy of a greater blame.*

*What are they better then the stubborn Iewes ?
 Wherein, doe they thy blessings lesse abuse ?*

What

*What have their Temples, of more worth in them
 Then, Shilo, Bethel, or Ierusalem,
 That we should spare their many sleepled Towres,
 Not rather making them the Neasts, and Bowres
 Of noysome Vermine, and such fatall Fowles,
 As croking Ravens, and loud screeching Owles?
 Why shouldst thou not, as low this Ile decline,
 As Milke and Hony-flowing Palestine?
 What have they more deserved of thy pittie
 Then Sion, thy so much beloved City?
 Or, wherefore should their Seed be thought upon
 More kindly, then the bratts of Babylon?
 Why should their Common wealth, more prized be,
 Then those great Monarchies destroy'd by me
 In former ages, whose transcendent Fate,
 Each Time succeeding, hath admired at?
 Yea, since the World thou didst for sinning, drowne,
 Why should such mercy to this Land be shown?
 If thou a pious King to them hast given,
 What loseth he, if thou from thence to Heav'n
 Translate him shalt? From earthly Crownes, to weare
 Those wreathes of Glory that immortall are?
 And from a froward People, to have place
 With Angells, and there triumph in thy grace?
 If any man be found observing thee,
 To him what discontentment can it be
 To view my hand prevailing over those
 Who me in my proceedings did oppose?
 And see those Tyrants ruin'd, who have long
 Committed violence, and offred wrong
 To him, and his? what harme hath he I pray,
 To passe through all that sorrow in one day,
 And in thy blessed presence to appeare,
 Who else might here have lingred many a yeare?*

Of

*Of what can he complaine, if being borne
Above the reach of ev'ry future scorne,
Within thy heav'nly Mansion, he possesse
A perfect, and an endlesse happinesse?*

*Why may not I V S T I C E glorifie thy Name,
As well as M E R C Y can extoll the same?
Why should thy former favours, being lost,
Oblige thee to defray a future cost
On Prodigals, and Vnthrifts, who had rather
Live Swineherds, than returne to thee their Father?
Why may not that reproach diverted be,
Which irreligious men will cast on thee
Although thou spare not hypocrites; and them
Who are the causers that thy Foes blaspheme?
What disadvantage can their fall effect
To thy pure honour? or, to thine elect,
Which may not be prevented (if thou please)
Although thou be not mercifull to these?*

*Sure, none at all: and, therefore, I will stay
My hand no longer; but breake off delay.
Thy Sword and Ballance, are with me in trust;
To punish Sin, I know it to be just;
They both arraigned, and condemned are;
My warrants, in thy written Word appeare:
Their crimes, for Vengeance, loudly crying be:
Thy Iudgements, ready mustred are, by thee:
Thine eye doth speake unto me to be gone;
And, loe; I flye to see thy pleasure done.*

*As when a Mother on a sudden hearing
Her babe to shriek, (and some disaster fearing
That may befall the childe) starts up and flies
To see the reason of her Infants cries:
So quick, was I V S T I C E; & e're now, had brought
Her work, to something; and, this Land, to nought.*

But

But, to prevent her purpose, *M E R C I E* cast
 Her arme about that angry *Virgins* waste;
 Look'd sadly on her; hung about her; kist her,
 And (weeping in her bosome) said, *Sweet Sister,*
I pray thee, doe not thus impatient grow,
Nor prosecute deserved Vengeance, so.
Thou art most beautifull; sincerely just;
Most perfectly upright in all thou dost;
For which thine excellency, and perfection,
I love thee with an excellent affection.
And though thou frownest; yet thy frownings be
So lovely, that I cannot part from thee.
What though some Worldlings offer thee disgraces,
Shall they (Sweet heart) make loathed my embraces?
Shall thou, and I, (who nearer are then twinnes)
Fall out, or be divorced by their finnes?
Oh never let it said, or mutt' red be,
That we in any thing can disagree.
For what's more lovely, or more sweet then this,
That we each other may embrace and kisse?
And by our mutuall workings, and agreeings,
Bring all Gods Creatures to their perfect beings.
Beleeve me (Deare) Heav'n doth not comprehend
That pleasure, which this pleasure doth transcend:
Nor is our Father better pleas'd in us,
Then when he sees our armes entwined, thus.
For should we jarre, the world would be undone,
And Heav'n, and Earth, into a Chaos runne.
What profit can it bring, or what content,
To see a Kingdome miserably rent,
With manifold afflictions? what great good
To us redoundeth by the death, or blood
Of any man? what honour can we have?
What praise, from those that in the silent grave

D

Lie

*Lye raked up in ruines dead and rotten ?
 Or in the Land where all things are forgotten ?
 Seeke not thy Glory by their Overthrow,
 That are pursued by too strong a Foe,
 And over-match'd already ; thinke upon
 The pow'rfull hate of that malicious One.
 Remember they were framed of the dust ;
 And that to Clay againe retorne they must.
 When they are dead they passe away for ever,
 Ev'n as that vapour which returneth never.
 Oh ; make them not the Butt of thy displeasure,
 Nor Give them of Gods wrath the fullest measure.
 ¶ grant this Realme is sinfull ; But, what hath
 That Realme, or people equalling thy wrath ?
 T'is honourable, when we sloop below
 Our selves ; that love or favour we may show ;
 Or to correct, with purpose to amend :
 But if with such we Foe-like should contend,
 It would appeare, as if some Empery
 Did arme it selfe, to combat with a Fly.
 When we correction, or forgiveness daigne,
 We may correct them, or forgive againe :
 But in destroying quite, our selves we wound,
 And to our Infinitenesse, set a bound ;
 For IVSTICE neither MERCY can have place,
 In subjects, which we totally deface.
 We must not seeke for purity divine
 In dust and ashes ; till we first refine
 From earthly droffe the gold that we desire,
 By using of the Bellowes and the Fire.
 For till we purge it, what (alas) is good,
 Or what can holy be in Flesh and Blood ?
 Who looks that Figs on Thistles should be borne,
 Or that sweet Grapes should grow upon a Thorne ?*

It

*It cannot be. As therefore heretofore
God promised, (that he would never more
Contend with man) let us resolve the same ;
And by some other meanes, their wildenesse tame.*

*Keepe, yet a while, this Army where it is ;
And let us try to mend what is amisse,
(As erst we did) by sending jointly thither,
Our Favours, and Corrections, both together :
And if they profit not, there is a Day
In which thine Indignation shall have way.*

*As when a Father, who, in heat of wrath
To give a son correction purpos'd hath,
Enraged is, untill his lovely wife
Doth interpose her selfe with friendly strife ;
But (pleased in the sweetnesse of her speech,
Who to forgive the Child doth him beseech)
Doth lay aside his whole displeasure, then,
And turne his anger into smiles agen ;
So, I V S T I C E was by M E R C Y wrought upon :
And she that would with so much haste be gone,
Forgot her speed ; Her louing Sister ey'd
With calmer lookes ; and thus to her reply'd.*

*Thou, and thy charmings have prevail'd upon me,
And to abate mine anger thou hast wonne me.
I therefore will not cast my plagues on all,
But on worst Livers, onely, let them fall.
Nay, nay, quoth M E R C I E, thou must favour show
To most of them, or thou wilt overthrow
The lawes of Destiny ; and crost will be
What God did from eternity decree.
For, some of these have not fulfilled yet
Their sinnes, nor made their number up complete.
Some, that are wandring in the wayes of folly,
Shall be regenerated, and made holy.*

D 2

Some

*Of them some have morality, that may
Be helpfull to Gods children, in their way;
Some, must be left, as were the Cana'nites,
To exercise the faithfull Isr'elites;
Yea some, have in their loynes a generation
Vnborne, which must make up the blessed Nation.
And till that seed bud forth, those trees must stand,
Although they grow but to annoy the Land.*

*It seemes (quoth I V S T I C E) I must then abide,
(However they offend) unsatisfi'd.
Vnsatisfi'd (said M E R C I E) Is it that,
Sweet Sister which your zeale hath aimed at?
Then, looke you there. And with that word, her eye
She plac'd on him, who sits in Majesty,
At Gods right hand. Behold that Lambe (quoth she)
By him thou fully satisfi'd shalt be.
He poore was made, that he their debt might pay;
He base became, to take their shame away;
He entred bond, their freedome to procure;
He dangers try'd, their safeties to assure;
He scorned was, their honor to advance;
He seem'd a foole, to helpe their ignorance;
He sin was made, their errors to conceale;
He wounded was, that he their wounds might heale;
He thirsted, that their thirst might have an end;
He wept, that joy their sorrow might attend;
He lost his blood, that they their blood might save;
He dy'd, that they eternall life might have.
Nor canst thou any for their sins condemne,
(Since he hath over-paid the price for them)
If by partic'lar faith they shall apply
That pardon, which he granteth gen'rally.
And lest to that whole Kingdome thou deny it,
For want of application, I apply it.*

Why

*Why then (said I V S T I C E) I may quite dismisſe
This boalt of Plagues which here aſſembled is.
Not ſo, replied M E R C I E: For no curſe
Is greater, nor is any miſchiefe worſe
Then want of due correction: And if ſhould
Should yeeld to that, it were not Clemency,
But cruell dealing; and my love no other
Then is the kindneſſe of that cockring mother,
Who ſpares the rod (out of her pure affection)
And ſends unto the Gallows for correction:
As if ſhe thought her children apt for learning,
If they could take a hanging for a warning.*

*I ſeeme to croſſe thy workings, and thou mine,
To thoſe that neither know my wayes, nor thine:
But, as the motions in a Clocke doe tend
And move together to one purpoſ'd end,
Although their wheelles contrary courſes goe,
And force the even ballance to and fro.
Ev'n ſo, although it may to ſome appeare,
That our proceedings much repugnant are;
Yet in our diſagrecings, we agree,
And helpfull to our chiefe deſigne they be.*

*We therefore, from Gods Army will ſelect
One Regiment, this people to correct.
Not his that is the Generall: for, he
Reſiſteth us if he prevailing be.
Nor Famine; For, (unleſſe permit we ſhall
That ſhe devoure, untill we ſtarve up all)
She moſt unequally consumes the poore,
And makes the rich to be enriched more.
Nor will we ſend the Sword; for, that makes way
For ev'ry plague to follow; yea, doth lay
All open to confuſion; and beſtows
The pow'r of God oft times upon his foes.*

D 3

But

*But, we to punish them, will send from hence,
The dreadful, and impartial PESTILENCE.
For, she doth neither Rich, nor Poore preferre;
The foolish, and the wise, are one to her:
Nor eloquence, nor beauty, nor complexion,
Prevails with her; Nor Hatred, nor Affection.
She seizeth All alike; she visiteth
The Palace, as the Cottage; and with death,
Or else with sicknesse, strikes at each degree,
Vnlesse our Superstitions, granted be.*

*By means of her, in any State, or City,
Thou maiest avenge, and I may show my pitty
With little noise; and both at once, fulfill
Our wishes, and accomplish all our will.
For, where a noysome weed is seene to sprout,
She shall, at thy appointment, weed it out.
Or if a plant, or bud, or flow'r we see,
That's ripe for Heav'n, and may impaired be
By standing longer; we the same will gather;
To make a precious Posie for our Father.
And, as thou hast thy purpose, by their fall.
Or smart, whom she or wound, or slaughter shall:
Right so have I: For, if they wicked are
Whom she removes; the better shall they fare,
Whose Conversations truly honest be;
And from oppression live the longer free.
If righteous men this Judgements prey become,
It is appointed to secure them from
Some greater Plague, which must (perhaps) be sent
To scourge this Kingdome, ere it will repent;
Or (peradventure) that my hand may take them
From Earth, the Citizens of Heav'n to make them:
And some, who never else on God had thought,
Shall, (by her whip) unto his love be brought.*

This

This pleased well, and *IUSTICE* did agree
 With *MERCY*, that it should allowed be :
 And, for the swift fulfilling of their minde,
 The *PESTILENCE*, by warrant, was assign'd
Great Brittan to invade ; and limited
 Where to begin the *Plague* ; how far to spread ;
 How many she should wound ; how many slay ;
 How many grieve ; how many fright away ;
 How long abide ; and when her terme was done,
 On what conditions (then) she must be gone.
 Moreover lest her stroke should not amend us,
 Gods *Host of Plagues* had warrant to attend us ;
 That if the *Pestilence* could not prevaile,
 Another might our wicked Land assaile ;
 And then another, till we did repent,
 Or were consumed in our chastisement.

The *Prince of Darknes*, (though he could not gaine
 Permission, fully to unloose his Chaine)
 His usuall pow'r obtain'd to worke despite
 On some offenders, and to use the sleight
 Of Lying-wonders : or by strong temptation
 To seize upon the Sonnes of *Reprobation* :
 Yea many times to buffet (for correction)
 Ev'n those that have the seales of *Gods election*.

Dearth was commanded, that (to make us feare
 A *Scarcenesse*) she should scatter here, and there,
 A *Floud*, or *Tempest* ; and at sometime bring
 A *droughty Summer*, or a *frosty Spring*,
 Or *Mel-dewes*, to remember us, from whom
 The blessings of a plenteous yeare doe come.

Warre, (who had quite forgotten us almost)
 Injoynd was to sit upon our *Coast* ;
 To faile about our *Shore*, to view our *Forts*,
 To visit all our *Havens*, and our *Ports* :

D 4

And

And with her dreadfull sounds, to rouze and keepe
 This Kingdome, from *securities* dead sleepe.
 But was commanded, not to feize a hoofe
 Of what was our till God hath made a prooffe
 How mollifi'd our stony hearts will be ;
 What fruits of true repentance he shall see ;
 What change will be effected in this Land,
 By his correcting us with his owne hand ;
 And what oblations of true thanks and love,
 We render will upon this *Plague* remove.

Wherein, if we doe faile his expectation,
 We shall be made a miserable *Nation*.
 The *Sea* that now doth close us, like a wall,
 Shall be a Sea of terror ; and it shall
 Let in our foes upon us, or which fouds
 O're-flow our borders, and devoure our goods.
 Our wealthy *Traffiques*, and that forraine Trade,
 (Whereby so proud, and wanton we are made)
 Cut off shall be, and faile in ev'ry Coast.
 Our num'rous *Fleets* (whereof so much we boast,
 (And, in whose pow'r and multitude, I feare
 Our trust, and hopes too much reposed are)
 By Stormes, and Piracies, that shall pursue them,
 Or want of meanes, and trading to renue them,
 Shall waste away unheeded ; till we see
 Our harmes beyond our meanes of curing be.
 Our *Houses* shall by strangers be possessed ;
 Our goodly *Temples*, which, (as yet) are blessed
 With Gods true worship, shall be raz'd, or burned,
 Or into dennes of theevery be turned.
 Throughout those champain fields, & forrests, where
 We hunted for our pleasure ; we by Feare
 Shall hunted be : and made a prey for them
 Whom we (perhaps) did most of all contemne.

Our

Our *People*, (on whose numbers we presume)
 Shall by degrees be less'n'd, and consume.
 Our *Nation* (late renowned through the World)
 Shall be unvalu'd, as old rubbish, hurl'd
 In some by-corner, and quite round about us
 Our Foes, our Neighbors, & our Friends shal flout us.
 Our *Peace*, shall make us but effeminate.
 Our *Riches*, and our plentiful estate,
 Shall but enrich our enemies ; and we
 (That of our *King* so glad, and hopefull be)
 Shall (for our finnes, perchance) be quite deprived
 Of those great comforts, which we have conceived
 For, either God may give an ill successe
 To his best Counsells, for our frowardnesse ;
 Or leave us some distrustings in our heart,
 To make us censure in an evill part
 His gracious purpofes ; or give a pow'r
 To some ill-willers of his peace, and our,
 To sow the seeds of Discord, and divide
 Our hearts, which now so lovingly are ty'd :
 Or let some *Politician* worke upon
 His Goodnesse ; and so cunningly goe on,
 That he shall never finde, how he, and his
 Are injured, till all things are amisse :
Which God forbid ; yea, grant (O Lord) that I
In these surpofals may not propheticie ;
As (out of doubt I shall) if any sin
(That may procure it) we continue in.

Yea, though our *Projects* may a while possesse
 Our hearts with flatt'ring hopes of good successe ;
 Though in affaires of *VVarre*, and in our *Fights*
 We thrive a while, as did the *Benjamites* ;
 Although a league with *Baalam* we began ;
 And *Berodach* the sonne of *Baladan*

D 5

Had

Had sent us presents ; and though he shall seeme
 To have our health and welfare in esteeme ;
 Though to his *Lords* the treasures we declare,
 Which in Gods *Temple* here among us are :
 Yea, though we gave those *holy things*, to buy
 His love, and *Babylonish* amity :
 It should but linger us along, till they
 (Who seeke our overthrow) their snares doe lay ;
 Vntill they have enlarg'd their growing pow'rs,
 And by their *Policy*, befooled ours ;
 Or, till our finnes, or our securities
 Have made us objects for their Tyrannies,
 And, there enthrall'd us, where long since were hung
 On willow trees, untuned, and unstrung,
 The Harpes of *Syon* ; and where Men contemne
 The heav'nly Sonnets of *Ierusalem*.

Ev'n this shall be our lot, and worfe then this
 If we continue still to doe amisse,
 Or bring not forth the fruits of Penitence,
 When God hath scourg'd us by the *Pestilence*.
 But, if that stirre us to repenting shall,
 He will not onely back againe recall
 That raging *Plague*, to which he gave such pow'r
 Within our peopled Cities to devoure :
 But, he will also on this *Realme* bestow
 New benefits, for entertaining so,
 With lowlineffe, his fatherly correction ;
 And yeelding him our filial affection.

Then, ev'ry one beneath his Vine shall sit
 Without disturbance ; and with pleasure eate
 The profit of his labors. Men shall goe
 In safety through the Kingdome, to, and fro.
 Their Land they shall enjoy in peace ; and weare
 The warmest fleeces, that their flockes do beare.

No

No fonnes of *Belial*, shall from them divert
 Their *Princes* favour (in the finallest part)
 Nor shall Seditions Lovers draw from him
 Their loyalties, by misinforming them ;
 But God that blessed *union* shall maintaine,
 Which ought 'twixt *King* and *People* to remaine.

He, then, will multiply the fruits encrease ;
 Preserve our plenty, sanctifie our peace :
 And guide by Land and Sea, our preparations
 Of lawfull *warre*, to seize upon those *Nations*
 That are our foes, and his. Which, that He may
 Vouchsafe unto us ; let us ev'ry day
 Produce of thankfulness some new effect :
 Let us observe (with ev'ry due respect)
 The progresse of that *Plague* sent lately hither ;
 How *CLEMENCY* & *JUSTICE* came together ;
 Relating to each other what we saw
 To kindle love, or keepe our soules in awe ;
 And so record it, that (should we be rotten)
 It may be still preserved unforgotten.
 For, that we might his honour forth declare,
 We both created, and preserved were.
 To such a purpose, I doe thus employ
 That scorned Faculty, which I enjoy ;
 And (for the compassing of my intention)
 Have off'red up the best of my invention ;
 And what that is (to those, who doe regard
 Such paines) the following *Cantoes* have declar'd.

Behold (O Lord) my purposes from heav'n ;
Accept of me the gift that thou hast given.
Permit not those, who spite or malice me,
To interrupt my Muse in praising thee.
Let none of those, who finde that I neglect
The way to wealth, which they too much affect,

Conceive

*Conceive, that I my Time have spent in vaine,
 Because their Studies yeeld them greater gaine;
 Let them perceive, though this endeavour brings
 Nor Riches, Honours, nor esteeme of Kings;
 But rather wasts my Fortunes, and doth more
 Increase my charge, and troubles, then before;
 Let them (I say) conceive, and also know
 That I am highly pleas'd, it should be so;
 And would not change the blessing of my Fate
 With those, whom they doe hold more fortunate.*

*And let not that, which I have here comprised,
 Become (through my unworthinesse) despised;
 But grant it such a moderate respect,
 That I may see my labours take effect
 For their encouragements, who shall apply
 To such good ends, their gift of Poësie;
 And let all those, who shall peruse my Story,
 Receive some profit, and give thee, the glory.*

The second Canto.

*Our Muse defends her lowly stile;
 And (having flowne aside a while)
 Tells, how the Plague first entred here;
 What meanes to stay it practis'd were.
 Some vulgar Tenets are disputed;
 Some rectified, some refuted.*

*She from the Nature, and the Cause,
 Of that Disease, conclusions drawes;
 Declareth how it runnes and creepes,
 And what uncertaine paths it keepes:
 How long strict orders usefull stood;*

The

*The fruit of Christian neighbourhood ;
And many other things, betwixt
These mentioned, are intermixt.*

*She sheweth (also) meanes assured
By which, this mischief may be cured ;
How to apply that meanes ; how those
Who use it, should themselves compose ;
How violent the Plague did grow ;
Who from it might, or might not goe ;
How much t'was feared ; how men fled ;
How ill, in flying, many sped ;
And lastly (as occasion moves)
She grieves, she counsellis, and reproves.*

L Et no fantastique *Reader* now condemne
Our homely *Muse*, for stooping unto them,
In plaine expressions, and in words, that show
We love not, in affected paths, to goe.
For, to be understood, is language used ;
And speech to other ends as much abused.
Lines, therefore, over-darke, or over-trimm'd,
Are like a *Picture* with a Visour limm'd ;
Or like *Pomanders* of a curious sent,
Within a painted Box that hath no vent ;
Or like *Peach-kernels*, which, (to get them forth)
Require more cracking, then the fruit is worth.
Let no man guesse, my *Measures* framed be,
That wiser men, my little wit may see ;
Or that I doe not hold the matter good,
Which is not more admir'd then understood :
For, chiefly, such a *Subject* I desire,
And such a plaine *Expression*, to acquire,
That ev'ry one my meaning may discern ;
And they be taught, that have most need to learne.

It

It is the usefull matter of my Rimes
 Shall make them live. Words alter as the Times :
 And sooneſt their fantaſtique Rhetoriques,
 Who trim their *Poefies* with ſchooleboy-tricks.
 That, which this age affects, as grave, and wiſe,
 The following generation may deſpiſe.
Greenes phraſe, and *Lillie's* language were in faſhion,
 And had among the wits much commendation ;
 But now, another garbe of ſpeech, with us
 Is priſ'd ; and theirs is thought ridiculous ;
 As ours (perchance) will be, whē Time (who changeth
 Things changeable) the preſent phraſe eſtrangeth.

Let no man therefore dreame, I will beſtow
 My precious Time in what will vary ſo ;
 Since that, which, with moſt eaſe I ſhall produce,
 May have (for ought I know) the longeſt uſe.
 Let no man thinke, I'll racke my memory
 For pen-and-inkehorne-terms, to finiſh
 My blunt invention ; trimming it, as they
 Who make rich clothes but for Saint *George* his day ;
 When they may better cheape a ſuite provide,
 To fit that feaſt, and many dayes beſide.

Nor let unlearned *Cenſurers* ſuppoſe
 Our *Muſe* a courſe unwarrantable goes,
 In framing *Objects* *representative*,
 Which may imprint, or in the ſoule revive,
 True feelings of that wrath or love, which we
 In God almighty, by Faiths eyes doe ſee.
 For, though his holy *Spirit*, when he will,
 Can eaſily the ſoules of mortals fill
 With heav'nly knowledges, by wayes unſeene ;
 Yet, he himſelfe hath ſometime pleaſed beene
 By outward objects to employ the ſenſes,
 In reaching to the ſoule, ſome excellencies

Con-

Conceal'd before. Yea, many times he suites
His Deity in our poore attributes ;
And (that our weaknesse he may work upon)
Our usuall speech, and passions, he puts on.

If so ; then we, that have no other way
Our hidden apprehensions to conuey
From Man to Man, but by the quaint creation
Of some *Ideas* in our contemplation ;
That so the senses may become inclin'd
To give some information to the mind :
Then we (I say) whose fluid memories
Would else let goe our ayrie fantasies,
May such a liberty with warrant use.
And I (no doubt) my selfe may well excuse,
If other while things bodiless I cloath
With mortall bodies ; and doe give them both
Our speeches, and our gestures. For, by this,
A dull affection often quickned is.
Nor thus to doe, are *Poets* onely moved
But, these are straines *Propheticall*, approved.

To say, that God is angry ; or that he
Will of our wickednesse avenged be ;
Moves little : but, to paint his fury, so
That Men the dreadfulnesse thereof may know,
As if they saw it : or his love to make
So pleading of our cause, as if it spake
(Within our hearing) with such earnestnesse,
As friends would plead for friends in their distresse ;
Doth much incite the *Reader* to attention,
And rouseth up the dullest apprehension.

Me thinks, I doe, (as with mine eye) behold
The reall sight of all that I have told :
Yea, that which I my selfe described here,
Doth touch mine heart with reverence, and feare.

I

I have perpetuall Visions of that rout
 Of *Plagues*, and *Judgements*, which doe rove about
 To punish us. And, from that dreadfull *hoast*
 I see (me thinkes) how to invade our Coast,
 The *Plague* march'd hither, like a *Regiment*
 That is for services of moment sent
 From some great *Armie*. And, when I can bend
 My troubled spirits truly to attend
 Gods *Judgements*, and his *Mercies*, as they goe
 Their daily progresse ; I can reach unto
 Much pleasing thoughts ; and oftentimes foresee,
 What his intents, and their events will be :
For, when Mans heart is filled with his Feare,
The secrets of the Lord to him appeare.

Oh ! what rich treafures doth my soule possesse,
 When I doe contemplate the blessednesse,
 The Wisedome, and the Way of God most high ?
 How farre above my selfe rais'd up am I ?
 How little want I, that the world can give ?
 What *heights* ascend I ? what huge *depths* I dive ?
 How much contemne I dangers here below ?
 How certaine of Gods favours can I grow ?
 And with what sweetnesse is my brest inspired,
 When (by the heat of *Contemplation* fired)
 I sit lock'd up within a lonely roome,
 Where nothing to disturbe my thoughts may come :
 And where may enter neither sight, nor Notion
 Of any thing, but what may stirre Devotion ?

Sure, were it not, that I am cloth'd about
 With flesh, that doth compell me to come out ;
 Or, knew I not the Christian Mans estate
 Extended further, then to contemplate ;
 Or saw not them unthankfully precise,
 Who Gods externall blessings quite despise ;

Or

Or fear'd I not, I never should have union
With God, unlesse I were in some communion
Of *Saints* on earth ; whom I might sharers make
Of those sweet thoughts of him, which I partake ;
Or, if I doubted not, I might with *Lot*,
Vpon the daughters of my braine begot,
Commit some spirituall incest, had I none
To spend the seed of my full *Soule* upon :
Or, if I found it not unnaturall,
To leape out of the world, till God did call ;
And that fantastique wayes of selfe-contenting
Are but the certaine paths to selfe-tormenting ;
If all these things I knew not ; I could bide
Shut up, until my flesh were Mummy-fi'd ;
And (though the world should woo me) would disdain
(For ever) to unclose my doore againe.
For though (when I come forth) I lose agen
My *Raptures* ; and have thoughts like other men ;
Because my nat'rall frailties, and the fog
Of earthly Vanities, my soule doth clog :
Yea, though I can as hardly keepe those firings
Vnquench'd abroad, which are (in my retirings
Inflamed in me ;) as a naked Man
Retaine that heat upon a Mountaine can,
Which in a close warme chamber he retaineth :
Yet (for my comfort) somewhat still remaineth :
And in my recollections I possesse
More happinesse, then I can well expresse.
I view contentments, which I cannot measure ;
I have some tastings of immortall pleasure ;
I glimmerings have of hidden *mysteries* ;
My soule on glorious things doth fix her eyes ;
And though some whited walls (who did attempt
To bring my *Muse* and Me, unto contempt)

Endeavor

Endeavour still (with shewes of Pietie)
 My best-approved paines to vilifie :
 I can with scorn of their base envy, raise
 My thoughts above their ignorant dispraise :
 And pitty their dull fottishnesse, who prize
 Their shadowes better, then realities.
 For I have search'd their folly, and espy'd
 That they have drown'd their wisdom in their pride ;
 Yea, by their partiall dealings, I now see
 They judge mens merits, as their titles be :
 And I have gotten those brave things in chafe,
 That shall advantage me, by my disgrace.

When, therefore, by my selfe I am enclosed,
 And for an heav'nly *rapture*, well disposed ;
 I doe not grudge mine enemies to spue
 Their slanders on my name ; or to pursue
 My labours with reproach ; nor prey to make
 On all my fortunes : But all well can take.
 I doe not then repine, although I see
 That Fooles ennobled, Knaves enriched be,
 And honest men unheeded : but I bide
 As pleased, as I am at *Whitsonide*,
 To see faire *Nymphs* in Country Townes rejected,
 And fluttish *Milkmaids* by the Clownes elected
 For *Ladies of the May*. And if I chance
 Where any of those *Hobby horses* prance ;
 I can in sport, or courtesie, bestow
 Those termes upon them, which I doe not owe.

For when on Contemplations wings I flye,
 I then o're looke the highest *Vanitie*.
 I see how base those fooleries doe show,
 Which are admired, while I creepe below :
 And by the brightnesse of a two-fold light
 (Reflecting from Gods word to cleare my sight)

Faiths

Faiths objects to her eyes, much plainer are,
 Then those which to my outward sight appeare.
 My towring *Soule* is winged up, as if
 She over-flew the top of *Tenariffe*,
 Or some far higher Mountaine ; where we may
 All actions of this lower World survey.
 I am above the touch of malice borne ;
 I am beyond the reach of ev'ry scorne ;
 And could——But what mean I? this seems a *strain*
 Impertinent. Sweet *Muse*, come downe againe ;
 Soare not so high. For in these lofty flights
 The Fooles below, doe thinke our *Eagles*, Kites.
 The world, to flout such *Raptures* now is prone ;
 I will enjoy them (therefore) all alone :
 Of their unhallow'd censuring take heed,
 And in my former purpose, thus proceed.

When (as you heard before) the *Court of Heav'n*
 Commission to the *Pestilence* had given
 To scourge our sinnes, and signed her directions :
 She tooke vp all her boxes of *Infections*,
 Her *Carbuncles*, her *Sores*, her *Spots*, her *Blaines*,
 And ev'ry other thing which appertaines
 To her contagious practices ; and all
 Her followers she did about her call ;
 Appoint them to their places, and their times.
 Direct them to the Persons, and the Crimes
 They should correct, and how they should advance
 Her maine *Designement* in each circumstance.

Then, on she marched ; not as doth a Foe
 Proclaiming Warre, before he strikes the blow ;
 But like an Enemy, who doth surprise
 Vpon the first advantage he espies.
 For (passing through the streets of many a Towne
 Disguised like a *Fever*) she, (unknowne)

Stole

Stole into *London* ; and did lurke about
 The well fill'd Suburbs ; spreading there (no doubt)
 Infection unperceiv'd, in many a place
 Before the bleare-ey'd *Searchers*, knew her face ;
 And since they knew her, they have bribed beene
 A thousand times, to let her passe unseene.

But at the length, she was discover'd at
 A *Frenchmans* house without the *Bishopsgate*.
 To intimate (perhaps) that such as be
 Our spirituall *Watchmen*, should the more foresee
 That they with discipline made strong the *Ward*,
 Which God appointed hath for them to guard ;
 And chiefly, at this present, to have care,
 Left now, while we, and *France* united are
 In bodily commerce ; they bring unto us
 Those *Plagues* which may eternally undoe us.
 For, such like *Pestilences* soone begin ;
 And (ere we be aware) will enter in,
 Unless our *Bishops*, both betimes, and late,
 Be diligent and watchfull at their *Gate*.

As soone, as e're the *Women-spyes* descry'd,
 This Foe about the City to reside ;
 There was a loud *All arme*. The Countrimen
 Began to with themselves at home agen.
 The *Citizens* were gen'rally appall'd ;
 The *Senators* themselves to Counsell call'd ;
 And all (who might advise in such a case)
 Assembled in their Common meeting place ;
 Where, what discretion publikely was used ;
 What was admitted of, and what refused ;
 What policies, and stratagems invented ;
 That mischiefs, comming on, might be prevented,
 I cannot say : For I had never wit,
 Nor wealth enough, to sit in Counsell, yet.

But

But if to judge of things it lawfull were
 By their events ; the propositions there
 Were such as these. Most thought the surest play
 To save their persons, was, to runne away ;
 But left some higher pow'r might then forbid it,
 They did not publish that, before they did it.
 Some urged, that the *Scavenger* should keepe
 The streets more cleane, and oft the channell sweep ;
 Some thought it fit, (and these no harme did thinke)
 That ev'ry morning we should eate, and drinke.
 Some (to allay the heat) did hold it meet
 To sprinkle water often in the street.
 Some did a little further nat'rallize,
 And these unto the *Ayre* would sacrifice
 (In evening fires) pure Frankincense or Myrrhe,
 Sweet herbes, or odorif'rous Iuniper ;
 Or (for default of those) Pitch, Rosin, Tarre,
 And such perfumings as lesse costly are.
 For if the Heart and Liver of a Fish
 (Burnt by young *Tobit* in a Chafindish)
 A Spirit from his chamber could expell ;
 They hoped these might purge ill ayres, as well.
 Some others (not contented herewithall)
 Did into consultation also call
 The *Priests* of *Æsculapius*, and *Apollo* ;
 And held it fit their grave advice to follow :
 Nor without cause. For, from the wise *Physitian*
 We best shall know this Enemies condition.
 And some there were of those, who did advise
 Not onely to assume those remedies
 Which Art prescrib'd ; but also therewithall
 Observed what was Metaphysicall.
 Yea, some sincerely, and religiously
 Upon the soules infection had an eye,

As

As well as on the bodies : and these went
 The surest way that sicknesse to prevent.
 But there were others, who derided these,
 And talked heath'nishly of this disease.
 They prated much of *Humours, Inclinations,*
Conjunctions, planetary Constellations ;
 Of nat'rall causes, unbeleeved fictions ;
Impossures, Fables, and meere contradictions
 In that *Philosophy*, which they professe :
 VVhich fill'd mens mindes with much unsetlednesse.

Yet in their disagreeings, they agree'd
 On that which might their common profit breed.
 One had a rare *Perfume* of speciall note ;
 Another had a precious *Antidote*,
 VVhich at *Constantinople* had been tride
 VVhen there two thousand on a day have di'de.
 A third, preferr'd a *Mixture* in a bag,
 Of whose large vertues he did largely brag,
 And said, the same they doe in Plague times, weare
 At *Rome*, (and so I think when he was there.)
 A fourth, by *Diets*, safety did assure.
 A fifth, by *Drinkes*, the Pestilence would cure.
 A sixth of *Cordials*, and *Elixars* prates ;
 And some of *Treades*, and of *Mithridates*.

To offer up a portion of the blood
 (To save the rest) for some, it seemed good.
 For other some to purge : for all to take
 Such meanes as might their purfes heavie make,
 They to the rich prescrib'd *Preservatives*
 On costly termes : and, to prolong the lives
 Of poorer men, their consciences abated
 The value much : For, health, to them was rated
 At some few handfuls of that herbe or grasse,
 Which to be gotten, for the gathering was.

This

This being knowne, the *Senators* dismisſe
 Thoſe men ; and by advice it ordered is,
 That ſome *Inſtructions* ſhall be publiſhed,
 To further what was gravely counſelled.
 Moreover, that their *diſcipline* might cary
 Some likenefſe to proceedings *military*,
 A band of *Halberis*, muſtred was, to guard
 The people from the *Plague*, in ev'ry *Ward*.
 And, if they found, by ſerious inquisition,
 (Or, had but any probable ſuſpition)
 Where lodg'd it was (although but for a night)
 That *Hoſt*, exiled was from publike ſight ;
 Cloſe priſ'ner him they kept both night and day,
 As one that elſe their Citie might betray.
 And, to compell that his unwelcome *Guest*
 Should keepe within ; his doore was *croſt*, and *bleſt* :
 And many *VVatchmen*, ſtrengthned by command,
 Did round about his dwelling, armed ſtand.

I doe not thus expreſſe, or mention this,
 As if I thought thoſe *Orders* were amiſſe :
 But, that I might, hereby, the better ſhow
 What miſeries, attended on this *Foe* ;
 And, that this *Malady*, on us did ceaze,
 With circumſtances, worſe then the *Difeaſe*.
 My *Muſe* inſpires not me ſo fooliſhly,
 That I all naturall cauſes doe deny.
 I doe not thinke, but to this *Peſtilence*,
 The *Conſtellations*, by their influence
 Might ſomewhat adde : and that corrupted *ayre*,
 Might helpe our healthy being to impaire.
 I hold that *Diets*, *Meats*, *Complexions*, *Paffions*,
 With ſuch as theſe, and all their *mitigations*,
 May helpe or hinder much in ſuch diſeaſes
 As we endeavor ſhall ; and as God pleaſes.

Nor

Nor doe I flout the wifedome, or the paine
 Of those who fought this mischief to reſtraine.
 Nor blame I their much diligence, or care ;
 But praife it ; and could wiſh it doubled were ;
 With ſome ſuch obſervations, as would make
 Their practices, the more ſucceſſe to take ;
 And that their naturall meanes had hallowed bin,
 With ſo much *Faith*, and penitence, for ſin,
 As might have brought more workes of Piety,
 To ſanctifie their outward *Policy*.

For, thoſe dull *Naturaliſts*, who think, this *Foe*,
 Doth by meere nat'rall cauſes, come or goe,
 Are much deceiv'd. Yea, in their hearts, they ſay,
There is no God, how over gloze they may :
 And as their cogitations are unholy,
 So is their ſeeming wifedome, fottiſh folly.

They are the baſe *Conjunctions*, and *Aſpects*
 Of *Sin*, that this our Climate, ſo infects ;
 And neither *Conſtellations*, nor the *Weather* :
 For, then we had beene poiſ'ned all together,
 By this *Contagion* ; and had breath'd the longer
 Or ſhorter while as nature had beene ſtronger,
 Or weaker in us Nothing had beene free,
 But birds and beaſts had dy'd as well as we ;
 And this Diſeaſe had ſeiz'd on ev'ry Creature
 Or more or leſſe, as it partakes our nature.

It was no noyſome *Ayre*, no *Scurre*, or *Stinke*,
 Which brought this *Death*, as moſt among us thinke,
 For, then thoſe places where ill ſmells abound,
 Had more infections at that time beene found,
 Then we perceive they were ; yea, this *Diſeaſe*,
 On ev'ry perſon delicate, would ſeize,
 Without exception. And where Savours ill
 Still bide, the *Plague* ſhould there continue ſtill :

For

Then, if they brought the same, they sure feed it,
And, keepe it alwayes there, as well as breed it.
Which *God forbid* ; and teach us to discern
His providence, and what thereby to learne.

Vaine thoughts have also they, who credit can
That, this *Infirmity*, at first, began,
By meanes of populousnesse. For, were it so ;
Some Courts and Allies, many yeares agoe,
Had been infected : And, these places, where
Throng'd up together, greatest numbers are ;
From *Visitation*, had not free remained,
When open Streets, and Borroughs have complained.

And, let them not beleeeve their fallacy,
Because great *Cities*, have most frequently,
This fearfull *Sicknesse*, or, afflicted be,
When little Townes and Villages, are free.
For, as there is in great and popular places,
More sin, and more abundance of Gods graces :
So, it is just, that thither should be sent
The greater measure of his Chastisement,
That so, their eminence, might shew abroad,
As well the *Iustice*, as the *Love* of God ;
Whose *Iudgements* being laid on Townes obscure,
Might small respect, and lesse effect procure.

As ignorant as these, I reckon those,
Who this Disease, infectious doe suppose
To ev'ry one : and, them, who credit not
That *Sicknesse*, by infection may be got :
For, these opinions can have no defence ;
Since both will false be found, in common sense.

For, if we say, this *Plague* infects not any,
How commeth it, we daily see so many
Consum'd beneath one roose in little space ?
How comes it, that it creeps from place to place,

E

So

So orderly, as oftentimes we see,
 In some close Lane or Street? How may it be
 That twenty Villages (far distant from
 Infected places) tainted should become
 Within some few dayes after their arriving
 Who in contagious places had their living?
 None being there, before they came, infected,
 Nor any such disease neare-hand suspected?
 How comes all this, unlesse the *Maladie*,
 Hath in it selfe, as had the *Leprosie*,
 A spreading Nature, and envenom'd that
 Which of her poison can participate?
 Beleeve it; as the *Violet*, or *Rose*,
 (With pure and pleasing sweetnesse) where it growes
 Perfumes the Aire, and sendeth Odours out,
 Which keepe a certaine distance there-about;
 And, more or lesse, affect the *Passers-by*,
 As they have more or lesse capacity
 In smelling them; Or, as the calmed aire,
 Is either, more or lesse, corrupt or faire:
 Right so, this *Plague*, ev'n naturally affects
 A space of Aire about it; and infects,
 (At such or such a distance) ev'ry one,
 As he hath weaknesse, to worke upon:
 Unlesse, that her malignitie be staid
 By naturall meanes, or powre Divine alaid.
 And yet, a false Position make they shall
 Who thence infer, the *Plague* infecteth all,
 Who breathe her tainted Aire. For, how did they
 Escape it then, who long time, night and day
 In places of infection were detain'd?
 And in the bosome of this *Pest* remain'd,
 Ev'n where they often had their eares and eyes,
 Affronted, by the sad aspect, and cries,

Of

Of *Death* and Dying men? How scaped he
 That in the *Church*, obliged was to be
 Among infectious people; and to speake
 Till tired were his lungs; and spirits weake?
 Ev'n when the peoples, thronging, and their heat
 Did vapour up their breathings, and their sweat
 For him to swallow? What preserv'd the *Clarkes*,
 The *Sextons*, *Searchers*, *Keepers*, and those *Sharks*,
 The shamelesse *Bearers*? (who were nigh become,
 A rout too bad, to picke out hangmen, from?)

How scap't the *Surgeon*, that oft puts his head
 Within the steame of an Infectious bed,
 And, ev'ry day doth handle, search, and dresse,
 Those Biles, that over-flow with rottenesse?
 Or (which is more) how scapt those *Babes*, the *Pest*,
 That were not only weake, but suckt the brest
 Of Mothers deadly sicke, when they did weare
 Those noisome *Blaines*, that most infectious are?
 This often chanceth. Yea, this hath beene seene
 When on the very brest, the sore hath beene.
 Nay, I have heard (by credible relation)
 That neare to *Stratford-bow*, this *Visitation*,
 A little infant was preserv'd alive,
 Who suckt on the dying brests of five.

How this may be I know not; If I shall
 Conclude with some, this *Plague* hath powre on al:
 Nor can I finde a reason how it stinted,
 Or how our totall ruine was prevented.
 For, when it was at height; and when appear'd,
 Most causes, that Infection should be fear'd;
 Then, no man was confined, as before:
 No *Bill*, or *Crosse*, was fixt on any doore;
 We visited the *Sicke*; we shunned neither
 The place nor person; but met all together.

E 2

Yet

Yet, then, and (let us marke it) not till then,
 This *Plague*, her fury did abate agen ;
 And constantly abate, though most refused
 To keepe such *Orders*, as at first were used,
 Which manifesteth well, that (howsoe're
 Malignant in it selfe, the *Pest* appeare)
 Gods hand restraines it ; many a man protecting
 Immediately : some, mediately directing
 To such, or such a meanes of preservation,
 That they might honour him in their salvation ;
 And, as he striketh some, that men might feare
 His *Iustice* : So, he other some doth spare,
 That they might love his *Mercies* ; and perceive
 That he can at his pleasure take, and leave.

For, if God saved none ; some *Atheist*, would not
 Make doubt, perhaps, to publish that he could not ;
 And, scarce one man would be so neighbourly,
 To helpe his brother in this malady.

Which Charity to further (and to shew
 How safely, men their *Callings* may pursue
 In ev'ry danger) we have had, this yeare,
 Of Gods great *Providence*, faire token, here.
 For, 'tis observ'd, that he hath few destroy'd
 Who were in this mortality employ'd
 About those *Offices*, which have to us
 (In common sense) appear'd most dangerous.

Few *Sextons*, and few *Surgeons* have miscari'd,
 Who in their callings at this want have tary'd.
 And of those *Market-folks*, who at our need
 Brought in provisions, this weake place to feed,
 I cannot heare of one, who did become
 Infected ; or, who brought infection home.
 Ev'n in that *Parish* where I did abide,
 (And where nigh halfe a thousand weekly dy'd)

Not

Not one of all that number perished,
 That were the common *Bearers of the Dead*.
 But, though from midnight, till the break of day,
 They did infectious Carcasses convey
 From sickly Dwellings, to those *Pits of Death*,
 Which breathed out a most contagious breath,
 With life and health, their service, God rewarded ;
 Ev'n though the most of them nought else regarded,
 But that base gaine which might their want supply,
 Or feed them in some wicked vanity.

How then, can we, that of this favour heare,
 From any lawful action flye through feare ?
 Or doubt of Gods protection, when we make
 A dangerous attempt, for conscience sake ?
 And know, beside, that what we strive to do,
 We are both called, and oblig'd unto ?

Moreover, since the latter sort here named,
 Are (for the greater part) in life defamed ;
 Such, who their needfull *Offices* abused ;
 Such, who nor outward meanes, nor inward used ;
 To keep their healths (but, grew the bolder in
 The practices of ev'ry kind of sin)
 Such, whom Gods *Judgements* stupified more,
 And made far harder hearted, then before.
 Since those (I say) of such condition were,
 And yet preserved in their *Callings*, here :
 For what good use I pray can we suppose
 Those men were so preserved ; but that those
 Who truly seeke Gods glory in their stay,
 Might have the more assurance in their way ?
 And know, that if to such God please to give
 This mortall life, they shall much rather live ;
 Or else (which is far better) if they dye,
 Obtaine a life, with immortality.

E 3

Some

Some *Wifeman-wo ud-be*, now, perhaps, will prate
 That this is *Claphamisme*: And, that the *State*
 (In her good policies to stop the breach
 Of this great *Plague*) is wrong'd by what I teach?
 But, rather they injurious are to me
 Who so affirme; and vaine their cavils be.
 For, though to shew the powre Divine the more,
 Our *Muse* declares, by what is gone before,
 That Gods owne hand, our *Citie* did preserve,
 When we scarce *Meanes*, or *Order*, did observe.
 Let no man gather thence, that we maintaine,
 All *Meanes*, or Civil *Orders* to be vaine.
 For, of selfe-murther that man guiltie dies,
 Who, meanes of health doth wilfully despise.
 Yea, doubtlesse, there belongs a curse to them,
 That orderly proceedings doe contemne.

And, whereas we our *Orders* did transgresse,
 It was necessitie, not wilfulnesse,
 That urged it; because, our common woe,
 Did farre beyond the powre of *Order*, goe.
 At rising of the *Floud* we made a *Bay*;
 But, at the height, it carri'd all away.
 In humane Policie, we saw no hope.
 But, as the stones and Timbers which doe stop
 A *Breach* at first; when all is drowned o're,
 Doe nothing else, but make the waters rore:
 So, when our Sicknesse, and our Poverty,
 Had greater wants than we could well supply,
 Strict *Orders* did but more enrage our griefe,
 And, hinder in accomplishing releefe.
 Had ev'ry house been lockt which we suppos'd
 To stand infected, few had beene unclos'd,
 Yea, our first *Orders* had we still observ'd,
 The healthie Housholds would not halfe have serv'd
 To

To keepe the Sicke. And who should then have heeded
 Our private cares? Or got us what we needed?
 As long as from each other we refrain'd,
 We greater sorrowes ev'ry day sustain'd:
 Yea, whilst for none, but for our selves we car'd,
 Our brethren perisht, and the worfe we far'd.

This made us from our *Policies* appeale,
 And meete in *Love*, each others wounds to heale.
 This, made vs from our civill *Orders* flie,
 To make more practife of our *Charitie*.
 And hereunto, perhaps, compell'd were we,
 By meere necessitie, to let us see
 Experiments, of that unmatched good,
 Which floweth from a Christian *Neighbourhood*:
 And learne what publike, and what private ease
 It bringeth in a generall Disease:
 And how it may a *Common wealth* sustaine
 When carnall *Wisdome*, and *Selfe-love* are vaine.
 Or, we perchance from vulgar helps were driven,
 Left Overmuch assurance might be given
 To outward meanes: Or, lest we us'd them so,
 As if Gods powre were chained thereunto.
 Or else, it was permitted, to declare
 That fruitlesse all our best endeavours are
 Without his blessing: That, no creatures have
 A Vertue to preserve till he will save:
 That, his immediate powre must countermand,
 When any *Plague* hath got an upper hand:
 And, that, such *Mercy* showne in such distresse,
 Might binde us to the greater thankfulnessse.

But, lest what here precedeth hath not showne
 My purpose fully; be it also knowne,
 That to restraine, or spurre the PESTILENCE,
 There is both supernat'all *Providence*

E 4

And

And *Causes naturall*. The first of these
 Can worke without the later, if it please.
 The later cannot any thing effect,
 But, as the former shall the same direct.
 And, though in ev'ry sicknesse, thus it is,
 Yet, such hid properties are found in this,
 Such oppositions in the *Naturall Causes*,
 Such knots, and riddles; that it much amazes
 The naturall man: because he seldome findes
 (As he perceives in griefes of other kindes)
 The *Causes* and *Effects* agree together;
 For, there is much uncertainty in either.

On some, this *Plague* doth steale insensibly,
 Their muddy nature, stirring secretly
 To their destruction. Some, it striketh so,
 As if a mortall hand had with a blow
 Arrested them; and on their flesh hath seene
 A palmes impression, to appearance, beene.
 One man is faint, weake, sickly, full of feare,
 And drawes his breath where strongst infections are,
 Yet scapes with life. Another man is young,
 Light-hearted, healthy, stout, well-temper'd strong,
 And lives in wholesome ayre, yet gets a fit
 Of this *Land-Calenture*, and dies of it;
 Some are tormented by it, till we see
 Their veines and sinewes almost broken be,
 The very soule distracted, sense bereft,
 And scarce the smallest hope of scaping left,
 Yet soone recover. Other some, againe
 Fall suddenly; or feele so little paine
 When they are seized, that they breathlesse lye,
 E're any dying *Symptomes*, we espy.
 On some, an endlesse drowfinesse doth creepe:
 Some others, cannot get one winke of sleepe.

This

This, useth ev'ry day preservatives,
 Yet dies : another taketh none, yet lives.
 Ev'n thus vncertainly this *Sicknesse* playes ;
 Spares, wounds, and killeth, many sev'ral wayes.
 From this experience, let us not conclude,
 As many doe among the multitude,
 Who misconceiving (to no small offence)
 The doctrine of *Eternall Providence*,
 (Who from the truth of sober knowledge wandring,
 And Gods *Decrees*, and *Justice* also slandering)
 Doe so necessitate the *Fate* of man,
 That, whatsoever he endeavour can,
 His paines is lost ; and that foredoom'd, he must
 At this or that set moment turne to dust :
 And that no industry, no innocence,
 No wilfull carelesnesse, or foule offence,
 Nor any humane actions helpfull be
 To life or death, but meerly Gods *Decree*.

Ev'n such there be. And, howsoever they
 Preach *Faith*, or *Workes*, in show, yet, they deny
 The pow'r of both ; and secretly maintaine,
 (By consequence at least) that meanes are vaine.
 For, they affirme that ev'ry thing men doe,
 They are by God predestinated to
 Before all worlds ; So, that our pow'r, or will,
 Affecteth ; nor effecteth good, or ill ;
 And that we are by doome inevitable
 In ev'ry kind of action made unable.

Which *Tenet*, seemeth rather to arise
 From those, who write of heathnish *Destinies*,
 Then from a Christian. For, though true it be,
 That, God Almighty, all things doth foresee,
 And order so, and so dispose of things,
 That, to perfection his owne worke he brings,

E 5

In

In spight of *Satan*, and of every deed
 That may from his malignant brood proceed :
 Yet, they have Actions naturally their owne,
 Which God permits. He likewise hath bestowne
 On us that are his children, grace, and powres,
 Good Actions to performe, which we call ours
 By Gods free gift. Moreover, he doth please
 To promise blisse, or threaten plagues, for these,
 According to their natures ; that each one
 May heed the better, what is to be done :
 Be stirred up to put good workes in use,
 Or else be left at last without excuse.

For, though I am assured we possesse,
 By Nature, no inherent Righteousnesse ;
 I, naithelasse beleve that ev'ry one
 (Whose being, first, from *Adams* loines begun)
 Received since our Univerfall fall
 One *Talent*, at the least, to worke withall,
 With so much powre of working also, that
 We may and should with God cooperate.
 As *Adam* all men did of life deprive ;
 Ev'n so by *Christ*, were all men made alive :
 Yea, ev'n as *Moses* did not let remaine
 One hoove in *Egypt* which did appertaine
 To *Isr'ell* ; So beleve I that not one
 Was left unransom'd by Gods only Sonne :
 But that all through the sea of blood did come,
 As well those other who doe wander from
 Truths path in this lifes wildernesse ; as they
 Who come within the Land of Promise may.

And, though like him, who impudently, laid
 Injustice to his *Masters* charge, and said ;
 He reaped where he sowed not, though, I say ;
 There want not some among us, at this day,

Who

Who like to him, doe most unthankfully
 This grace of God in IESVS CHRIST deny ;
 (Affirming, that he some injoyes unto
 Much more, than he did give them power to)
 Our *Maker* unto ev'ry soule that lives,
 So much by vertue of *Christs* Passion gives,
 That whosoever falleth, falls not by
 Anothers, but his owne iniquitie ;
 And, by his actuall crimes, makes unforgiven
 That *Debt originall* which was made even
 By his *Redeemer*, who, that, backe will have,
 (If we abuse it) which at first he gave.

Who ev'r wants powre to doe what God doth bid,
 Lost in himselfe, that powre as *Adam* did :
 Yet, we that have it, neither had that powre,
 Nor keepe it can, by any strength of our ;
 But by his holy *Spirit*, who hath taught
 That path of life wherein to walke we ought.
 And, this is such a *Mystery*, that some
 Which thinke they see, are blinde therein become.

Our guiltie Soules and Bodies were bereft
 Of all good Faculties, and had not left
 So much as *Will*, much lesse the powre to doe
 What soule or Bodies health conduced to.
 Their guilt *Christ* from them tooke ; and by his might
 Depraved Nature so much sets to right,
 That unto ev'ry Soule, he gives the will
 Which *Adam* had, of chusing good or ill.
 And then both Life and Death, he doth propose
 Before them so, that either may be chose.

To them, whom in his *Church* he doth afford
 To live past Child-hood, He doth by his *Word*
 (And by no other meanes) this tender make.
 With Infants, and with Heathens, he may take

emoS

Some other course. But, surely, when, or how
He that effects ; concerns not us to know.

When God doth make this tender (which is then
When he doth please, and no man knoweth when)
If any Soule by *Sathans* guile doth chuse,
What Gods good *Spirit* moves her to refuse,
She, then, to put in action doth begin
The haynous and impardonable sin
Against the *Holy Ghost* (which fearfull crime
Is made apparant to the world, in time,
Or more or lesse, by outward actions here,
As God shall please to let the same appeare)
And, after this refusall, ev'ry thing,
Which doth encrease of grace, to others, bring,
Doth make her grow more senselesse of her state,
Or else enrage, or make her desperate.
And, her *freewill*, in *Adam* lost before,
Is lost againe, by her, for evermore.

But, if she chufeth as the Spirit moveth,
The Lord, this Soule, without repenting loveth ;
In her, preserving such affections still,
And such a portion of her first *Freewill*,
That though the frailties of her flesh doe seeme
To choake them often, in the worldes esteeme ;
(And sometime in her owne) yet she for ever
Doth in her motion towards God persevere,
Till she arive in him. Nor doth she cease
Of pious workes, her number to encrease :
But labours for assurance in election,
By reaching ev'ry day at more perfection.

And, far is it from God to take away
The guerdon of our *Faith* ; or to deny
What he did by his *Covenant*, ordaine,
To be the wages of our Christian paine :

Or

Or to command us what should profit nought ;
Or, to neglect the workes that we have wrought.

For, since God heeds those things that are so small,
As birds alightings, and as hairens that fall ;
Makes use of ev'ry circumstance, and chaines
(To further those maine ends which he ordaines)
Ten thousand little trifling things together ;
Not one omitting, none displacing neither,
Which may be pertinent his ends to further,
Or to effect them, in their timely *Order*.
How could so fond a crotchet be devised,
That God our serioust actions hath despised ?
Or, that by his *Foreknowledge*, or *Decree*,
Our deeds should all annihilated be ?
Or, that he should so oft incite us to
What he had giv'n to man, no pow'r to doe ?

I dare not venture upon their distractions,
Who search the order of *Eternall actions* ;
Nor doe I further seeke what God *foreknowes*,
Then he within his Word revealed shoves ;
Nor will I ever strive to pry into
His hidden counsells, as too many doe :
But their unwarrantable paths eschewing,
And, Gods disclosed purposes pursuing,
Search onely for the knowledge of those things
Which an effecting of his pleasure brings.
Since, if I follow them, it cannot be
That he would purpose any harme to me ;
Or in his secret counsell ought ordaine
To make his publike will to be in vaine.
For, though, when *Abram*, *Isa'k* thought to kill,
God's hidden *purpose*, and revealed *will*
Did seeme to crosse each other (And when he
Did threaten *Niniveh* destroy'd should be)

Yet,

Yet, they appeare not opposite to those
 Whose faith, such holy secrets can disclose.
 Or were it so; from acts particular
 None should conclusions generall inferre.

God neuer said, as yet, that I could heare,
 Man, such a day shall perish, howsoe're
 By faithfull workes for safety he endeaour.
 But, all his promises and threatnings, euer
 Were made conditionall; and haue fore-spoken
 Our life, or death, as they are kept, or broken.

Nor is this any barre, or contradiction
 To Gods free *Grace*; or to his firme *Election*,
 Or never-ending *Loue*. Nor helps it those
 Who, *perseverance of the Saints*, oppose:
 But, rather, maketh all those Doctrines good.
 Yea, being rightly weigh'd and understood,
 Gods *iustice*, and his *mercy* it unites,
 Whom mens blind Cavills haue made opposites.
 God knew the doome, and date of *Adams* crime,
 Yet, he did fore-expresse no certaine time;
 But, speaking of it, spake indefinitely,
 And said, *That day thou sinnest, thou shalt dye*.
 And sure, of all mens deaths (who e're gaine saies)
 It is their sinne that setteth downe the daies.
 For, till transgression forfeited our breath,
 There was no peremptory day of death.
 And, in affirming, where Gods Word is mute,
 It is presumption, to be absolute.

Doe this, saith God, *and liue*; *Doe that and perish*.
 Yet some, whose oversights too many cherish,
 Dare contradict it; and affirme that wee
 Good, bad, dead, liuing, damned, faued be
 Eu'n from eternity, without respects,
 To any causes, or to their effects.

And

And these imply, that (whatfoe're we doe,
Or leaue vndone) God fore-appoints us to
A certaine doome; which we shall strue in vaine,
With all our strength, to shunne, or to obtaine.

And wherefore then did God his Gospell send?

Why doth his Word exhort vs to amend?

Why doth he bid vs, this, or that to shunne?

Why hath he charged some things to be done?

If he no power hath giuen, or else by fate

Disableth all men to cooperate?

And leaues them neither good nor ill to doe

But what he fore-decreed long agoe?

Why threats he stripes? why promifeth reward?

If there be no compassion, no regard,

Nor meed for what is done. And what I pray

Is all Religion, if these truth doe say?

I know God reprobates, and doth foresee

Before all worlds, who reprobates will be.

But, none he forceth to be so accurst,

Saue those who haue his *Grace* rejected first,

And vnto those, indeed, he powre denies

To worke his will, because they did despise

His profered *Love*; And just it is in him,

To make them blinde, who did the light contemne.

He doth eternally abhorre the crime;

But he the *persons* reprobates *in time*.

And None doth chuse, or personally reject

(What ever some conceive) but with respect

Vnto his *Covenant*; which hath implide

Something to be perform'd on either side.

For, were it so, that God hath fore-decreed

What should befall unto us without heed

To any *Covenant*; and bar'd *Salvation*,

By an eternall doome of *Reprobation*,

(In

(In such like manner as the fantasies
 Of some (not well advisedly) devise)
 What compasse we by striving therewithall?
 Why spend we time, in rising up to fall?
 Why linger we to act so many crimes?
 To suffer over grieve so many times?
 And live so many sev'rall deaths to taste,
 To be nor worfe, nor better at the last?
 Or wherefore have we prayed, since we know
 What must be, must be, though we pray not so?
 I might be thought o're bitter, if as they
 I should interrogate, who sharply say;
*Why doe not these, who this opinion hold,
 Goe hang themselves before that they are old?
 Or in their Gardens, TIMON like, erect
 Faire Gibbets for the Schollers of their Self?
 What tends their life unto? why should not they
 Refuse to eate and drinke; and, wisely, say,
 "God, for our end, a certaine day hath set,
 "Which we shall reach, although we taste no meat.
 Why doe they shun a danger in the street,
 Since they shall live their time, what e're they meet?
 If they to any place, desire to goe,
 Why trouble they their feet to helpe thereto?
 Since they are sure, that if decreed it were
 They should come thither, they their paines may spare?*
 If thus I should have said, some men would deeme me
 To be more bitter then did well besee me:
 For, I confesse that on the quick they grated,
 Who in this manner have expostulated.
 And I forbear it. Yet, this generation
 Hath some who need this tart expostulation;
 With whom loud noises more prevaile by far,
 Then doe those proofes, that Faiths and Reasons are.

I

I know to these *Objections*, most replies ;
 I know their strength, and where their weaknesse lies ;
 I know what holy Scriptures, men mistake,
 Which proofes of their assertions seeme to make :
 I know, how they their *Arguments* mis-lay,
 From that of *Eſau*, and the Potters clay :
 I know what *Times* and *Termes* they misconceive,
 And wherewithall themselves they doe deceive.
 I know with what nick-names of heresie,
 Some Readers will for this my *Muse* belye ;
 And that nor they, who call'd *Arminians* be,
 Nor they who reprehend them, will with me
 Be friends for this ; for neither those nor these
 Am I desirous to offend or please.
 But to uphold the Truth, which is bely'd
 Injuriouſly by most of either ſide.
 I know their ſpight, their vineger, their gall ;
 I know what ſpirit most are led withall
 Who ſpread the *Doctrines* which I have reprov'd,
 And know ſuch Reaſon never to be mov'd,
 With favour to them that I dare to ſay,
 It is the neareſt and the ſtraighteſt way
 To all prophaneneſſe. It the bridle gives
 To carnall liberties, and makes the lives
 And hearts of many men ſo voyd of care :
 From hence diſtractions ; hence deſpairings are.
 Hence miſchiefes ; hence ſelſe murders doe ariſe ;
 Hence is it that ſuch multitudes deſpiſe
 Good diſcipline : yea, this contemned makes
 The life of *Faith*, if once it rooting takes :
 Diſableth pious practices outright,
 And where it roots, deſtroyes *Religion* quite.
 Let no man then admit into his thought,
 That God Almighty hath decreed ought

Which

Which on his *Iustice* may infringement bring,
 Or on his *Mercy* in the smallest thing :
 Or that his *Wisedome* any thing ordaines
 Without the meanes which thereunto pertaines :
 Or thinke, because our sinne he doth permit
 That therefore he necessitateth it :
 Or that he wills those errors he foresees,
 As he the workes of righteousness decrees :
 Or, that our humane actions cyphers are :
 Or, that within this world there ever were
 Or shall, those persons be, whom God will call
 Vnto account, untill he give them shall,
 At least, one *Talent*, which may serue vnto
 The working of that worke he bids them doe.
 Let no man dreame these dreames ; nor censure this,
 Till he hath well consider'd what that is
 Which I deliuer. For in this darke way
 Our learnedst Clerkes doe sometimes runne astray.
 Nor let them thinke that I concurre with all,
 Who in appearance hold this *Tenet* shall :
 Or that I differ from all men that may
 In termes differ from what I seeme to say.
 For they that in expression disagree
 In one *well-meaning*, oft united be.
 And either (if that they in loue contend)
 Shall then at length, obtaine their wished end.
 Oh ! labour this, all you that would be thought
 G O D S glory in your studies to haue fought ;
 That though *offences* come, they may not moue
 Difunion ; but Gods *worthy ones* approve.
 And let us with a true sobriety,
 So heed his *Actions of eternitie*,
 That we may see in them a boundlesnesse,
 Beyond our humane wisdom to expresse ;

Leaue

Leave quarrelling about his waies unknowne,
 And take more heed hereafter to our owne.
 For, though God pleaseth, other while to use
 Our vulgar *Termes*, some *notions* to infuse
 Of his eternall workings, and apply
 His deeds that way, to our capacity,
 Disclosing them unto us one by one,
 As if at severall times they had beene done,
 (Because our shallownesse no meanes can find
 To entertaine them in their proper kinde)
 And though (respecting us who temp'ral be)
 Wee say, that *God Almighty* doth *foresee*,
Foreknow us, and *predestinate*; yet fure,
 His *Effence* no such termes can well endure
 In proper sence; Because with him, no *doome*,
 Word, Thought, or Act, is passed, or to come.
 But all things present. Yea, all *Times*, and all
 Those things which wee by severall names doe call,
 Our *Births*, our *Lives*, our *Deaths*, and our *Saluations*,
 Our *free-elections*, and *predestinations*,
 Are all at once with God, without *foreseeing*;
 Eu'n all in *one-eternall-present-being*.
 Which few observing, many men have thought
 That Gods *eternall actions* should be wrought
 Like ours in *Time*, which is, as if they should
 Endeavour how the world they might enfold
 Within a Nut-shell. And while thus men strive
 (According to their fancies) to contrive
 An order in Gods *Workings*, they mistake them
 Blasphemously, and orderlesse doe make them.
 Yea, to define his actions, they neglect
 That part which is their duty to effect;
 Themselves and others losing in a path
 Which neither profit, end, nor safety hath;

And

And, by disputing what from us is hidden,
Disturb the doing that which God hath bidden.

I have digrest enough ; and some there are
Who think, perhaps, that I have gone too farre.
Yet, let it not be judg'd impertinent,
That I have so pursu'd this *Argument*.
For, want of minding what is here rehearsed,
Hath often times the *Pestilence* disperfed.
Yea, some who fondly said, that ev'ry man
Shall live his time decreed, do what he can ;
And that each one at his fixt houre shall dye,
'Gainst which he seeks in vaine, a remedy :
Ev'n these, made much good means of health neglected
Much wife and wholsome counsell be rejected ;
And caused, oft, in this our common wo,
That *Death* was brought and caried, to and fro.

But, left in chasing them, I run astray ;
Ile prosecute againe my purpos'd way.
The *Pestilence* doth show her selfe inclin'd
So variously, she cannot be defin'd.
She neither certaine forme, nor habit wears,
But, partly *metaphysicall* appears,
And partly *naturall*. She oft may cary
Her *Progresse* on, by meanes that's ordinary ;
But, rarely doth begin, or end her *Arrant*,
Save by an extraordinary *Warrant*.
It doth infect, and it infecteth not.
It is an *arrow* which is often shot
By Gods owne hand, from his far-striking bow,
Without the help of any meanes below.
It is Gods *Angel*, which to death can smite,
Miraculoufly, an *army* in a night.
It is a rationall *Disease*, which can
Pick, with discretion, here and there a man ;

And

And passe o're thofe, who either marked are
For *Mercy*; or, a greater *Plague* to beare.

We fee, it futing hath to Natures laws,
A nat'rall *motion*, and a nat'rall *caufe*;
For, as a Fire among great Buildings throwne,
Burnes Timber, melteth Mettall, cracketh Stone,
Defaceth Statues, makes moift places dry,
The Vaults below to fwat, the tyles to flye
And manifests his force, in fev'rall kindes,
According to the objects which he findes:
So, hath the *Pestilence* a nat'rall pow'r
To harden, fright, endanger, or devoure,
(And divers other changes to procure)
As ſhe doth find a fev'rall temp'rature
In mind or body, fitting the rejection.
Or for the entertainment of *Infection*.

Theſe things confider'd. They who ſhall deſire
To ſcape from this *Contagion*, muſt acquire
A double *Ward*. For, doubtleſſe, there is none
That can reſiſt it with one guard alone.
In times of Danger, vainly we preſume
Vpon our Iv'ry boxes of *Perfume*.
To little purpoſe, we defend our noſes,
With *Wormwood*, *Rue*, or with our *Radeliffe* Poſies
Of tarred Ropes. Small warrant for our lives,
Are all ſuch bodily *Preservatives*,
As Cordiall waters, Gums, Herbes, Plants, and Rootes,
Our ſimple or compounded *Antidotes*.
Our *Bazar-stone*; our med'cines *Chymicall*;
Or, that high prized Iewell wherewithall,
For horne of *Vnicorne*, men cheated are:
Or, thoſe unhallowed *Charmes*, which many weare.
For, theſe are far unable to withſtand
The vigour of his incorporeall hand,

Who

Who strikes for sinne, unlesse to these wee adde
 A Plaister which of better things is made.
 Yea *Nature* failes, unlesse adjoyne wee doe,
 A med'cine *metaphiscall* thereto.

Moreover, fruitlessly devout are they,
 And that they seeke to God they falsely say,
 Who wilfully neglect, or else contemne,
 That outward meanes, which Nature offers them,
 And God provides, to cure, or to prevent,
 The mischief of Diseases pestilent.
 For, since wee fram'd of foules and bodies are,
 God pleased is, that wee should have a care
 To both of them; and labour how to finde,
 What appertaines to either, in his kinde.

He therefore, who desireth a defence
 Against this *Arrow* of the *Pestilence*;
 A compleat *Armour* must from God procure,
 And still be arm'd, his person to secure.
 He must put on the *Helmet* of *Salvation*,
 And shoe his feet with holy *Preparation*.
 A *Belt* of *Truth* must for his loines be fought;
 His *Brest-plate* must of Righteousnesse be wrought.
 The *Shield* of *Faith*, his Target must become,
 The darts of *Sathan* to secure him from.
 Gods *Word* must be the *Sword* upon his thigh,
 His *Praiers*, like continuall shot must flie;
 And he should keepe for ever his abode,
 Within the shadow of Almighty God.
 Or else the Workeman loofeth all his paine;
 And he that watcheth, waketh but in vaine.

He also must expell out of the foule,
 That filthinesse of sinne, which makes it foule.
 He must avoid the crimes he lived in;
 His *Physicke* must be *Rue* (ev'n *Rue* for sinne)

Of

Of *Herb of Grace*, a Cordiall he must make ;
 The bitter Cup of true Repentance take ;
 The *Diet of Sobriety* assume ;
 His Houfe with workes of Charitie perfume ;
 And watch, that from his heart in secrecie,
 Arise no favours of Hypocrisie.
 He must beleeeve, God so doth love him, that
 His everlasting good, is aimed at
 In all he suffers ; and, that, God doth know,
 And marke his nature, and his temper so,
 As that he will impose nor more, nor lesse,
 Than shall be needfull for his happinesse.
 For, such a *Faith*, will keepe him still content.
 Still lowly, under ev'ry chastisement ;
 Still thankfull, whatsoever doth befall ;
 And *Blessings* make, of what we *Plagues* doe call.

He must, moreover with a holy *Fear*,
 In all his Christian duties persevere ;
 Still watchfull, and at no time daring ought
 Which may from God divert him in a thought :
 (So neere as possibly, the powre of man,
 So great a diligence endeavour can.)
 For, round about him are a thousand Feares,
 A thousand Dangers, and ten thousand Snares,
 And, as a *Traveller*, who for his Bridges,
 To passe deepe waters, having nought but ridges
 Of narrow Timbers, dares not cast his eye
 From off the Plancke, nor set his foot awrie ;
 Because beneath him, he beholds a *Streame*,
 That runnes, and roares, and gapes to swallow him :
 So, he that must an houely passage make,
 Through such like *Plagues*, as this whereof I speake,
 (And many dangers waiting on him hath,
 To catch him, if he slip his narrow Path)

Had

Had need be carefull that he never stray,
Nor swarve in any thing beside the way.

Let, therefore, ev'ry man desire, at least,
This pow'r; that his desirings may be blest,
With such performances as he shall need,
Or, have his *Will* accepted for the *Deed*.
And, let him to his *Calling* ever stand:
For, whoso'e're doth leave that place unmann'd
Wherein God sets him; forfeits that reward
(And is deprived of that *Angell guard*)
Of which his *Muse* doth prophesie, who sayes,
We shall preserved be in all our ways.

Far is it from my nature, to reprove
With proud insultings, those whom feare did move
To step aside: For, good and pious men
Give way to nat'rall frailties now and then;
And, we whom God emboldned now to stay,
Hereafter, from lesse frights may run away.
Yea, sure I am, that if it doe not flow
From Love, and Pity, that their scapes we show,
God may, and will (our folly to deride)
Make them dare stand, where we shall feare to bide.
And therefore, hoping none amisse will take
What I have writ for truth and conscience sake;
(That men in times to come might looke into
This duty, and be heedful what they doe)
I will affirme, that ev'ry one hath erred,
Who in his lawfull *Calling*, was deterred
So much, as in this danger to forsake it:
And, though a trifling matter many make it,
I know, the most apparant showes of terror
Are not excuse enough for such an error.
For, that we should not in such cases dread
The greatest perils: God hath promised,

That

That if we keepe our *wayes*, and him observe,
 He will not onely from this Plague preserve ;
 But, cause us without harme to walke among,
 Ev'n *Adders, Dragons, Lyons* old and yong :
 By which pernicious creatures, and untamed,
 Is ev'ry danger meant that can be named.

These things we must observe, if we will hope
 Gods extraordinary blow to stop ;
 And other circumstances must attend
 Those meanes. But, they so nat'rally depend
 On what precedes ; that in well doing one,
 VVe cannot leave the other part undone.
 Such were those holy med'cines, which prevented
 The Plague, at *Niniveh*, when she repented ;
 Such *Israël* used, and it saved them ;
 Such kept the Plague out of *Ierusalem* ;
 And when the bloody *Angell* came, had pow'r
 To stop him in *Araunah's* threshing floore.
 Thus *Hezekiah* was preserv'd ; thus *David*
 Was from the very same contagion saved :
 And if unfainedly we practise thus,
 He doth of safety also warrant us.
 Yea (through this meanes) we shall be fortifi'd
 VVith such a coat of prooffe, as will abide
 That murth'ring *Arrow* which in darknesse flies,
 From Gods owne *Bow*, unseene of mortall eyes.
 And when we thus have done, attempt we may
 To stop the *Shaft*, that flies abroad by day ;
 I meane the nat'rall Sicknesse, which doth smite
 By meanes, that is apparant to the sight.
 For, as God striketh, oft, immediate blowes
 By some immediate way : right so he shoves
 A nat'rall cure to those, whom he doth please
 To warrant from the naturall *Disease*.

F

Thus

Thus, he for *Hezekiah's* health revealed
That *Plaiſter*, wherewithall his griefe was healed,
Thus from this *Plague* have many beene ſecured.
And many ſaved, who the ſtroke endured.

Here I could ſhew, what *Med'cines* may be tooke
To cure or to prevent the outward ſtroke ;
To qualifie the *Aire*, what might be uſed ;
What *Diet* ſhould be taken, what refuſed ;
What *Symptomes* doe attend on this diſeaſe ;
What good, or ill, from *Labour*, or from *Eaſe*
Too much, or over-little, may be got :
But, to proceed in this perfume I not.
For, to preſcribe externall med'cines, here
To ev'ry man, too hard a taſke it were ;
Since they muſt often chang'd and mixed, be,
As we the ſickneſſe changeable doe ſee,
And as we finde the meaſure of *infection*,
The parties *Age*, his *Temper*, or *Complection*.
To thoſe I therefore will commit this part,
Who are allow'd profeſſors of that *Art* ;
Adviſing all, that none their aid reſuſe,
Nor out of ſeaſon, their aſſiſtance uſe.

For, if, before our peace with God be made,
We (ſeeking outward meanes) a cure have had ;
That meanes ſhall be the meanes our death to ſet :
That cure ſhall onely cure us, to beget
Another *Plague* : unleſſe we have repented
Our folly, and the miſchiefe, ſo, prevented.
Yea ſuch, as take that courſe, doe ſugar o're
Strong poyſons, and ſkin up a feſtring fore ;
Becaufe thoſe med'cines, and that watchfulneſſe
(From which they did expect a good ſucceſſe)
Not being with repentance ſanctifi'd,
Nor (in their place) with faithfulneſſe apply'd,

Corrup-

Corruptd grow ; make what was evill, worfe ;
 And (in the Head of blessings) bring a curse.
 This *Reason* proves. For, since it is from *Sin*
 Whence all our griefes, and sicknesses have bin :
 We shall as vainly strive th' effects to stay,
 Till we the Causes first remove away,
 As if we went about to draine a River,
 Before to stop the Springs we did endeavor.

And, as we neither should o're-much rely
 On outward helpes ; nor take disorderly
 The meanes of Health ; right so, beware we must
 That we doe never use it with distrust.
 For as, in seeking safety, most men use
 Preposterous courses (whence much harme ensues)
 Or else (when likely med'cines they have got)
 Presume so farre, on what availeth not,
 Without Gods blessing ; that, from him they take
 His due, and of his Creatures, *Idols* make :
 So, some there be so fearfull, that their *Fears*
 Corrupts their blood, where no infections were ;
 Begets that *Plague* within them which they shun ;
 And makes it follow, when they from it run.
 No place, or counsell can of rest assure them ;
 No meanes their hope of safety can procure them :
 But still they are distemper'd ; ever taking
 New courses, and new Med'cines alwayes making.
 Of all they meet (if any meet they dare)
 For some *Receipt*, their first enquiries are.
 What e're he be that tells them, that, or this
 Prevents the *Plague* ; it straightwayes practis'd is.
 They swallow downe hot *Waters*, *Sirrups*, *Drinks*,
 Choake up their Chambers with *Perfumes*, & *Stinks* ;
 With *Rue*, and *Wormwood* cram their bowels up,
 With *Phisicke* breake their fasts, and dine, and sup :

F 2

Yet

Yet, still delpaire, as if that world of stufte
 (Which they devoured) were not halfe enough.
 And, this their terror, doth to me appeare,
 A greater *Plague*, then that which they doe feare.

Mistake me not ; I doe not here condemne
 The christian, and the filial feare of them,
 That are (with holy dread) employ'd about
 Such meanes, as worketh true salvation out.
 Nor blame it, when a moderate feare doth make
Alarums in us, *Reason* to awake.

For, while our *Feare* preserves a moderation,
 It is a very necessary *passion*,
 And stands for *Centinell*, to bid us Arme,
 When any Foe doth seeme to menace harme.
 Nor doe I checke that nat'rall Feare, which from
 The knowledge of our weaknesse doth come :
 For, want of that is meere stupidity ;
 And such, can neither feele a Misery,
 Nor taste Gods Mercies, with more profit, than
 The brutish Creatures wanting Reason, can ;
 Who, of their paines, or pleasures, nought retaine
 Much longer, then it doth in act remaine.
 I count not each man valiant, who dares die,
 Or venture on a Mischiefe desperately,
 When, either heat of Youth, or Wine, or Passion
 Shall whet him on, before consideration :
 For, thus a Beast will doe, and hath (no doubt)
 As much foresight in what he goes about ;
 As those blinde *Bayards*, who couragious be
 In perills, whose events they doe not see.
 Nor will I any man a *Coward* call,
 Although I see him tremble, and looke pale
 In dangerous attempts ; unlesse he slacke
 His just *Resolves*, by basely stepping backe.

For,

For, as the greater part of men we find
 To laugh and blush, by nature, much enclin'd :
 So many have a nat'ral inclination,
 To trembling, paleness, or some other passion,
 Which, no *Philosophy* can take away,
 Nor any humane wit, or strength, allay :
 And if their *Apprehension* proveth better
 Than other Mens ; their *Passions* are the greater ;
 Because their searching wits finde perills out,
 Whereof the *Dullard* (never having doubt)
 Hath boldly ventur'd on them, and out dar'd,
 What being heeded, him to death hath fear'd.

Give me the *Man*, that with a quaking arme
 VValkes with a stedfast mind through greatest harm ;
 And though his flesh doth tremble, makes it stand
 To execute what *Reason* doth command.
 Give me the *Soule*, that knowingly descries
 All dangers, and all possibilities
 Of outward perills ; and yet doth perfever
 In ev'ry lawfull action howsoever.
 Give me that *Heart*, which in it selfe doth warre
 VVith many frailties (who like Traytors are
 In some besieged Fort) and hath to doe
 VVith outward Foes, and inward Terrors too ;
 Yet of himselfe, and them, a conquest makes,
 And still proceeds in what he undertakes.
 For, this is double-*valour* ; and such men
 (Although they are mis-censur'd now, and then)
 Enjoy those mindes that best compos'd are ;
 In lawfull quarrells are without compare ;
 And (when the *Coward*, hoodwink'd goes to fight)
 Dare charge their sternest Foes with open fight.

Let no Man therefore glory, or make boast
 Of Courage, when they feele their *Dread* is lost,

F 3

Or

Or thinke themselves the safer, when they finde
 Their Feare is gone, whilst Perill staves behinde ;
 Especially, when they besieg'd appeare,
 With such like *Plagues*, as this, we treat of here.
 For that endangers, rather then secureth ;
 Since *Custom*, or else *Ignorance* procureth
 That brutish fearlesnesse : And, where we see
 Such hardinesse, Gods *judgements* fruitlesse be.

There is required, yet, one *Caveat* more
 To perfect that, which hath beene said before ;
 Ev'n this ; that we grow watchfull, lest the while
 We trust in God, we doe our selves beguile
 With fruitlesse confidence, and on his grace
 (Beyond his warrant) our assurance place.
 For, many thousands wondrous forward are
 In Gods large promises to claime a share ;
 Who, those *conditions* never mused on,
 Which he doth ground his *Covenant* upon.
 And as the *Iewes* (from whom they take example)
 Bragg'd of their outward worship, and their *Temple*,
 As if Gods *League* extended unto all,
 Who could themselves, the sonnes of *Iacob*, call,
 Without respecting their partic'lar *Way* :
 So, we have some among us, that will say,
They trust in God ; and that, in this *infection*,
 They full assurance have of his protection :
 Because they formally his *Truth* professe ;
 Performe externall workes of *Holinesse* ;
 Or visibly, with such, partakers are,
 With whom the *Pledges* of Gods love appeare.
 But, they that on these outward workes rely,
 Without true faith, and true sincerity ;
 Commit those gilded *sinnes*, whose glosse will weare,
 And leave their naturall corruptions bare :

Yea

Yea they, of their professions, *idols* make ;
 And, will the *Covenant* of God mistake,
 Vntill in his *conveyances*, they see
 What duties, on their parts, required be.

God promifeth (indeed) all fuch to fave,
 Who in his holy *Church* their dwelling have ;
 And that he will vouchsafe them his defence
 From dangers of the noysome *Pestilence* :
 But they muft love him, and inuoke him, then,
 Or elfe the *Bargaine* is unmade agen.
 Thus much inferres the *Pfalmit*, in that *Ode*,
 Which prophecies the *faving Grace of God*.
 Thofe, therefore, too too much on them affume,
 Yea, (foolifhly) of mercy they prefume,
 Who boaft of Gods protection and yet tread
 Thofe paths, which to a fure deftruction lead.
 I doe not meane, when any man mif-does
 Through frailty, or unwillingly mif-goes :
 But when, with liking, and without remorse,
 He wilfully purfues a wicked Courfe.
 For, fuch, their confidence on God, bely,
 Depending on their own *security* ;
 And cannot fee thofe dangers they are in,
 Becaufe their *Confcien*ces have feared bin.

How many thoufands in the Grave are laid,
 Who, in their life-times, impudently faid
 They fhould be fafe in God ? yet never tooke
 His counfell, nor one vanity forfooke
 For love of him ? How many have I heard
 Prefumptuoufly affirme, they never fear'd
 The danger of Gods *Arroues* ? though they flew
 At noone, at midnight, and fo many flew
 In ev'ry ftreets ? yea, shamelefly profefse
 Their trust in God, to caufe their fearlefneffe,

F 4

Yet

Yet, nothing for the love of him endeavour?
 How boldly have I seene them to pervever
 In ev'ry sin, when Gods fierce *Angell* stood,
 Ev'n juſt before them, all embru'd in blood;
 And ſlaught'ring roūd about thē neighbors, brothers,
 Their friends, their kinſmē, children, fathers, mothers,
 And ſome of ev'ry ſort? Nay, I have heard
 Of ſuch, who were not any jot aſear'd
 To bargain for their Luſt, in times to come,
 VVithin the compaſſe of the ſelfe-ſame roome,
 VVhere (at that inſtant) they beheld their wives
 Lye newly dead; or lab'ring for their lives.

They waſte Gods *Creatures* in luxurious diet;
 Conſume their times in wantonneſſe, and riot;
 They feaſts, and merriments, in *Tavernes* keepe,
 VVhilt others in the *Temples*, faſt, and weepe;
 They perſecute their brethren, and the poore;
 Performe no good; forbear no ſin the more;
 And live ſo careleſſly, as if they thought,
 That, when the greateſt wickedneſſe they wrought,
 It prov'd, their truſt in God to be the greater;
 And, that lewd *works*, ſhew'd forth their *faith* the bet-
 Or elſe that God the more obligement had, (ter;
 Becauſe he was ſo good, and they ſo bad
 Ev'n ſuch there are. And theſe make boaſtings will,
 Of truſt in God, yet ſuch continue ſtill.

Alas, it is but vaine to ſay *Lord, Lord*,
 Or to profeſſe a confidence in word,
 Where lively *Faith* appeares not: for, God granteth
 Protections unto none, but whom he planteth
 Within his *Vineyard*; wherein growes no tree,
 But in ſome meaſure, it will fruitfull be;
 Or elſe, a *ſtorme* ſhall come, which down will ſhake it,
 With whatſoever, carnall props, we ſtake it.

No

No high-presuming *Cedars*, nor stiffe *Oakes*,
 Are those whom God exempteth from the strokes
 Of his tempestuous wrath : but, that which bendeth
 To ev'ry blast, which he in *Judgement* sendeth,
 As doth a bruised, or low-stooping *Reed*,
 Which, by the bowing, is from breaking free'd.
 Yea those, who really within the shade
 Of his defence, have their abidings made ;
 Those onely, may depend on his protection,
 Amid the ragings of this hot *Infection*.

And who are these, but such, as (when they see
 The threatned *Plague*) afraid, and humbled be ?
 Such, as through hearty love, ashamed grow,
 That they so good a God displeased so :
 Such, as are sorry for their passed crimes,
 And truly purpose, in all future times
 A better life : Such, who, for conscience sake
 (And not through fertile feare) themselves betake
 To pious exercises : such, who strive
 To mortifie their lusts, and how to live
 As worthy their free-calling : such, as they,
 Who ev'ry houre, doe labour, watch, and pray,
 Their duties to performe ; and dare not peepe
 Abroad at morning, or at ev'ning sleepe,
 Till they the sacrifice of thanks have paid,
 For favours past ; and begg'd for future aid.
 Such, as on Gods owne pleasure can rely,
 And, in his Faith resolved are to dye.
 Such, as have Charity ; and working are
 Their safeties with continuall *joy*, and *fear*.
 Ev'n such as these, securely may repose
 When twenty thousand dangers them enclose.
 On these, Gods *Angells* wait ; and these they shall
 From stumbling keepe, when many Millions fall.

F 5

From

From ev'ry kinde of harme they shall be free,
 And sleepe, where feares, and mischiefes thickest be :
 Yea, though that seize them, which the *Plague* we cal,
 It shall to them become no *Plague* at all ;
 But rather be their furth'rance, to acquire
 That perfect *happinesse*, which they desire.

Let no man, therefore, in this *Visitation*
 Tye God unto the temp'rall preservation ;
 Or be discouraged, if he shall please
 To exercise him under this *Disease*,
 Supposing, he inflicteth it on none
 (As some fooles thinke) but *Reprobates* alone.
 For he did *Hezekiah* thereby strike ;
 He, by this *Malady*, or some such like,
 Afflicted holy *David*, his Eleſted ;
 Whose Reprobation is of none suspected.
 And though juſt men from temporall infection
 Shall finde more certainty of Gods protection,
 Then others doe : yet ſure, that *Pestilence*
 (From which God promis'd absolute defence)
 Is not that ſickneſſe which the body ſlayes ;
 But that, which death unto the ſoule conveys.

Our earthly griefes, to heav'nly joyes doe reare,
 And why ſhould any Man or grudge or feare
 A mortall wound, ſo he might gaine thereby
 A body cloth'd with immortalitie ?
 Or why ſhould we repine, in miſſing that,
 Which (to our dammage) we had aymed at ;
 When God doth give us more then we deſired ;
 And liſts us higher, then our hopes aſpired ?
 To him due praifes, rather, let us give,
 Whoſe love to us, is better, then to live.

But, I have ſaid enough to this effect,
 And, if, what I have ſpoken, have reſpect,

We

We shall (I hope) hereafter well discern,
 What, by this *Judgement*, we are bound to learne ;
 How much to trust ; how much to hope, or feare ;
 What outward meanes, or inward helps there are,
 VVhereby, this heavy *Plague* may be prevented,
 Or entertained, with a brest contented.

So few (as yet) have thus prepared bin,
 That now of late it quickly rushed in
 In spite of all our *Hulberds*, and our *Watches*.
 And as a *Flame* (which in a Tempest, catches
 On some full Barne) is blowne about the *Village*,
 And fireth, here, the hopefull fruits of *Tillage* ;
 A *Cottage* there ; on th'other side the way
 A well fill'd *Stable*, or a *Ricke* of Hay ;
 Another yon ; close by, doth menace harme
 Ev'n to the *Church* ; forthwith consume a *Farme* ;
 Some dwellings (now, and then) doth overgoe ;
 Anon laves waste a dozen in a row ;
 And still increase, goe forward, and returne,
 Vntill the *Towne* in ev'ry quarter burne :
 So rag'd the *Pestilence*. And, as we see
 Those workmen, who, repairing breaches be
 In *Thame*, or *Trent*, at first the *Banks* doe raise ;
 Shut close the *Sluces*, strengthen up the *Bay's*,
 And labour seriously with much good hope,
 VVhile they perceive but some few gaps to stop :
 But, when they see the flood prevailing more,
 (Ten breaches made, for ev'ry one before)
 And all endeavors faile ; they worke forsake,
 Leaving the waters their owne course to take :
 So, when this *Floud* began : we had a thought
 To keepe it backe ; and to that purpose wrought :
 But, when we saw it rise beyond our pow'r,
 VVe gave it way at pleasure to devoure.

At

At first, the publique *Officers* did show
 Their skill in curbing this encroaching *Foe*,
 Not sparing to be prodigall of paine,
 The spreadings of *Infection* to restraine ;
 And ev'ry private family beside,
 Against this danger did for armes provide.
 Their *Yards*, and *Halls*, were smok'd with perfume,
 To stop the stinkes, which thither might perfume.
 Their *Chambers* furnisht were with *Antidotes*,
 With *Viols*, *Boxes*, *Glasses*, *Gallipots*,
 All filled with munition of defence
 (As they suppos'd) against the *Pestilence*.
 Some did in *Meats* their meanes of safety thinke ;
 Some *Epicures* did arme themselves with *Drinke* ;
 Some, foolishly did build up monstrous hopes
 Vpon the smoking of *Tobacco shops* ;
 (But this disease, without a Conscience making
 Of their presuming on *Tobacco* taking,
 Came thither too, and frequently did cary
Good-fellowes from their smoaking *Sanctuary*.)
 Some, one, and some another course devised ;
 Yet, ev'ry day more places were surpris'd.
 Which, when we saw, and how it overcast
 All temp'rall force ; we thought upon (at last)
 The helpe of God : and then we did repaire
 To crave his ayd in *Fasting*, and in *Prayer*,
 Then some, through servile terror ; some, for fashion,
 And some, out of a true humiliation,
 Emplord ayd from heav'n ; and show'd in teares
 Their *Hope*, their true *Repentance*, and their *Feares* :
 But, whether God did for a while contemne
 Our suit, because we gave not eare to him,
 When first he call'd : or, whether he thought fit,
 (That we the longer might remember it)

To

To fright us somewhat more : or whether we
Brought not such hearty penitence, as he
Expected from us : or appointed were
Some further tryalls of our *Faith* to beare :
Sure, some such cause there was ; and for that cause,
God did not onely seeme to make a pause
In answer'ing our *Petition* ; but, to chide
More sharply, and to throw it quite aside.

For with a doubled, and redoubled stroke
The *Plague* went on ; and, in (among us) broke
With such unequall'd fury, and such rage ;
As *Brittan* never felt in any age.
With some at ev'ry turning she did meet.
Of ev'ry *Alley*, ev'ry *Lane* and *Street*
She got possession : and we had no way,
Or passage, but she there, in *Ambush*, lay.
Through Nookes, & Corners, she pursu'd the Chase,
There was no barring her from any place :
For in the publique *Fields* in wait she laid ;
And into private *Gardens* was convoid.
Sometime, she did among our *Garments* hide ;
And, so, disperse among us (unesp'y'd)
Her strong *Infections*. Otherwhile (unseene)
A Servant, Friend, or Child betraid hath beene,
To bring it home ; and men were fearfull growne
To tarie, or converse, among their owne.
Friends fled each other ; *Kinsmen* stood aloofe ;
The *Sonne*, to come within his *Fathers* roofe
Presumed not ; the *Mother* was constrain'd
To let her child depart unentertain'd.
The love, betwixt the husband, and the wife,
Was, oft neglected, for the love of life ;
And many a one their promise falsifi'd,
Who vow'd, that nought but death should the divide.
Some,

Some, to frequent the *Markets* were afraid ;
 And some to feed on what was thence purvey'd.
 For on young pigs such purple spots were seene,
 As markes of Death on *Plague-sicke* men have been ;
 And it appeared that our suburbe-Hogs
 Were little better, then our Cats, and Dogs

Men knew not, whither they might safely come,
 Nor where to make appointments, nor with whom.
 Nay, many thunn'd *Gods-house*, and much did feare
 So farre to trust him, as to meet him there.
 In brieft, the *Plague* did such distruction threat,
 And Feares, and Perils were become so great,
 That most mens hearts did faile ; and they to flight
 Betooke themselves, with all the speed they might :
 Not onely they, who private persons were,
 But, such as did the publique Titles beare.

The *Maior* startled, and some say was gone :
 But, when his Charge he truly thought upon,
 It settled him ; and he at Helme did 'bide
 Vntill his roome was orderly supply'd.
 And (let me doe him right) it since appeared,
 That, with good Diligence his Courfe he steered.
 For, on his back were many burthens laid ;
 The Country of provisions us denay'd ;
 The greater part with sicknesse waxed froward ;
 Much want did make the poorer sort untoward ;
 That when I call to minde his heavy taske,
 And little helpe ; me thinkes it praise doth aske.
 Most of his gown'd-*Brethren* him forfooke,
 And to their Country Bow'rs themselves betooke ;
 Where, how they pray'd, or what they sent by gift,
 To feed the Poore ; I leave it to the shrift
 Of their owne consciences ; which best can tell,
 What things they have performed ill, or well.

Physitians

Physitians were afraid, as well as these,
 And neither *Galen*, nor *Hippocrates*
 Could yeeld them any warrant for delay ;
 And therefore (with the first) they went away.
 Some *Leaches* of the Soule, (who should have staid)
 Were much (nay somewhat over-much) afraid,
 And had forgotten so, how to apply
 Their heav'nly *Cordials* of Divinty,
 Against the feare of *Death* ; that when most dangers
 Befet their Flocks ; they left them unto strangers.
 Nay, some there were, who did among us teach,
 That Men should flie ; & that, which they did preach,
 They taught the people by example too.
 Pray God, in other things they may do so.

Few staid, of any calling or degree,
 VVho to their Country-friends might welcome be ;
 Or, of themselves, were able to provide
 A place of Harbour, where they might abide.
 Yea some, (to scape uncertaine Death) did flie
 Into the Iawes of certaine Beggory,
 By leaving of their Callings ; and are flowne
 So far, and high a flight out of this *Towne*,
 On borrow'd-feathers ; that their Neighbours feare,
 They never more will in their shops appeare.

Those of our wanton *Gentry*, that could brooke
 No Ayre, but *Londons* ; *London* quite forfooke ;
 And all that Crew of *Spend-thrifts*, whom (untill
 This *Plague* did fright them) nor *Star-Chamber Bill*,
 Nor strictest *Proclamation*, could compell
 Vpon their owne Inheritance to dwell ;
 Were now, among their racked *Tenants* faine
 To seeke for shelter ; and to ayre againe
 Those musty *Roomes*, which their more thirsty *Sires*
 Kept warme and sweet with hospitable Fires.

God

God grant, that where they come, they may do good,
 Among their Tenants, by their neighbourhood.
 Of some we hopefull are, they will be such :
 And of some others we doe feare as much,
 That by their presence they will plague them more,
 Then by their willing absence heretofore.

In many a mile you scarce could find a *Shed*,
 Or *Hovell*, but it was inhabited,
 (Sometime with double Families) and *Stalls*
 And *Barnes* were trimmed up in stead of *Halls*.
 Those *Burgeffes*, that walk'd in Gownes, and Furs,
 Had got them coats, and swords, and boots, & spurs ;
 And, till you saw them ride, you would have sworne,
 That, they, for horsemen, might have serv'd the turn.
 Those *Dames*, who (out of daintinesse, and Pride)
 The rusticke plainnesse did (erewhile) deride,
 (And, at a better lodging, *Foh*, would cry)
 Beneath a homely roose were glad to lye ;
 And fawne on ev'ry Child, and ev'ry Groome,
 That, so they might the welcomer become.

Those, who in all their life-time never went
 So far, as is the nearest part of *Kent* :
 Those, who did never travell, till of late,
 Halfe way to *Pancridge* from the City gate :
 Those, who might thinke, the Sun did rise at *Bow*,
 And set at *Acton*, for ought they did know :
 And dreame, young *Partridge* sucke not, but are fed
 As *Lambes*, and *Rabbets*, which of eggs are bred :
 Ev'n some of these have journeyes ventur'd on
 Five miles by Land (as farre as *Edmunton*.)
 Some hazarded themselves from *Lyon-Key*
 Almost as far as *Erith* downe by Sea :
 Some row'd against the streame, and straggled out
 As far as *Hounslow heath*, or thereabout :

Some

Some climbed *High-gate-hill*, and there they see
 The world so large that they amazed be ;
 Yea, some are gone so farre that they doe know
 Ere this, how *Wheat* is made, and *Malt* doth grow.
 Oh, how they trudg'd, and buſtled up and downe,
 To get themselves a furlong out of towne.
 And how they were becumbred, to provide,
 That had about a mile or two to ride.
 But when whole houſholds further off were ſent,
 You would have thought the *Maſter* of it, meant
 To furniſh forth ſome *Navy*, and that he
 Had got his neighbours *venturers* to be.
 For all the neare acquaintance thereabout,
 By lending ſomewhat holpe to ſet them out.
 What hiring was there of our hackney *Jades* ?
 What ſcouring up of old, and ruſty blades ?
 What running to and fro was there to borrow
 A *Safeguard*, or a *Cloake*, untill the morrow ?
 What ſhift made *Iack* for girths ? what ſhift made *Gil-*
 To get her neighbors footſtoole, & her pillian, (*lian*)
 Which are not yet return'd ? How great a pother
 To furniſh, and unfurniſh one another
 In this great voyage did there then appeare ?
 And what a time was that for *Bankrupts* here ?
 Thoſe who had thought (by night) to ſteale away,
 Did unſuſpected ſhut up ſhop by day ;
 And (if good lucke it in concluſion prove)
 Two *Dangers* were eſcap'd at one *Remove*.
 Some hired *Palfreyes* for a day, or twain,
 But rode ſo far, they came not backe againe.
 Some dealed by their neighbours, as the *Jewes*
 At their departure did th' *Egyptians* uſe :
 And ſome, (with what was of their owne, content)
 Tooke up their luggage, and away they went.

And

And had you heard how loud the Coaches rumbled ;
 Beheld how Carres, and Carts, together jumbled ;
 Seene how the wayes with people thronged were ;
 The *Bands* of Foot, the *Troupes* of Horsemen there ;
 What multitudes away by *Land* were sent ;
 How many thousands forth by *Water* went ;
 And how the wealth of *London* thence was borne ;
 You would have wondred ; and (almost) have sworne
 The Citie had beene leaving her foundation,
 And seeking out another situation ;
 Or, that some Enemy with dreadfull pow'r,
 Was comming to besiege, and to deuoure.

Oh ; foolish people though I iustly might
 Authorize thus my *Muse* to mock your flight,
 And still to flout your follies : yet, compassion
 Shall end it in a kinde expostulation.

Why with such childish terror did you try
 To run from him, from whom you cannot flye ?
 Why left you so the place of your abode,
 Not hastning rather to goe meet your God
 With true repentance, who for ever hath
 A mercy for us in his greatest wrath ?
 Why did you not your lawfull callings keepe ?
 But straggle from your folds like wandring Sheepe,
 That had no *Shepherd* ? And, oh, why, I pray,
 You *Shepherds*, have you caused them to stray ?
 Your Neighbours why forsooke you in distresse ?
 Why did you leave your brethren comfortlesse ?
 When God did call for *Mourning*, why so fast
 Did you to seeke for mirth, and pleasures, hast ?
 And take away from other, when you fled,
 What in their need, should them have comforted ?

If *Death* be dreadfull, stay, and learne, to die ;
 For *Death* affects to follow those that flie.

Had

Had you not gone, you might for ever after
 Have said, That *Sorrow profits more then Laughter*.
 You should have known that Death hath limits here,
 And loosed was, where he did bound appeare :
 That many were preserved in the flame,
 And many burnt, that came not nigh the same.
 Yea, some of you, before from hence you went,
 Had, of these Truths, got some experiment.
 What Folly then, or Frenzy you bewitches,
 To leave your houses, and goe dye in ditches?
 Forgoe the comfort, which your *Citie* yeelds,
 To venture for a lodging in the *fields*?
 Or (which is worse) to travell farre, and finde
 Those prove ungentle, whom you hoped, kinde?
 A *Plague* so bitter, That might *Plagues* be chused
 I would be *Plague-sicke*, rather then so used.

Did you suppose the *Pestilence* would spare
 None here, nor come to seaze on any there?
 All perish'd not, that did behinde you stay;
 Nor did you all escape, who fled away.
 For, God your passages had so beset,
 That Hee with many thousands of you met.

In *Kent*, and (all along) on *Essex* side
 A Troupe of cruell *Fevvers* did reside :
 And round about, on ev'ry other Coast,
 Of severall Country-*Agues* lay an hoast.
 And, most of them, who had this place forsooke,
 Were either slaine by them, or *Pris'ners* tooke.
 Sometime the *Pestilence* her selfe had bin
 Before them in their Lodging, at their Inne;
 And hath arrested them upon the Bed,
 Brought many sicke away, and meny dead.
 Sometime (again) she after them hath gone,
 And when (perchance) she was not thought upon :
 Among

Among their friends, and in their merriment,
 Hath seiz'd them, to their greater discontent,
 She divers apprehended on the way,
 Who to so many mischiefs were a prey;
 That poorest beggars found more pitty here,
 And lesser griefe, then richer men had there.

I doe not meane concerning that neglect,
 That barbarous, unmanly disrespect
 Their bodies had among the clownish crew,
 When from the tainted flesh the spirits flew.
 For, if their carcasses they did contemne,
 What harme, or what disease was that to them?
 What paine, or torment was it, if that they
 (Like carrion) in the fields, unburied lay?
 What felt they, being dragged like a Log,
 Or hurl'd into a *Saw-pit* like a Dog?
 What disadvantage could that *Doctor* have,
 Who (learnedly) was drawne into his grave
 By naked men? since those things doe disgrace
 The living rather, and doe wrong the place
 That suffers, or allowes that barb'roufnesse
 To shame the Christian Faith, which they professe.

Alas; my heart as little can bemone
 A mangled carcasfe, as a broken stone.
 It is a living body, and the paines,
 Which I conceive a broken heart sustaines,
 That moveth me: their griefe, in life-time was,
 And, whilst they liv'd, their sorrowes did surpasse
 These fained ones, as *Death*, and loathed *Care*,
 By *Life*, and true *Content*, excelled are

Some, who forooke faire houses, large, and high;
 Could scarcely get a *Shed* to keepe them dry;
 And fuch, who many beds, and lodgings had,
 To lye on straw without the doores were glad.

Some

Some over tyr'd with wearinesse, and heat,
 Could not, for money, purchase drink, or meat ;
 But cruelly of succour were deny'd,
 Till, through their faintnesse, they grew sick and dy'd.
 Some, who in *London* had beene waited on
 With many servants, were enclos'd alone
 In solitary places ; where they might
 Find leasure, to repent them of their flight.
 And, when they had supplies at any need,
 The bringers did (like those that *Lyons* feed)
 Ev'n throw it at them ; or else, some where set it,
 Where (after their departures) they might set it,
 And many a one (no helper to attend him)
 Was left to live or dye, as God should friend him.

Some, who unwisely did their homes forsake,
 That triall of the *Country* they might make ;
 Have brought their lives to miserable ends
 Before they could arrive among their friends.
 Some, having reach'd the places they desir'd,
 (With no meane difficulty, weake, and tyr'd)
 Have missed welcome, where they sought reliefe ;
 And, stricken by unkindnesse, dy'd with Griefe.
 The sickly *Wife*, could no assistance have
 To bring her *Husbands* body to the grave.
 But was compelled, with a griev'd heart,
 To act the *Parsons*, and the *Sextons* part.
 And he, that wanted strength to beare away
 His mate, who dead within his presence lay ;
 Vvas faine to let the stinking body lye,
 Till he in death should beare him company.

*Ah me ; what tongue can tell the many woes,
 The passions, and the many griefes of those ?
 What mortall pen is able to expresse
 Their great temptations in that lonelinessse ?*

What

*What heart can thinke, how many a grievous feare
 To those distressed people may appeare,
 Who are with such afflictions over-taken?
 Of ev'ry Creature in the world forsaken?
 Without a Comforter left all alone,
 Where to themselves they must themselves bemone,
 Without a remedy? And where none may
 Or know, or pitty, what they feele, or say.*

Me thinkes to muse on those who suffer'd thus,
 Should bring to minde the mercy shewed us,
 And make our pennes and voyces to expresse
 The love of God, with hearty Thankfulnesse.
 For when no sorrowes of mine owne I had,
 The very thought of those hath made me sad.
 And were it not that God hath given me
 Some tryalls of those Comfortings, which Hee
 For men in their extremities provides,
 And from the knowledges of others hides:
 Or felt I not, how prevalent God's pow'r
 Appeares in us, when there is none of our:
 What liberty hee giue's when wee doe fall
 Within the compasse of an outward thrall:
 And what contentments He bestowes on them,
 Whom others doe neglect, or else contemne:
 Yea, had I not beleeu'd him who sayes,
 That God doth knowledge take of all our wayes;
 That He observes each rubb within our path,
 With ev'ry secret sorrow, which it hath;
 That he is nearest then, when we bemone
 His absence, and suppose him furthest gone;
 And often in us dwels, when Those abroad
 (With most insulting) say; *Where is their God?*
 Had this beene hidden from me: I had here
 For ev'ry line I writ, dropt downe a teare;

And

And in a floud of *sorrows* drench'd mine eyes,
When first I mused on these miseries.

But I have knowne them, to my great content ;
And felt so oft, what comforts God hath lent,
When of all outward helps we are deprived ;
That (could the same of all men be beleev'd)
It would be thought, true *Pleasures* were possessed
Of none, but men forsaken, and distressed.

How ever ; though such mercy God bestowes,
And brings men comfort in their greatest woes ;
Let none of us presume, (as some have done)
Without our *Circle*, foolishly to runne ;
Nor leave our proper *station*, that we may
Go seeke our fortunes in an uncouth way.

Conceive me right ; I doe not here deny,
Or call in doubt the lawfulnessse, to flye :
Nor am I of their counsell, who despise
All such as fled : nor, judge I too precise
Those, who the *Person*, or the *Place* avoid,
Which is with any noysomnesse annoy'd.
For, when the causes of remove, are just,
We then may flye the *Plague* ; nay, then we must ;
Since those who will not, (in such cases) goe,
Tempt God, and faile in what they ought to doe.
If that a *King*, or *Prince*, should live within
A City much infected, it were sin,
For he (no doubt) hath some Vice-gerent there
Who, in his absence, may supply his care :
Or, if that Place were certaine of decay
By his departure ; yet he might not stay.
The Reason is ; there many thousands are
Of Townes, and Cities, that in him have share.
Who, would conceive, it were unjustly done,
That he should venter all their wealth in One.

And

And make great *Kingdomes* hazards to endure,
 The welfare of one *City* to procure.
 So, *Counsellors of State*, and he, whose charge,
 Extends throughout the Common wealth at large,
 VVith ev'ry other *Magistrate* beside,
 (Except his pow'r to some one place be try'd)
 Must shun the *Plague*; because that such, as he,
 Sworne servants to the whole *Weale-publique* be.
 And since the safest *Physicke* and defence
 For Children, in the times of *Pestilence*,
 Is to remove them: they unwisely do,
 VVho, having wealth, and friends to send them to,
 Neglect the meanes, by being over nice;
 Or grudging at the charge, through avarice.
 Moreover they, whose calling seemes to lye
 VVithin two few'rall places, equally,
 (Till some plaine causes hinder) may be free
 To live where safety best appeares to be:
 Vnlesse their secret conscience doe gaine-say;
 And who can judge of that, but *God*, and *They*?

Yea, Men, on divers good occasions mo,
 May from the places of Infection goe.
 For there be times of *stay*, and times of *going*,
 VVhich, ev'ry one (that is discreet) well knowing,
 Doth censure no partic'lar Man, at all:
 But calling unto mind, that blessed *Paul*
 VVas once ev'n in a basket forth convey'd
 From his Pursuers; yet no iot afraid
 (At other seasons) to continue there,
 VVhere bloody persecutions hottest were.
 And if my words have done my meaning right,
 My *Muse* denies not, but alloweth *flight*:
 Provided alwayes, that Men doe not flie
 From Casuall *Plagues*, to *Plagues* with Certainty:
 From

From those with whom the bands of *Charity*,
 Of *Duty*, *Friendship*, or *Affinity*,
 Or of their *Calling*, doth require a stay.
 Provided also, when they part away,
 That as God blest them hath, they somewhat finde,
 To comfort those, who must abide behinde ;
 And, that they trust not to their *Flight*, as tho,
 That, of it selfe could save : but, rather know,
 And use it as the gracious meanes of him,
 Who saves ; and, not as that which saved them.

Let them consider likewise, that the *Sin*
 Was partly theirs, which did the *Plague* begin ;
 And, in their absence (with a Christian feare)
 Make sure for those, who must the burthen beare,
 From which they scape : yea, let them all confesse
 Their sinnes with penitence and humblenesse ;
 Avoiding ev'ry pleasure, where they live,
 Which out of minde, their *Brethrens* cares may drive ;
 Let God pursue them whither they are fled ;
 There feize upon them to their greater dread ;
 Or from them take away all due correction,
 Which *Plague* were greater then this great *Infection*.
 For, when his *Judgements*, God, in wrath, removes,
 His *Mercy*, then, the greater *Judgement* proves.

There be, I know, some people gone away,
 Who minding our afflictions, night and day,
 Have much bewayled our distressed case,
 And sent up earnest prayers for this *Place* :
 For, of their *Piety* good fruits are seene,
 And, by their hands, the poore refresht have beene.
 These, from this Den of *Slaughter*, were (no doubt)
 By Gods especiall favour called out,
 Who, for their sakes, I hope, those townes will spare,
 To which, for shelter, they escaped are,

G

As

As he did *Zoar*. And I wish they may
Obtaine their lives, and safeties for a prey.

But, there be some ; (and would to God, *that some*
Were but a little one) who parted from
Our City walls, as if they had not gone
With *Vengeance* at their heeles ; or waited on
By feares and dangers ; but, so finif'd,
As if their meaning was, to shew their pride
In Country *Churches*, for a weeke or twaine,
Ride out like *Cockneies*, and come home againe :

The sorrowes of their brethren they forgot ;
In holy duties they delighted not :
In drunken meetings they their leasure spent ;
In idle visits ; foolish merriment :
And, to their Country-friends they caried downe
Those sinnes that are too common in this Towne.
VVhich (if they practise there, as here we doe)
VVill bring their wages, also, thither too.

These giddy *Runnawayes*, are they that were
Beginners of that great unmanly feare,
VVhich did first author of disorder prove.
These, caused that improvident Remove,
VVhich did both wrong the welfare of the *Citie*,
Distract the *Country*, make it voyd of pitie ;
And, give occasion of those Tales which *Fame*
Hath now disperfed, to our common shame.
For, if their flight had timely beene provided,
(VVith Conscience and Discretion truly guided)
Their profit here at home had beene the greater,
And, friends abroad, had entertain'd them better.

And, yet I take small pleasure to excuse
Those *Pefants*, who so grossly did abuse
Their Manhood and Religion, in denying
The dues of Charity, to people dying.

For

For, though their folly might their fall deserve,
 Yet we our Christian pitie should preserve,
 Our brother in extremities releeving ;
 Not adding sorrowes to encrease his grieving,
 Nor taking notice of his evill deeds,
 So much, as of that comfort which he needs :
 Till, he refreshed by a friendly hand,
 His errors, by our love, may understand.

And, sure, there was a meanes to succour strangers
 In their distresse, and to escape the dangers
 Of that *Infection*, (which so much was feared)
 Had Vnderstandings eye beene better cleared ;
 And, that *Selfe love*, and *Avarice*, removed,
 Which kept good paths unseene, and unapproved.
 But, since that easie knowledge hath beene hid,
 By wilfull blindnesse, well enough I did,
 If, here, I (Satyrizing) should expresse
 The *Countries* folly, and forgetfulness.

And yet, I will not write, to their disgraces,
 What of some *Persons*, and particular *Places*
 Hath rumour'd beene : lest I should spirt a blot
 So blacke, as that it would not be forgot
 In future Ages ; but, make Times-to-come,
 Suspect, they had deny'd their *Christendome*.
 For, should our *Muse* (who, if she list thereto,
 Cares not who frownes, or frets, at what we doe)
 Should she put on that straine of Bitternesse,
 With which their cruelty we could expresse :
 Should we in our description of their Feare,
 Cause all their Indiscretion to appeare :
 Should we illustrate here, the true Relations,
 Of what hath past in many *Corporations* ;
 What uproares in some *Townes* have raised beene,
 When *Londoners*, approaching them, were seene :

G 2

How

How master *Maïor* was straightway flockt about ;
 How they to Counsell went to keepe them out ;
 How they their watches doubled, as if some
 Had brought them newes that *Spinola* would come :
 And what ridiculous actions past among them ;
 Some few, perhaps, wold think that we did wrōg thē ;
 And, they would subjects be of scorne, and laughter,
 For all their evill willers, ever after.

Or, should we tell what probable suspition
 Appear'd, sometime, of wisedome and discretion,
 In goodman *Constable* ; when, in a standing,
 To wind-ward from the Rode (& there commanding
 Browne bills, and Halberts) he examined
 Such Travellers as from the *City* fled :
 And (at the very lookes of them affrighted)
 Sent feeble women, weary and benighted,
 (Without or meat or drink) to try the fields
 What Charity, their better nature yeelds.
 If this we told, it might goe hard, when we
 Should apprehended in their *Watches*, be.

Or should we shew, what policies did please
 The wisedome of some rustick *Iustices* ;
 Describe that wondrous witty stratagem
 Which for a while was practised by them
 To starve the *Plague* ; how Christianly they fought
 That no provisions hither might be brought ;
 Should we produce their *Orders*, which of late
 Were put in ure, and wise men laughed at :
 Or, publish to the world what we have heard
 Of their demeanors, when they were afeard :
 How they were fool'd by some of them that fled :
 What course was taken to interre their dead :
 How, he who for that worke could hired be,
 Was for his labour, chained to a tree

A

A full month after : how, they forced some
 From their sweet wholfome houfes forth to come ;
 And (being fick and weake) to make their bed
 Within a paltry new erected Shed,
 Compos'd of clods ; which neere some Common fide
 Their charitable *Worships* did provide :
 Or, should I on some other matters touch
 VVhich I have heard ; it would enlarge too much
 This booke : and some of thofe, perhaps, perplex,
 VVhom I defire to counfell, not to vex.

But, I from aggravations will forbear,
 And, thofe their overfights, at this time, fpare.
 For, fome (although moft others did not fo)
 Their love and Christian piety did fhew,
 In counfelling, in cherifhing, in giving,
 And, in the wifeft manner of releev'g.
 Befide ; I love the *Country*, as I pitie
 The forrowes and afflictions of the *Citie*.
 And (fince they both are guilty) being loth
 To fide with either ; I the faults of both
 Have fhewed, fo, that neither I abufe.
Now, they that like it may ; the reft may chufe.

The third Canto.

*The Houfe of MOVNRING, which moft feare,
 (And flye fo much) is praifed here.
 It fhoves that outward Ioyes and Care,
 Nor meerly good, nor evill, are ;
 But things indiff'rent ; which the wife
 Nor over-praife, nor under-prize.*

*The strife within our Authors brest
 About his Ray, is next exprest.
 Then doth it orderly recite*

G 3

What

What Reason argu'd for his flight :
What Faith alleaged, to reprove
The Motives urging his remove :
What Armes for him, she did prepare,
To bide the shock of Death, and Feare :
What prooffe she to his Conscience made,
That, he a lawfull Calling had,
In midst of this great Plague to tary,
By Warrant-extraordinary :
What, thereupon he did conclude :
What Ioy, and Confidence ensu'd :
How much this Favour he doth prize,
Above Earths gloriousst Vanities :
How he his Time desires to spend :
And so, this CANTO hath an end.

HOW childish is the *World* ! and what a path
 Her Throng of braine-sick *Lovers* trodden hath !
 Like brutish herds they troupe along together,
 Both led, and leading on, they know not whither.
 Much hoping, where no ground of *Hope* appears,
 Much fearing, where indeed, there are no feares.
 In those things pleased, which true Mirth destroy :
 For that thing grieved which procureth Ioy :
 Most shunning, what might bring most gain unto the ;
 And seeking most, for what would most undoo them.

How few are so cleare sighted, as to see
 What pleasures mingled with afflictions be ?
 Or what contentments doe concealed lye,
 Behinde the seeming dangers which they flye ?
 How few have, by experience, understood
 That God hath sent their troubles for their good ?
 How few confider, to what fearfull ends,
 The faire smooth way, of easfull *Pleasure* tends ?

And

And, therefore, oh ! how few adventure dare
Where *Mournings*, rather then where *Laughters* are ?

Though God himselfe prefer the house of *Griefe*,
Before vaine *Mirth* ; and *Pleasures* of this life
Hath termed *Thornes*, that choke the heav'nly seed :
Yet few of us hath taken so much heed
Of what the sacred *Volume* doth record,
(And, flesh and blood) distrusteth so the word
Of his firme *Truth*) that blindly we pursue
Our owne vaine counsels, and his *Traff* eschew.

'Tis therefore doubtfull, it would vaine appeare,
If I should labour to discover here,
How many secret pleasures I have seene
While in the Cels of *Mourning* I have beene.
And, what contentments God bestowed hath,
When I have walkt the solitary path
Of *Disrespect* ; (assaulted by those feares,
Which oft affront us in this *Vale of teares*.)
Or what prevailing hopes I have possessed,
When I, beyond all hope, have seem'd oppressed.
For, vulgar men, doe such expressions hold
To be but idle *Paradoxes*, told
By those, who grown distemper'd, through some grief
Vent melancholy passions, past beleefe.
And as our Vpland *Peasants*, from the shores
Beholding how the Sea swels, fomes, and rores,
Iudge foolishly, that ev'ry *Seaman* raves,
Who talkes of mirth and safety on the waves :
So, they will fondly passe their doome on me,
Who strangers to the Seas of *Sorrow* be.

But, though the world allow not what I say,
Yet, that the *Love* of God, proclaime I may ;
That, I may justify him in his *Word* ;
That for mine owne availe I may record

G 4

What

What I have seene : and that *experience* might
 Encrease my *hopes*, and *hope* put *feare* to flight,
 In future sufferings : here I testifie,
 (And Heav'n is witnesse, I affirme no lye)
 My soule did never feele more ravishment,
 Nor ever tasted of more true content,
 Then when my heart, nigh broke with secret paine,
 Hath borne as much as e're it could sustaine ;
 And strugled with my passions, till it had
 Attained to be excellently sad.
 Yea, when I teares have powred out, where none
 Was witnesse of my grieve but God alone,
 He hath infused pleasures into me,
 Which seldome can in publike tasted be.
 Such *Griefe* is Comforts *Mother*. And I mow
 Oft times with mirth, what I in teares did fow.
 Before my eyes were dryed ; I have had
 More cause of singing then of being sad.
 The Lampe in darkeſt places gives moſt light ;
 And trueſt Ioyes ariſe from Sorrowes night.
 My *Cares* are *Blessed Thistles*, unto me,
 Which wholesome are, although they bitter be :
 And though their leaves with pricks be overgrowne,
 (Which paine me) yet their flowres are full of down,
 Whereon my head lyes easie when I sleepe :
 And I am never ſaddeſt when I weepe.
 Yet, long it was before I could attaine
 This *Mystery* : Nor doth it appertaine
 To all. For, ev'n as *Sarah* had not leave
 Within her body *Iſack* to conceive,
 (VVhich laughter ſignifies) untill in her
 Thoſe cuſtomes failed which in women are :
 So, in our ſoules, true Ioyes are not conceived,
 Till we by ſome afflictions are bereaved

Of

Of carnall appetites, and cease from such
Vaine pleasures as affect us overmuch.

To little purpose doe they looke for these

Conceptions, who are evermore at ease.

Such comforts are of those but rarely found,
VVhose wheele of *Fortune* never runneth round.

No foule can apprehend what maketh glad

The grieved heart, but his that grieve hath had,

And various interchanges : nor can he

VVho knows the joyes that in such sorrowes be

As these I meane, a true contentment take

In any merriment, this world can make :

(No not in all her pleasures) if among

Her sweets, there should be sharpnesse wanting long.

For (being fearfull that his bodies rest

The foules true peace might secretly molest)

His mirth would make him dull : his being jolly

(As worldlings are) would make him melancholy :

And (if no other cause be thought upon)

Would grieve, because the sense of grieve were gone.

Whilst I have gallopt on in that *Career* ;

Which youth, in freedome, so affecteth here ;

And had the most delightfull blandishment,

My youth could yeed me for my hearts content :

When I in handsome robes have beene araid,

(My *Tailor*, and my *Mercer* being paid)

When daily I on change of dainties fed ;

Lodg'd, night by night, upon an easie bed,

In lordly Chambers ; and had therewithall

Attendants forwarder then I to call,

Who brought me all things needfull : when at hand ;

Hounds, Hawkes, and Horfes were at my command :

When chuse I did my walks, on hills, in vallies,

In Groves, neere Springs, or in sweet garden allies :

G 5

Repo-

Reposing either in a naturall shade,
 Or in neat Arbors, which by Art were made :
 When I might have requir'd without deniall,
 The *Lute*, the *Organ*, or deepe-sounding *Viole*,
 To cheere my spirits ; with what else beside
 Was pleasant : when my friends did this provide
 Without my cost or labour : Nay, when all
 Those pleasures I have shared, which befall
 In praises, or kinde welcommings, among
 My dearest friends ; my soule retain'd nor long
 Nor perfect rest, in those imperfect things :
 But, often droupt amid their promissings,
 Grew dull, and sickly : and, contrariwise
 Hath pleased beene in want, and miseries.

For, when long time, ev'n all alone they laid me,
 Where ev'ry outward comfort was denyd me :
 To many cares and wants unknowne obtruded ;
 From fellowship of all mankind excluded ;
 Expos'd to slanderous censures, and disgrace ;
 Subjected to contempts, and usage base ;
 With Tortures threatned, and what those attends ;
 By Greatmen frown'd on ; blamed of my Friends ;
 Insulted on by Foes ; and almost brought
 To that for which their malice chiefly fought :
 Ev'n then, my spirits mounted to their height,
 And my *Contentment* flew her highest flight.

In those diseasings, I more joy received,
 Then can from all things mortall be conceived.
 In that contemn'd estate, so much was cleared
 My *Reasons* eye ; and God so bright appeared
 To my dim-sighed *Faith* ; that, lo, he turned
 My Griefes to Triumphs. Yea, me thought, I scorned
 To labour for assistance from abroad,
 Or beg for any favour, but from God.

I

I fear'd not that which others thought I feared ;
Nor felt I paine, in that which sharpe appeared :
But, had such inward quiet in my brest,
Till outward ease made way to my unrest ;
That, all my Troubles seemed but a Toy.
Yea, my Affliction so encreast my ioy,
That more I doubted losse of my content,
By losing of my close imprisonment,
Then ever I can feare the bodies thrall,
Or any mischief which attend it shall.

For, as if some *Antipathy* arose
Betwixt the pleasures of the world, and those
Enjoyed then ; I found true ioyes begin
To issue out, as they were entring in.
Till others brought me hopes of my Release,
I scarcely held it worth my hopefulness.
I had no frightening dreames, no waking care :
I tooke no thought for meat, nor what to weare ;
I sleighted frownes, and I despis'd the threat
Of such as threatned, were they meane or great.
I laugh't at dreadfull Rumours, and disdain'd
Of any sufferings to have then complain'd.
I valued not a jot the vulgar doome,
Nor what men prated might of me become.
I minded no such trifles, wherewith you,
And I, and others, are oft busied now :
But, being, as it were exiled, then,
From living in the world, with other men,
Twixt *God*, and mine owne *Conscience*, to and fro,
My thoughts, in a quotidian walke, did go.
With Contemplations, I was then inspired,
Beseeming one that wholly was retyred.
I thought, like him, that was to live alone ;
I did like him, that had to doe with none.

And

And, of all outward actions left the care
Vnto the world, and those who lived there.

Nor hath God onely pleased beene to shew
What comforts from a private grieve may flow,
But, that a new experience might be taught me,
He to the house of *Publike-sorrow* brought me
In this late *Pestilence*. And, there I saw
Such inward *joy* commixt with outward *awe* ;
Things *bitter* with such *sweetnesses* allaid ;
Such *pleasures*, into *sorrowes* cup convoid ;
Such firme-*assurance*, in the greatest dangers ;
Such *friendlines*, when others friends were strangers ;
Such *freedome* in restraint ; such *ease* in paine ;
Such *life* in death, and ev'ry feare so vaine,
(Which outwardly affrights) that *Pleasures* Court
Would halfe be robbed of her large resort,
(And stand lesse visited,) if men could see
What profits in the Cels of *Sorrow* be.

For, he that knew what wisedome there is had,
Would say that *mirth* were foolish, *laughter* mad :
That *ease* perpetuall bringeth endlesse *paine* :
That carnall *joy* arives at *hope in vaine* :
That, from all outward *perils* to be free,
May prove most perillous : that, *health* may be
That dead'lest *sickness* : that, our *pleasures* are
But pit-falls : our *security* a snare ;
And, that sometimes those things to which we run,
May bane us more, then those we seeke to shun.

I found it so. And, in my blamed *stay*,
(Whilst others from the *Plague* made haste away)
I gained some renewings of that rest,
Whereof I had beene formerly possest.
It forced folly, further to depart :
It brought Gods mercies nearer to my heart :

Brave

Brave *combats* in my soule did then begin,
 Which I tooke courage from, and pleasure in.
 New *trialls* of my Frailty did befall ;
 And, of Gods love, I had new proofes withall.
 In all my discontentments, such contents,
 And of Gods workings, such experiments
 Vouchsafed were ; that crowned should I live,
 With all those glorious wreathes that *Kings* can give,
 And had by them obtain'd each happineſſe,
 Which worldlings in their greatneſſe doe poſſeſſe ;
 I would not ſell the comfort of my ſtay
 For that, and all which thoſe imagine may.

Nor doe I over-priſe the ſame, altho,
 The ignorance of ſome will think I doe :
 For, it hath left within me, ever ſince,
 Of Gods firme love, ſo ſtrong a confidence,
 That, whatſoever accidents betide,
 I hope to ſtand the better fortiſt
 Whilſt here I live : and that no time to come
 Can ſend me to a place, ſo perillſome,
 That I ſhall feare it ; or, to undergoe
 The dreadfull'ſt perills man can fall into ;
 If that my *calling* doe oblige me to it,
 Or God, in Juſtice, make me undergoe it.
 In other *caſes*, I expect no more,
 But, rather, leſſe imboldning then before.

For, he that any dangerous taſke aſſumes,
 Without good warrant, fooliſhly preſumes ;
 Tempts God ; and juſtly periſheth, unleſſe
 The veile of *Mercy* hide his wilfulneſſe.
 Yea, they who over deſp'rately have dar'd
 Bold things at firſt ; at laſt have baſely fear'd,
 Repenting their foole-hardineſſe, in vaine,
 When hope was loſt, of turning back againe.

For,

For, though from dangers, griefes, and miseries,
 Far greater comforts oftentimes arise,
 Then from prosperity (if we attend
 Gods pleasure, and accept what he doth send)
 Yet, of themselves, nor *paines*, nor *pleasures* can
 Felicitate ; nor is the wit of man
 So perfect, that precisely he doth know
 His owne just temper, or his nature so,
 As to appoint himselfe, what will be needing
 Of *weale*, or *woe*, (nought wanting, or exceeding)
 And therefore, as some man hath by affecting
 Ease, wealth, or temp'rall fame, (without respecting
 Gods pleasure) often perished by that
 Which his unbounded *will* hath reached at ;
 So, they who shall that ease or wealth contemne
 (Which God by lawfull meanes doth offer them)
 And they, who shall unthankfully refuse,
 Of any outward blessing, meanes to use,
 (Through discontent, selfe trust, or wilfull pride)
 When they might honestly those meanes provide ;
 Ev'n both of these are guilty of offence,
 Against the wise eternall *Providence* :
 And are in danger to be left of God,
 In those misleading paths which they have trod.
 These things I mused ; and in heart revolved
 A thousand more, before I was resolved
 To keepe in *London*, where men draw no breath
 But that which menaced the bodies death.
 And, seeing, many have condemn'd the fact
 As an unwarrantable, foolish, act :
 Since, it may teach them to forbear to give
 Their *Verdict*, till they *Evidence* receive :
 Since, thus to mention it, a meanes may be,
 To build againe the like *Resolves* in me

When

When future perill so requireth it ;
And when, perhaps, this minde, I may forget :
Yea, since the manner of it, may, perchance,
Deliver others from some ignorance,
And help their Christian Resolutions out,
When they are thrall'd with carnall feare, or doubt :
Ev'n for these causes, (and to glorifie
The pow'r of God in this my victory)
I will relate what *Reasons* made me stay :
What hopes they were, which drove my feares away :
And, with what circumstances, I obtained
That knowledg, which my shaking *Faith* maintained.

When I perceiv'd the *PESTILENCE* to rage
In ev'ry street, nor sparing sex nor age ;
How from their City hive, like *Bees* in *May*,
The fearfull *Citizens* did swarme away :
How fast our *Gentry* hasted to be gone ;
How often I was urg'd and call'd upon,
To beare them company : what safeties were
By absence promist ; what great terrors here
My death did menace : how, by timely flight
I might behold my Country with delight :
How nothing could be gotten by my stay,
But want, and new afflictions ev'ry day :
With such like disadvantages, which brought,
A hundred other musings to my thought.
They made it seeme, a while, well worth reproving,
To stay, a minute, longer from removing.

But, then my *Conscience* also did begin
To draw such pow'rfull *Motives*, from within ;
And, to propose before my *understanding*
Such *Reasons*, my departure countermanding,
As made me stagger, and new doubts to make,
What course it best behoved me to take.

At

At first, I thought by counsell from the *Wife*,
 To build up my *Resolves*, and to advise
 By their opinions what I should pursue ;
 But, of the *gravest* I perceiv'd so few
 Who could advise themselves ; that I grew more
 Divided by their counsels, then before.
 I saw such foolishnesse, and such distractions,
 Appeare among them in their words and actions ;
 That I perceiv'd they had enough to doe,
 Their owne particulars to looke unto.

Then, guided by *example* would I be ;
 But, that I quickly found no Rule for me ;
 For, they who in opinion do consent,
 Oft differ, in the active *President*.
 And some, who have a tongue the truth to say,
 Have wasted grace to walke the safest way.

Beside, mens actions, which indifferent are,
 May foolish, wise, or bad, or good appeare,
 As their unknowne occasions are who doe them ;
 And, small respect is to be had unto them,
 By way of *President*, till we can finde
 Their outward motives, and their secret minde.

This heeding ; and still waxing more molested,
 With differing thoughts, and reasons undigested,
 I knew no better way, then to repaire
 For counsell unto God, by humble *Pray'r* ;
 Beseeching his direction, how to take
 That course, which for his glory most should make.
 And he (I think) was pleased to suggest,
 That if I askt my *Conscience* what was best,
 His *Word* and *Spirit* would informe her so,
 That she should shew me what was best to do.

Then, from the noise of other mens persuasions,
 (From *selfe-conceit*, and from those vaine occasions,
 Which

Which bring disturbances) I did retire,
 Gods pleasure, of my *Conscience*, to enquire.
 Who, finding in my brest a strong contention
 Twixt *Faith* and *Reason* ; and, how their diffention
 Was first to be compos'd (that I might
 The sooner understand the truth aright)
 She call'd a *Court* within me ; summon'd thither
 Those Pow'rs, and all those Faculties together,
 Which *Tenants* are in *chiefe* unto the *Soule* :
 Their faulty inclinations did controule :
 And, that she might not without profit chide,
 Some ill advis'd courses rectifi'd.

Then will'd she *FAITH* and *REASON* to debate
 Their *Cause* at large : and, that which they, of late,
 Had urg'd confusedly within my brest,
 She will'd them, into *Method*, to digest :
 That so, my *Judgement* might the better see,
 To whether part I should enclined be
 They both obey'd. And, *REASON* (who suppos'd
 Delay bred danger) hastily compos'd
 Those many strong perswasions, wherewithall
 She did my person from the *City* call ;
 Before my *Conscience*, them in order laid,
 And (as halfe angry) thus me thought she said.

*What meanest thou, thus fondly, out of season,
 To shew thy boldnesse in contempt of Reason ?
 Why art thou alwayes these mad courses taking ?
 Thy Lines, and Actions, Paradoxes making ?
 Why thus pursu'st thou what to ruine tends,
 To glad thy foes, and discontent thy friends ?
 By making wilde adventures, to the blame
 Of thy blinde Faith, and my perpetuall shame ?
 Is't not enough, that by thy little caring
 To humor Fooles, and by thy over daring*

To

*To beard proud Vices, thou hast lately crost
 Thy way to riches, and preferment lost?
 Is't not enough, that when thou dost become
 The scorn of Fooles, thou wert delivered from
 A masked Hate, ev'n in that day, and place,
 Which Malice had assign'd for thy disgrace?
 And sawst the shame of that unjust Intention
 Alight on him who plotted that Invention?
 Is't not enough, that thou escaped hast
 Through many wants and perils undisgrac'd,
 When thy advent'rous Muse drew downe upon thee
 Those Troubles which were like to have undone thee?
 Suffice not these, unlesse thou now assay
 A needlesse art? and foole thy life away
 By tempting Heav'n, in wilfull staying there,
 Where, in thy face grim death doth alway stare?
 Looke what thou dost, and well observe thine errors,
 For, thou art round about, enclos'd with terrors.
 And if thou be not stupid thou maist see
 That there is cause thou shouldst affrighted be.
 Dost thou not smell the vapours of the Grave?
 Dost thou not heare thy plague-sicke neighbours rave?
 Dost thou not tast infection in the Aire?
 Dost thou not view sad objects of despaire?
 Dost thou not feele thy vitall pow'rs assailed?
 Dost thou not finde thy spirits often quailed?
 Or with thy judgement hast thou lost thy sense,
 That thou dost make no greater speed from hence?
 Marke there, how fast with Corples they do throng!
 See yonder, how the Shadowes, passe along.
 Behold, just now, a man before thee dies:
 Behinde thy back, another breathlesse lies.
 That Bell, now ringing, foundeth out the Knell
 Of him, whom thou didst leave, last ev'ning, well.*

Lo,

*Lo, he that for his life, lyes gasping, there,
Is one of those who thy companions were
This very morning. And, see, see, the Man
That's talking to thee, looketh pale, and wan,
Is sick to death; and, if thou doe not run
For helpe, will die before his tale be done.*

*Yet, art thou not afraid? I prethee, tell
Why mightst thou not have beene that man as well?
Though he this minute hath prevented thee,
Why maist not thou, the next that followes be?
Why shouldst not thou as quickly drop away,
Since, flesh and blood thou art, as frail as they?
What can thy speedy dissolution hinder,
Since thy complexion is as apt as tinder
To take that Flame? And, if it seize thee must,
What art thou better, then a heap of dust?*

*There is no Constitution, Sex, Degree,
Or Age of man, from this contagion free,
Nor canst thou get an Antidote to fit
For all Infection, though, perhaps, thy wit
Could learne thy temper so, as not to wrong
Thy health, by things too weak, or over strong.*

*For, men oft change the temper they should hold,
Are sometime hot; sometime againe are cold;
One while are sprightly, otherwhile are dull;
Are now too empty, and anon too full:
That, tis a doubtfull, and a curious aēl,
To adde a just proportion, and substraēt
(In using outward meanes of preservation)
According to the bodies variation.*

*And, many, therein failing, lose their lives,
By wrong, or misapply'd Preservatives.*

*Thou shalt have, therefore, but uncertaine hopes
From Druggists, or Apothecary shops.*

To

*To warrantize thy health, if thou on those
In slaying here, thy confidence repose.
And sure, thou neither harbor'st such a thought,
That, thou of any better stuffe art wrought
Then other men: nor trustest unto Charmes,
To keepe off this Disease from doing harmes:
For, those unhallowed Med'cines, and impure,
Breed greater Plagues, then those they seeme to cure.*

*Nor art thou, of that Brotherhood, which sees
The Booke of Gods particular Decrees;
And Gypsie like (by heathnish Palmistry,
Or by the lines of Phisiognomy)
Conjectures dareth not alone to give,
Who of this Plague shall dye, or who shall live:
But also wickedly, presumes to tell
Which man shall goe to heav'n, and which to hell:
Of these I know thou art not. For, as yet
I hope thou hast not so forgone thy wit:
To credit their illuding prophanations,
Which are but fantomes of illuminations
Begot in these late Ages (by mischance)
Betwixt much pride, and zealous ignorance.*

*Thou dost not think thy merits greater are
Then other mens, that God thy life should spare.
Nor canst thou hope thy safety to possesse,
For that thy follies or thy sinnes are lesse.
Since if thou hadst but one time beene mis-led,
Thy life for that one time were forfeited.
And, this Disease, with outward marks, doth strike
The Righteous, and the Wicked, both alike.*

*Then, since thou art a Sinner, and art sure,
That sinne did first this Pestilence procure:
Since thou maist also justly say with grieve,
That, thou of all transgressors art the chiefe:*

Since

*Since thy offences some of those have bin,
 Which helpe to bring this great Infection in :
 Nay ; since it may be (if thou search thy heart)
 That thou a principall among them art,
 Who from the Ship must Ionas-like be throwne,
 Before this Tempest will be over blowne :
 Why doth it not thy guilty soule dismay,
 And make thee hasten more to flye away ?
 It may be thou dost vainly hope for Fame,
 By doing this. Oh ! what avails the same,
 When thou art raked up quite void of sense,
 Among the slaughters of the Pestilence ?
 What will it profit when thou sleepest in clay,
 Some, few should praise, and some lament thy stay ?
 Some heed it not ? Some make a mocke thereat ?
 Some deeme thee foolish, others desperate ?
 Some, judge thy tarying might for trifles be ?
 Some, for thy best intention slander thee ?
 Or with base trash thy breathlesse Muse belye ?
 Or, mis-report thy dying, if thou dye ?
 For, if thou chance to perish in this Place,
 These wayes, and other meanes to thy disgrace,
 Thy Foes will finde ; and in thy fall contented,
 Accomplish what, thy life might have prevented.
 But say to scape alive thy Lott it be ;
 A troupe of other perils wait on thee.
 Thou knowst not what extremities may fall,
 Nor how thy heart may struggle therewithall.
 Such Poverty upon this Towne may seize,
 E're God asswage the rage of this Disease,
 That meanes may faile thee ; and before supply
 Thy friends can send thee, thou maist famisht lye :
 For they who now affect thee, and with whom
 Thou shalt, perhaps, to live resolv'd become,*

Ev'n

*Ev'n they may perish in this Pest, and leave thee
To strangers whose affections will deceive thee :
In time of health, but slenderly besfriend thee :
In sicknesse, to a lonely Roome commend thee :
Make spoile of what is thine, and senslesse be
Of helping, and of all regard of thee.*

*And then it will, perchance, afflict thy mind
That thou unto thy selfe wert so unkinde,
As to neglect that wholesome Country Ayre,
Whereto thy friends invited thy repaire.
Thou maist remember, when it is too late,
Those pleasures, and that happy healthy state
Thou mightst have had : And with how much respect
Thou shouldst have liv'd with those that thee affect ;
A comfort to thy Parents, who with feare,
Doe sorrow for thy needlesse lingring here :
For, them thou leavest, and some friends beside,
(To live, 'twixt hope and feare unsatisf'd
By this thy doing) whom thou dost abuse,
If that which may discomfort them thou chuse.*

*And, when they shall thy wilfulnesse condemne,
With what good Reasons wilt thou answer them ?
Thy Dwelling is not here ; nor is thy stay
Compelled by Affaires that urge it may.
Thou hast nor publike neither private charge ;
But, maist in any place, goe walke at large.
The world conceiveth not the least suspition,
That thou art either Surgeon, or Physitian,
(Whose Art may stand this place in any sneed ;)
Or that thy friends will thy attendance need.
For thou canst neither Broths nor Caudles make,
Nor drenches good enough for horse to take.
Thou hast no Calling, that may warrantize
This boldnesse : neither can thy wit devise*

How

*How thou wilt answer God, for daring thus
An act so needlesse, and so perillous.*

*Consider well, that there are paines in death ;
Consider, that when thou hast lost thy breath,
Thy Flesh, the deare companion of thy Soule,
Shall be rejected as uncleane, and foule,
And, lodge within a Grave, contemn'd and vile,
Which might have liv'd esteemed, yet a while.*

*Consider, that thou hast not an estate
Of being, which is base or desperate ;
But such, as few on earth possesse a better,
Though each one, that hath ought, enjoyes a greater.*

*Consider, that thou dost endanger now
The blessing of long life. Consider, how
Thou mightst have lived to a larger measure
Of riches, of preferment, or of pleasure ;
And profited thy Country, whereunto
Thy Death, or sicknesse, will no service do.*

*Nay, if thou now miscarry, where will be
Those honest hopes which late possessed thee ?
To those thy Studies who an end shall adde,
Which but a while agoe, beginning had ?
And, being left unfinished, make the paine
And houres, upon them spent, to be in vaine ?*

*With somewhat thou endued art, whereby
Thou maist thy blessed Maker glorifie ;
Thy selfe advantage, and a joy become
To such as well affect thee ; and 'gainst whom
(If thus thy selfe thou separate) thou shalt
Commit a most inexpressible fault.*

*Oh ! therefore, I beseech thee, wary be,
To thinke what service God requires of thee :
Think, what thou ow'st thy selfe ; and call to mind,
That some wel-willers thou maist leave behinde,*

Whose

*Whose hopes thou should'st not wilfully bereave,
 (Whose loves thou should'st not unrequited leave)
 By hazarding thy Life, which is a debt
 To their deservings. For, thou know'st not, yet,
 How that may grieve thy soule, or fill thy head
 With troubled fancies, on thy dying-bed.*

*I cannot make discovery, by all
 My faculties, and pow'rs rationall,
 What worke thou mai'st imagine should be done
 That's worthy of the hazard thou dost run.
 Nor can, as yet, my understanding reach
 (What hope soever Faith may please to preach)
 To those Felicities; which after death
 Her supernaturall Doctrines promiseth.
 Nor finde I such assurances, as may
 Preserve thee unaffrighted in thy stay.
 For when within my Naturall Scale & place
 Those Arguments, and Promises of Grace,
 Which Faith alledgeth; they so ayrie prove,
 That they my Ballance very little move.
 Yea, such transcendent things declareth she,
 As they me thinks should so distemper thee,
 That doubts and terrors rather should possesse
 Thy Soule, then hopes of reall happinesse;
 Since what in Death, or after Death shall come,
 Are things, that Nature is estranged from.
 Fly therefore, this great perill. Seeke a place
 Where thou mai'st plead more safely of thy Case:
 And, since thy God, with Reason, thee doth blesse,
 Now, most thou need'st it, be not reasonlesse.*

*All this (and what the carnall wit of man
 Object, in such an undertaking can)
 Did REASON urge, to make my stay appeare
 An act improvident, and full of feare:*

And

And what her seeming rightfull cause advances,
Was utt'ed with such dreadfull circumstances,
That she did halfe perswade me to confesse,
My *Resolution* would be foolishnesse.

But, when my *REASON* had no more to speake,
My *FAITH* began : & though her strength was weak,
(Because my frailties had enfeebled her)
Yet, then I felt her with more vigour stir,
Then in lesse perills. For, she blew aside
Those fogs wherewith my heart was terrifi'd :
Made cleare my *Judgement* : and (as having waigh'd
The speech foregoing) thus, me thought, she said.

*How wise is REASON in an Ethnicke Schoole,
And, in divine proceedings, what a foole ?
How many likely things she muster can,
To startle and amaze a naturall man,
Which, when I am advis'd withall, are found
But pannick feares, and terrors without ground !
And yet, how often doth blinde Ignorance,
Above my reach her shallownesse advance ?
Or else of madnesse, wickedly condemne
My wisdom, and my safest paths contemne ?
Yet be not thou (my Soule) deceived by
The foolishnesse of humane Sophistry.
But, since by the Afflictions, thou hast got
Experience, which the world attaineth not ;
Give heed to me, and I will make thee know
Those things which carnall Reason cannot show.
Yea make thee by my pow'r more certaine be
Of that which mortals can nor heare nor see,
Then of the plainest objects that appeare
Vnto the sense of corp'rall eye or eare :
And though my promise, or my counsell seeme
To vulgar Iudgements, but of meane esteeme,*

H

I'll

*He so enable thee those seares to bide,
 Wherewith the worldly wise are terrifi'd;
 And, teach thee such contentednesse to gaine,
 Though in Deaths gloomy shades thou dost remaine :
 That, thou (without all doubtings) shalt perceive,
 Thou shouldst not this afflicted Citie leave,
 And Flesh and Blood, with wonder, shall confesse
 That Faith hath pow'r to teach men fearlesnesse,
 In perils ; which do make their hearts to ake,
 Who scoffe at her, and part with Reason take.*

*It cannot be denied that this Place
 Yeelds dread enough, to make the boldest face
 To put a palenesse on, unlesse the minde
 Be over much to senselesnesse endinde :
 Because, we nat'rally abhor to see
 Such loathed objects of mortality.*

*'Tis also true, that there is no defence
 To guard the body from this Pestilence,
 Within the compasse of mans pow'r or wit :
 Nor can thy merit so prevaile with it,
 But that (for ought thou knowest) thou maist fill
 The growing number of Deaths weekly-Bill.*

*And what of that ? whilst I befriend thee shall,
 Can such a common danger thee apall ?
 Shall that, which heath'nish men, and women beare,
 (Yea tender infants) without shewes of feare,
 Amate thy spirit ? shall the drawing nigh
 Of that, from which thou hast no meanes to flye,
 (And which thou walkest toward, ev'ry day,
 (With seeming stoutnesse) fright thee now away ?
 Is Death so busie growne in London streets,
 That he with no man in the Country meets ?
 Beleevest thou, the number he hath slaine
 Hath added any thing unto the paine ?*

Or

*Or, hast thou lately apprehended more
 Deaths fearfull gaslinesse, then heretofore,
 That in this time of tryall thou shouldst finde
 Thy Soule to slavish Cowardice encline ?
 Death is that Path, which ev'ry man must tread ;
 And, when thou shalt descend among the dead,
 Thou go'st but thither where thy fathers be,
 And whither, all that live shall follow thee.
 Death is that Haven, where thy Barke shall cast
 Her hopefull Anchor, and lye moored fast,
 Exempted from those furious windes and seas,
 Which in thy heav'nly voyage, thee disease.
 Death is the laile-deliv'ry of the Soule :
 Thy joyfull yeare of Iubilee : thy Goale :
 The Day that ends thy sorrowes, and thy sins ;
 And that, wherein, best happinesse begins.
 A lawfull act, then wherefore shouldst thou feare
 To prosecute ; although thy death it were ?
 Full oft, have I enabled thee to bide
 The brunt of dreadfull stormes, unterrifide ;
 And, when thy daflard Reason (not espying
 That heav'nly Game, at which thy Faith was flying)
 Disheartned grew ; I did thy body free
 From ev'ry perill which enclosed thee :
 So working, that those things thy praise became,
 Which Malice had projected for thy shame ;
 And, common Reason, who suppos'd thee mad,
 Did blush to see how little wit she had.*

*Yet, now againe, how foolishly she tryes
 To cast new fogs before thy Iudgements eyes ?
 What childish Bug-Beaes hath she mustred here,
 To fear thy senses with a causelesse feare ?
 Of those loath'd Objects wherefore doth she tell,
 Which vex the sight, the hearing, and the smell ?*

H 2

Since

*Since, when the utmost of it shall be said,
All is but Death ; which can but strike thee dead.
And when that's done, thou shalt (by me revived)
Enjoy a better life then thou hast lived.*

*If those hobgoblin terrors of the grave,
(Wherewith meere nat'rall men affrighted have
Their troubled soules) deterre thee from that path,
Whereto the will of God injoined hath ;
To thee (oh ! Soule) how dreadfull would it be
If W A R R E, with all her feares enclosed thee ?
Nay, if such common terrors thee amaze,
How wouldst thou quake, if in a generall blaze,
The world should flame about thee ? (as it may,
Perhaps, before thou see another day)
Sure, if these Scar-crowes do deterre thee so,
Thou scarce wilt welcome (as thou oughtst to do)
That Moment when it comes ; nor so rejoyce,
As they, who long to heare the Bridegroomes voice.*

*Here therefore stay, and practise to inure
Thy soule to tryalls ; that thou maiest endure
All changes, which in after times may come :
And wait with gladnesse, for the Day of Doome.
Seeke here, by holy dread, to purge away
Those Crimes which heape up terrors for that day.
Endure the scorching of this gentle fire,
To purifie thy heart from vaine desire.
Learne here, the death of righteous men to dye ;
That thou maiest live with such eternally.
Here, exercise thy Faith, and watch, and pray,
That when thy body shall be mixt with clay
The frightfull Trumpet, whose amazing sound
Shall startle Hell, and shake earths massie Round.
May make thee leape with gladnesse from thy grave,
And no sad horrors in thy Conscience have.*

What

*What canst thou hope to purchase here below,
 That thou shouldst life unwillingly forgoe ?
 Since, there is nothing which thou canst possesse,
 Whose sweetnesse is not marr'd with bitternesse :
 Nor any thing so fase, but that it may,
 To thee, become a mischief, many a way ?
 If honourable thou mightst live to grow,
 That honour may effect thy overthrow.
 And (as it makes of others) make of thee
 A thing as blockish, as brut creatures be.
 If Rich ; those Riches may thy life betray ;
 Choake up thy vertues, and then flye away.
 If Pleasure follow thee ; that pleasing vaine
 May bring thy soule to everlasting paine :
 Yea, that which most thou longest to enjoy,
 May all the pleasures of thy life destroy.*

*Seeke therefore true contentment where it lies,
 And feare not ev'ry Babie's fantasies.
 If Life thou love ; Death is that entring in
 Where life which is eternall doth begin.
 There, what thou most desirest is enjoy'd ;
 And, Death it selfe, by dying is destroy'd.*

*Though length of life, a blessing be confest,
 Yet, length of dayes in sorrow is not best.
 Although the Saylor, sea-roome doth require,
 To reach the harbour is his chiefe desire :
 And, though 'tis well our debts may be delay'd,
 Yet, we are best at ease when they are paid.*

*If Titles, thou aspire unto : Death brings
 The Faithfull, to become immortall Kings :
 Whose glorie passeth earthly pomp, as far
 As Phoebus doth outshine the Morning-star.
 Desirest thou a pleasant healthfull dwelling ?
 By Death thou gain'st a Country so excelling ;*

H 3

That

*That, plenty of all usefull things is there,
 And all those objects that delightfull are.
 A golden pavement thou shalt walke upon;
 And lodge in Buildings wall'd with precious stone.
 If in rich Garments to be cloath'd thou seeke,
 The Persian Monarks never had the like:
 For, Puritie it selfe thy Robe shall be;
 And like the Stars, thy Crowne shall shine on thee.*

*Haſt thou enjoyed thoſe companions here,
 VVhoſe love and fellowſhip delightfull are?
 Thou ſhalt, when thou from ſight of thoſe art gone,
 Of that high Order be inſtalled one,
 VVhich never did falſe Brother entertaine;
 VVhereof, ev'n God himſelfe is Sovereigne:
 And in whoſe company thou ſhalt poſſeſſe
 All perfect, deare, and laſting friendlineſſe.
 Yea, there ev'n thoſe whom thou on earth haſt loved
 In life time (with ſuch love as is approved)
 Thou ſhalt enjoy againe: and not alone
 Their friendſhip; but the love of ev'ry one
 Of thoſe bleſt men and women, who both were,
 And are, and ſhall be, till our Judge appeare.*

*Hath any mortall beauty pleas'd thee ſo,
 That, from her preſence thou art loath to goe?
 Thou ſhalt in ſtead of thoſe poore imperfections,
 VVhereon thou ſetteſt here unſure affections,
 The Fountaine of all Beauties, come to ſee
 (Within his lovely boſome lodged be)
 And know (when thou on him haſt fixt thine eyes)
 That, all earths Beauties are deformities.*

*To theſe, and happineſſes, greater far
 Then by the heart of man conceived are,
 Death maketh paſſage. And, how grim ſoe're
 He may to thoſe that ſtand aloofe appeare;*

Yet

*Yet, if thou bide unmoved in thy place,
Till he within his armes doe thee embrace ;
Thou shalt perceive that who so timely dieth,
Enjoyes contentments which this life denyeth.*

*Thy feare of painfullnesse in death is vaine ;
In Death is ease ; in Life, alone, is paine.
Man makes it dreadfull by his owne inventions,
By causelesse doubts, and groundlesse apprehensions.
But, when it comes, it brings of paine, no more
Then Sleepe, to him that restlesse was before.*

*Thy Soules departure, from the Flesh, doth maze,
And thee afflicte more then there is cause :
For, of this sting, thy Saviour, Death despoiled :
And, feares, and dangers from the Grave exiled.
Thou losest not thy Body when it dyes ;
Nor doth it perish, though it putrifies.
For, when the time appointed, it hath laine,
It shall be raised from the dust againe,
And, in the stead of this corrupted one,
Thy Soule, a glorious body shall put on.*

*But hadst thou not a Faith which might procure thee
Such comforts, and such life in death assure thee :
Or, though thou shouldst, by dying, be possesst
Of nothing else, but of a senselesse rest :
Me thinkes thy carnall Reason should, for that,
Perswade thee rather to be desperate,
And stay, and seeke for Death, ere languish in
Perpetuall sorrowes, such as thine have bin.
For, if to God-ward, joy thou feelest not,
What comfort to the world-ward hast thou got,
Which may desirous make thee to delay,
Or linger out thy life another day ?
'Tis true that God hath given thee a share
In all those Pleasures, that good pleasures are ;*

H 4

And

*And (to the Givers glory be it spoken)
He hath bestow'd on thee as many a token
Of his abundant love, as he bestowes
On any, with so few external shewes.
For ev'n of outward things he doth impart
As much as fits the place in which thou art;
With full as many pleasures as may serve,
Thy Patience, in thy sufferings, to preserve:
And, when for Rest, and Plenties, thou art fitter,
I know, he will not make thy cup so bitter.*

*But if thou live for outward pleasures meerly;
By living thou dost buy them over dearly.
For (if thy peace in God were set aside)
So many wayes thou hast beene crucifi'd,
That some would think thy Fortune (if they had it)
Most bitter; though most sweet thy hopes have made it.
Here, but a Pilgrimage thou dost possesse,
In wandring, and perpetuall restlesnesse.
Like Travellers, in sunshine and in raine,
Both dry and wet, and dry and wet againe.
With rest, each Morning, well refresh'd and merry;
And, ev'ry Ev'ning, full of griefe, and weary.
To Vanity, in bondage thou dost lie,
Still beaten with new stormes of Misery;
And, in a path to which thou art a stranger,
Assaulted with variety of Danger.*

*His Face, sometime, is hid, whence comforts flow,
And, men and devills, seek thy overthrow.
Sin multiplies upon thee, ev'ry day:
Thy vitall pow'rs, will more and more decay:
Wealth, honor, friends, and what thou best dost love,
Doth leave, deceive thee, or thy torment prove;
Mans very Body burthens him; and brings
Vnto itselfe a thousand torturings.*

Thy

*Thy Heart, with many Thinkings is perplext :
 Yea, by thine owne Affections thou art vext :
 And (though by overcoming them at last,
 Thy soule hath comfort when the fight is past,)
 Thou hast perpetual conflicts which require
 Continuall watchfulnesse : for, no Desire
 Or nat'rall Passion, ever did molest
 The heart of man, that strives not in thy brest.*

*In ev'ry Pleasure, somewhat lurks to feare thee,
 In ev'ry Profit, somewhat to ensnare thee :
 Whole armies of Afflictions swarme about thee,
 Some fight within thee ; some assaile without thee :
 And, that which thou conceivest shall releeve thee,
 Becommeth oft another meanes to grieve thee.
 Yea, thine owne thoughts, thy speeches, and thine actions,
 Occasion discontentments, and distraction :
 And all the portion which thou dost inherit,
 Yeelds nought, but perturbations of the spirit.*

*In Childhood all thy pleasures were but toyes ;
 In heat of Youth, as fruitlesse were thy joyes :
 Thy riper yeares, do nought but ripen care :
 And, imperfections, thy perfections are :
 If Old thou grow, thy griefes will aged be,
 And, Sicknesse, till thou dye, will live in thee.
 Thy Life's a Warfare, which must quite be done,
 Ere dangers vanish, or the Field be won.
 It is a Voyage full of wearinesse,
 Till thou thy wished harbor dost possesse :
 And, thou of no externall Ioy canst boast,
 That may not ere thy dying day be lost.*

*But, truth to say, what thing dost thou possesse,
 Which others thinke to be a happinesse ?
 The world allowes thee little that is hers,
 And thee to very small esteeme prefers.*

H 5

Among

*Among her Minions : but, in ev'ry place
Endeavours to affront thee with disgrace ;
Deprives thee of thy labours, and bestowes
On Parasites, on Fooles, and on thy Foes,
Thy due : and with a spightfull enviousnesse,
Thy best approved Studies doth suppress.*

*Behold, a frothy Masque, an idle Song,
The witlesse jesting of a scurrilous tongue,
The capring Dancer, and the foining Fencer,
The bold Buffoone, the slye Intelligencer ;
Those foolish raving fellowes, whose delights
Are wholly fixed on their Curs and Kites ;
The Termly Pamphleters, whose Dedications
Doe sooth and claw the times abominations :
Ev'n such like things as these can purchase grace,
And quickly compasse Pension, Gift, or Place ;
When, thy more honest Labours are abused,
Contemned, sleighted, or at best refused.*

*If such a one as these forenam'd, resort
To set abroach his qualities in Court,
He findes respect, and as an usefull man,
His Faculty, some place afford him, can.
He soone hath entertainment. Or if not,
Yet, something may for his availe be got.
A base Invention, that scarce merit may
The reputation of a Puppet-play,
Some spangled Courtier, or some foolish Lord,
Admires, affects, and of his owne accord
Prefers it to the Prince, or to the King,
As an ingenious, or much usefull thing.
And (ten to one) if then the Author can
But humour well his Lordship, or his man
(That rules his Honors wisdom) it may gaine him
Some such like Lord as that to entertaine him,*

For

*For his companion ; yea, the privy purse
May open to him : and, he saith worse
Then many a Foole hath done, vnlesse e're long,
He purchaseth to be enroll'd among
The best Deservers ; and arise to be
Superior to a better man then he.*

*Twix't these and thee what distances appeare ?
And, twixt your Fortunes, what a space is there ?
When thou hadst finished a Worke divine,
(As much for others profit, as for thine)
Thou scarcely found'st a man, to make thee way
Thy Present, at thy Sovereignes feet to lay,
And when thou didst : No sooner laid he by
What tendred was, but some injurious eye
Did quickly take thereof a partiall view,
And with detraacting Censures thee pursue.*

*Yea, those meere Ignorants, whose courtly wit
Can judge of nothing, but how cloathes doe fit ;
How Congees should be acted ; how their Boy
Observe them should ; or some such weighty toy :
Those Shreds of Complement, patcht up for things
To fill vast Roomes in palaces of Kings,
(As Antiques doe in Hangings) more for show ;
Then any profit, which from them can flow.
Even those (scarce worth our laughing at) have past
Their doomes on that which thou presented hast ;
As if they understood it : and, as those,
By chance did censure, so the Censure goes.*

*If these, or any such like Mountebanks,
By slavish fawning, or by picking thanks ;
By homeliest services, (or worse) by cheating ;
Extorting from the poore, or by defeating
Men honestly disposed, (or, by any
Of those ill meanes, whereof this age hath many)*

Can

*Can, out of beggery, their fortunes reare,
To hundreds, or to thousands by the yeare :
They thinke themselves abus'd, if any grutch
Or murmur, as if they had got too much.*

*But, though thou from thy childhood wert emcloy'd
In painfull studies, and hadst not enjoy'd
So much externall profit, as would pay
The charges of thy Troubles, for a day :
(Nay, rather, hindrance hadst, and punishment,
For that, which gave most honest men content)
Yet (marke their dealing) when but hope there was
Of gaine to thee (which never came to passe)
And though that gaine were lesse then Traders can
Allow sometimes unto a Iourney-man :
Yea though it were to no mans prejudice ;
(But many profiting) and did arise
By thine owne labours : that small yearly summe
Expected (for, nought, yet, but losse doth come)
Was grumbled at ; as if it had beene more
Then any ever gained heretofore ;
And would the Common-weale have prejudiced,
Had none, thereof, to frustrate thee, devised.*

*Some, therefore (whose maliciousnesse is yet
Vnanswer'd for) themselves against thee set ;
And, by the dammage of their owne estate,
Have labour'd, thee and thine to ruinate.
Some others, as injuriously, as they,
Laid causelesse Nets, to snarle thee in thy way :
And have procured, for thy best intents,
Reproofes, Contempts, and Close Imprisonments ;
(As rigorous as ever were inflicted,
Of those that for High Treason stood convicted)
Yea, that which might an honest wealth have won thee,
Was that, whereby they sought to have undone thee.*

Foule

*Foule Scandals, thy best actions have attended.
 And as (if on thine Infamy depended
 The Kingdomes glory) Phamphlets false and base
 Yea, publike Masques, and Playes, to thy disgrace,
 Were set abroad; till justly they became,
 To those that made, and favour'd them, a shame.
 In Rimes, and Libels, they have done thee wrongs;
 Thou hast beene mention'd in their drunken Songs,
 Who nothing worse unto thy charge could lay,
 But, that, thou didst not seem so bad as they.
 Meere Strangers, who are quite unknown of thee,
 (Although they see not what thy manners be)
 Take pleasure to traduce thee, and to draw
 Those things in question, which they never saw.
 Nay, at their publike meetings, few forbear
 To speak that scandall, which they thinke, or heare.
 Ev'n since this Plague began, and whilst thy hand
 Recording was that Iudgement on this Land;
 Thou art inform'd, that, Westward from this place
 (Some scores of miles) a generall rumour was
 Both of thy biding here, and of thy death.
 And, they who said, thou hadst expir'd thy breath,
 (Supposing, as it seemes) it could not be
 That God from this Disease would shelter thee)
 Reported also, that, of Grace forsaken,
 And, by the sin of drunkenesse o'retaken,
 Thou brok'st thy neck. It may be those men thought,
 That when the Plague thy life to end had brought,
 They should have added somewhat, to have slaine
 The life of good Report, which might remaine.
 Nor was that ayme quite void. For, (though of all
 Grosse sins, the slaine of that, least blur thee shall)
 Some straight believ'd what malice did surmise;
 Condemn'd thy Vertues, for Hypocries.*

Made

*Made guilty all thy Lines of evill ends ;
 Vs'd thee, as Iob was used by his friends ;
 Did on thy Life unchristian Censures passe ;
 Affirm'd, thy Death had showed what it was ;
 And, many a one that heard it, shall not know
 Vntill his dying day, it was not so.
 But, then they shall perceive, that most of that
 Is false, which men of others use to prate.*

*But, wonder it is none, that thou among
 Some Strangers, in thy Fame hast suffred wrong :
 For, lo, thy Neighbours (though they privy be
 To no such act as may disparage thee,
 But unto many rather, which in show,
 Appeared from a Christian minde to flow)
 Ev'n they, in private whisperings, many times
 Have taxed thee as guilty of those crimes
 Thou never perpetratedst ; but dost more
 Abhor them, then do Mizers to be poore.
 And from those blots the more thy life is free,
 The more is theirs defilde, by flaundring thee.*

*In wicked Places (where yet never came
 Thy foot) some acted follies in thy name :
 That others present, knowing not thy face,
 Might spread abroad of thee, to thy disgrace,
 VVhat others did. And, such a mischief, none
 But perfect Malice, could have thought upon.*

*Thy very Prayers, and thy Charities
 Have mocked beene, and judg'd hypocrises.
 When thou wert best employed, thou wert sure
 The basest imputations to endure.
 When thy intentions have beene most sincere,
 Mens misconstructions alwayes harshest were ;
 And, when thy pious action thou hadst wrought,
 Then, they the greatest mischief on thee brought.*

They

*The best, and most approved of those Laies,
 By thee composed for thy Makers praise ;
 Have lately greatly multipli'd thy Foes,
 And, not procur'd alone the spight of those
 Whom brutish Ignorance besets among
 The misconceiving and illiterate throng :
 But, they who on the seats of Iudgement fate,
 Thee, and those Labours have inveighed at.
 The Learned, who should wiser men have beene,
 Did censure that which they had never seene.
 Ev'n they, who make faire shewes of sanctity,
 (God grant, it be not with hypocrisie)
 With spightfulnesse, that scarce can matched be,
 Have shamefully traduced that, and thee.
 Nay, of the Clergy, some (and of the chiefe)
 Have with unseemely fury, past beleefe,
 So undervalu'd, and so vilifi'd
 Those Labours (which the tryall will abide,
 When their proud spleene is wasted) that, unlesse
 God had, in mercy, curb'd their furiousnesse
 (And by his might abated, in some measure,
 That pow'r of acting their imperious pleasure)
 Their place, and that opinion they had gained,
 Of knowledge, and sincerity unfained,
 Had long ere this, no doubt, made so condemn'd
 Those Lines, and thee ; that thou hadst beene condemn'd
 VVithout a triall. And so true a feeling
 Hadst gain'd ere now, of base and partiall dealing,
 That, Discontent might then have urg'd thy stay,
 In hope this Plague, would that, have tooke away.
 But, thou by others, hast receiv'd the stings
 Of Malice, otherwayes, in other things.
 Those men, whose over-grosse and open crimes,
 Are justly taxed in thine honest Rimes,*

Have

*Have by the generall notice of thy name,
Sought how to bring thee to a generall shame,
By raising causelesse rumors to be blowne
Through ev'ry quarter where thy lines are knowne.
For, there's no place without an envious care,
And slanderous tongues be ready ev'ry where,
To cast, with willingnesse, disgrace on those,
Of whom, some good report, beforehand, goes.
And since thou canst not answer ev'ry man,
As he that's knowne in some few Townships, can;
The falsest Rumors Men divulge of thee,
Doe soone become a common Fame to be.*

*Moreover (that lesse cause there may appeare,
Why thou shouldst life desire, or dying feare)
The most afflicted thing this world containes,
Hath tortur'd thee with most heart-breaking paines.
For, they whom thou hast loved: they to whom
Thou didst obliged many wayes become:
Yea they who knew thy faithfulnessse; ev'n they
Have made their outward kindnesse the way
To make thee most ingracefull seeme to be,
Yea, they have heaped more disgrace on thee,
More griefes, and disadvantages, then all
Thy Foes together, bring upon thee shall.
And long pursued have, to thy vexation
Their courses with harsh trickes of aggravation;
Yet still pretending Love: which makes the curse,
Of this Affliction twenty times the worse.
I will not say that thou afflicted art
In this (by them) without thy owne desert:
For who perceives in all how he offends?
Or thinks, that God correction causelesse sends?
Nor will I say this injury proceeds,
From any Malice. For, perhaps, it breeds*

From

*From their distemper'd love. And God to shew
 Some needfull secret (which thou best maist know
 By this experiment) a while doth please,
 To make thy late Contentments thy Disease
 Thy first Acquaintance, who did many a yeare
 Enjoy thy fellowship (and glad appeare
 To seeme thy friends) have wearied out their love,
 By length of time; and strangers now doe prove.
 Thou also seest, thy new acquaintance be
 Worne out as fast as gotten. For, to thee
 Most come, for nothing but to satisfie
 Their idle fruitlesse curiositie:
 And, having seene, and found thee but a man,
 Their friendship ended, just as it began.
 Nay, they who all thy course of life have seene,
 And (in appearance) have perswaded beene,
 So well of thy uprightnesse, as if nought
 Could move in them, of thee, one evill thought:
 Those, by a little absence, or the sound
 Of some untrue Relation (wanting ground)
 Doe all their good opinion sometime change;
 Suspect thy manners, and themselves estrange,
 So unexpectedly, and without cause,
 That what to judge of them it makes thee pause,
 For they that vertuous are, but in the show,
 Doe soone suspect, that all men else, are so.
 These things are very bitter unto such
 Whose hearts are sensible to ev'ry touch
 Of kindnesse, and unkindnesse; and they make
 Life tedious, where thev deepe impression take.
 But, many other griefes thy Soule doe grinde;
 And thou by them, art pained in a kinde
 So differing from the common-sense of others,
 (Although thy patience much distemper smothers)*

That

*That Reason might me thinkes contented be,
Thou shouldst pursue thy Death to set thee free.*

*I speake not this, as if thou didst repine
At these, or any other lots of thine :
Nor to discourage thee, because the World
So little of her Grace on thee hath hurl'd.
For, I would have thee scorne her love ; and know
That whether she will favour thee or no,
I will, in thy due season, make thee rise
To honor, by that way which men despise :
Ev'n to those honors, which are greater then
The greatest that conferred are, by men.
And, this I mention, in reproach of them
Whose Pride, thy humble Musings, doth contemne :
And to remember thee, how vaine it were,
To seeke for life, where such harsh dealings are.*

*And, as I would not have thee wish to live
For love of any thing, this world can give :
So, am I loath her troubles should have pow'r
To make thee seeke to shorten life an houre.
But rather in contempt of all her spight,
To lengthen it, untill pale Envie quite
Consume her selfe ; and thou at last be sent
From hence, victorious, crowned with content.*

*I therefore, here, perswade thee not to stay,
That vainly thou mightst foole thy life away :
Or, that some poore applauses may be got ;
Or, for such trifling ends as profit not ;
And, whereof, Reason her dislike infers :
For, my opinion jumps in that, with hers.*

*I doe not counsell thee to cast aside
That care, which teacheth wisely to provide
For wholesome Antidotes : Or to observe
Such courses, as are likely to preserve*

Thy

Thy body sound: nor is it my intent,
 Thou shouldst employ, by way of complement,
 Thy time in visiting infected friends;
 When to their comfortings it little tends.
 Nor am I pleas'd in him that so presumes,
 Or such a franticke foolishnesse assumes,
 As desperately to thrust himselfe among
 The noisome breathings of a sickly throng,
 When such a danger nothing may avails:
 And, where the meanes of life will surely faile.
 Nor would I now betray thee to thy sin;
 Or worke thy losses, that thy foes may win;
 Or make thee tempt thy God; or grieve thy friends;
 Or barre thy Labors of thy wished ends:
 Nor canst thou thinke thy Reason well hath said,
 To cast such stumbling-blockes, as she hath laid:
 For, just and comely things, I doe advise;
 And, seeke not Mischiefes, but their Remedies.

A carnall Wifedome sayes she seeth not
 What knowledge and assurance may be got
 Of those eternall things, that objects are
 Of Christian hope. But, wherefore shouldst thou feare
 What Flesh and Blood blasphemously hath said?
 Since, into thee already are convoid
 Both Notions, and the reall sense of that
 Which they, who would not see, doe stumble at?
 Meere humane Reason cannot reach to know
 Of many thousand Creatures here below,
 The secret natures: Doe not wonder than,
 That few celestiall things perceive she can:
 But call to minde, that to be fleshly wise,
 Is to be foolish in Truths Mysteries.
 Give God the praise, who hath on thee bestowne
 A better apprehension then thine owne.

Remem-

*Remember still, to cherish this beleefe;
 Let Prayer daily fet thy Faith releefe:
 And be assur'd that I advise thee best,
 What ere thy carnall Reason shall suggest.*

*If thou suppose that thou hast ought begun,
 Which may thy Country profit, being done,
 Or honor God: proceed thou in his name,
 With cheerfulnesse, and finish up the same.
 For God will either give thee life to doe it,
 (If cause there be) or call another to it
 Of better gifts. And, if thou grudge at this,
 Thou seekest thine owne honor, more then his:
 And, though a pious purpose thou pretend,
 Thy holy shewes have some unholy end.*

*Say, thou among the multitude must fall;
 Say, they that hate thee, thereof triumph shall;
 Or others (out of levity) contemne
 Thy course; or thee unjustly should condemne,
 As Reason pleads? what prejudice to thee
 Would this be more, then such mens praises be?
 What harme is this to thee when thou art gone?
 And hast no sense of any wrong that's done?
 What needst thou care, if all the world suppose
 To hell thou sinkest; if thy spirit goes
 The way to heav'n? And in that narrow path
 A blessed being, unperceived hath?*

*Pursue brave Actions, as a Christian ought,
 And, care not thou what shall of them be thought:
 (Except to rouse up other men it be,
 By making them perceive what roused thee)
 When thou dost walke uprightly, walke thou on,
 And scorne to looke aside, who looks thereon:
 For, he's a Foole (if not an hypocrite)
 That in well-doing feeleth no delight,*

Vntill

*Vntill some witnesse of his deeds he know,
 Or feele some praises his proud failes to blow.
 Nay, he that cannot in a vertuous deed,
 (Wherein, his Conscience, warrants to proceed)
 Persist without returning, though he should,
 Of all the world together, be controul'd;
 Or, if he thought it not a favour too
 That God would call him such a worke to doe;
 (Yea though that for his paines, he should become
 Abhor'd of all men, till the Day of Doome)
 Ev'n such a Man is farre below that height,
 To which by perfect Vertue climbe he might;
 And lose he doth, by feares that are in vaine,
 The bravest honor that his Faith can gaine.*

*Thy Reason sayes, that thou a sinner art;
 And, thereupon doth urge thee to depart.
 But wherefore should the guilt of sin affright
 From staying, rather then from taking flight?
 For, if thou shalt remove away from hence,
 Thy guilt retaining, by impenitence,
 God hath not so his Plagues confined hither,
 But that they may pursue thee any whither.
 And whereas here, the danger, and the feare,
 Encompassing this place, might so deterre,
 So mollifie, and awe thy heart within thee;
 So move, and to amend thy life, so win thee,
 That God shall cleanse thy soule of ev'ry staine;
 And reconcile thee to himselfe againe:
 Perhaps, the wicked vaine security,
 That will attend thee whither thou shalt flye,
 May make the measure of thy sinnes compleater,
 Thy comforts fewer; thy afflictions greater;
 When least thou fearest, most of all disease thee;
 And keepe off this, that some worse thing may seize thee.*
And

*And, though thy Reason urge thee to beleeve,
 Thy friends may wronged be, or too much grieve,
 By this adventure: I, thy Faith, assure thee,
 That if my Motives may to slay procure thee,
 (For such good purposes as I propose)
 Thy God shall pay thy friends what ere they lose;
 Make some (by fearing what thy dangers are)
 Of their owne wayes to take the greater care:
 Keepe others (by preserving of them sad)
 More watchfull, that might else lesse heed have had:
 And, stirre up thee for them, and them for thee,
 So zealous in continuall vovues to be,
 As will (perchance) worse perils drive away,
 Then those, which are so feared, in thy slay.*
*Oh! God, how many foules, by fleeing hence
 Scape this, and catch a deadlier Pestilence!
 How many hearts whom Feare doth somewhat strike
 With sorrowes, which begins Repentance-like,
 (And might by staying here, accomplish that,
 Which ev'ry true Beleever aimeth at)
 Will fall from those beginnings, by their flight,
 And lose the feeling of Gods Iudgements, quite?
 How many! by wrong seeking to prevent,
 Their heav'nly Fathers loving chastisement,
 Incorrigible in their lives will grow?
 And bring themselves to utter overthrow?
 And oh! what multitudes, by staying here,
 Shall change their dread, into a filiall feare?
 Their feare to love, and love, and laud thee too,
 For sending that, which they abhorred so!
 Like them, who in the Deeps employed be,
 Here, thou the wondrous works of God shalt see.
 That thou maist tell the world what he hath done;
 And sing the praise of that Almighty-One*

To

*To this, and future ages. And, for what
 Did he thy Soule and Body first create?
 For what redeeme thee? For what end infuse
 That Faculty, which thou dost call thy Muse?
 For what, but for his honor, to declare
 Those Iudgements and his Mercies which will here
 Be showne unto thee? and to sing the Story
 Of what thine eye beholdeth to his glory?
 For, if not here, then where? Or if not now,
 Then, at what other time expectest thou
 So faire an oportunitie, to show
 With how much readinesse thou couldst bestow
 Thy life, and all thy faculties, on him
 (And, for his service) who bestowed them?
 What nobler Subject can the world afford
 For thee, or for the Muses to record,
 Then will those Iudgements, and those Mercies be,
 Which God will in this place disclose to thee?
 If Reason seeke some purpose in thy stay,
 Me thinks, this purpose please thy Reason may:
 For, though those men who love their owne vaine praise,
 Have little care of their Creators waies,
 And finde small pleasingnesse in those Relations,
 Which are compos'd of such like Observations;
 Yet, all the gloriousst acts of greatest Kings,
 Are triviall, worthlesse, base, and foolish things,
 Respecting these. And, though some nicer wits
 Scarce think that such a Subject well befits
 Their artfull Muses. Yet, twixt this and that
 Whereon they love to plod and meditate,
 There's much more difference, then betwene their Laies
 And those which they doe most of all dispraise:
 And they who live (the time) I hope shall see,
 These Poems, much, more prized then they be:*

Yea,

*Yea, though it may appeare to common Reason,
 An æt impertinent, and out of season,
 For such an end as this to make thy stay :
 Let not her carnall Sophismes thee dismay.
 For since thou seest a vaine Historian dares
 His person to adventure in the warres,
 That he (for fame, or hire) may write a story
 Of what is done to his Commanders glory :
 This action, wherefore shouldst thou startle from,
 As if thy Iudgement it would mis-become?
 If just it be, our safeties to contemne,
 In such a case (if that be good in him)
 How much more just, is thy adventure, then
 Who sing'st the praise of God, and not of men ?
 How much more safely walkest thou, then they ?
 How much more glory, and how much more pay,
 Can thy great Captaine give thee ? And how small
 Should be thy feare ? If thou shouldst feare at all.
 Nor to thy God, or to thy selfe alone,
 Will acceptable services be done
 By slaying here : but peradventure some
 That living are, and some, in time to come,
 May reap advantage by it, and confesse,
 That thou wert borne for them ; and didst possesse
 And use thy life, not for thy selfe alone,
 But that to others profit might be done.
 The gen'rall notice which men take of thee,
 Will make thy actions more observed be
 Then those of twenty others, who doe seeme
 In their small circuits, men of great esteeme :
 And, when hereafter it is knowne abroad,
 To what good purposes thou mad'st abode
 In this afflicted City : on what ground,
 Thy blamed resolution thou dost found :*

How

*How sensible thou wert of ev'ry feare,
 And of each perill thou adventredst here :
 How many friends thou hadst to flye unto :
 How much elswhere thou mightst have found to do ;
 What Censures thou shouldst hazzard, in thy stay :
 VVhat pleasures wooed thee to come away :
 How, thy continuing here was not by chance
 By discontent, or humorous ignorance :
 How, no compulsion, no perswading Friend,
 No office, hope of gaine, or such like end
 Necessitated thee. Yea, when by such,
 VVho are to feare enslaved overmuch
 All this is heeded well ; And when men shall
 Consider it, comparing there withall,
 VVhat causes moved thee ; what meditation
 Confirm'd thy stay ; what kind of conversation
 Thou daily practis'dst ; and what good use
 They may from thy experiments produce ;
 It will perchance occasion some to learne
 Those things, which yet they doe not well discern :
 Help, in good Resolutions, some to arme :
 Some weake ones in temptations much confirme :
 To some become a meanes to make them see
 That men despised, may enabled be,
 By Faith, to keepe their place undaunted there,
 Where men of better seeming gifts doe feare.
 And peradventure thou maist compassse that
 Which likelier men in vaine have aymed at.
 For, though it may be said this place hath store
 By Calling and by Gifts, adapted more
 For such a taske ; and that there may be some,
 That have no warrant for departing from
 These noysome streets, who well enough may take
 This paines ; and thereof thee excused make.*

I

Yet

*Yet, shall not that excuse thee. For, all they
 Have Callings, which employ them wholly may.
 Yea, they whose wits are abler, think not on
 That worke, perchance, as needfull to be done.
 Or if they doe, perhaps, they may expire
 Before they have performed it; or tire.
 And though they should make perfit their designs:
 Yet their obscurity, may barre their Lines
 From taking that effect, which if thou write,
 Thy being far more knowne, accomplish might.
 For, Fame prevails with many (now adaies)
 And, if uncouth'd, unkist (as Chaucer saies.)
 Or grant that many had the same attempted,
 (And men of note) yet wert thou not exempl'd.
 For, best it is, when such like things as these
 Confirmed are by many witnesses.*

*Beside; if those assurances which thou
 Shalt publish (and thy Faith shall well allow)
 Affirmed were by none but such as they
 Who might not from this place depart away
 Without much losse, or blame: meere naturall men
 Might have contemned all those counsels, then,
 And all those just reproofes, that may, by thee,
 Or any other man objected be,
 Against their slavish Feares: and may reply,
 That no man staide, but he that could not flye:
 Or that none durst become a voluntary,
 In such a Fire, for conscience sake, to tarie:
 And, that no mortall man had pow'r obtain'd
 To bide such brunts, till outwardly constrain'd.
 Whereas thy free abiding here, will move
 Much better thoughts: thy constancy approve;
 Procure the more beleefe to thy Relations;
 The more effectuall make thy good persuasions:*

And

*And stop their mouthes, who might some other way
Thy paines have wrong'd, had ought procur'd thy stay.*

*Oh! far, far be it, that Lust, Avarice,
The strong distempers of some hatefull Vice,
A stupid Melancholy, or the tumors
Of some wilde Passion, or fantasticke Humors,
Should fixe more stoutnesse in the heart of man,
Then temperate, and pious knowledge can.
Far be it, that old women, for their pay,
Or Sextons for as little hire, as they,
We in the walks of Death should walking see
Without all feare; yet, they deterred be,
Who boast of knowledge; and have sung, and said,
That though in Deaths black shadows they were laid,
They would without dismay continue there;
Because Gods Rod, and Staffe, their keepers are.*

*Oh! let not this be so: And be it far
From proving true; that they who studious are
Of Wildome, and of Piety, should shrinke,
Where he, whose head peece is but arm'd with drinke,
Sits fearlesse: Or, that Vse, or Custome shall
Embolden more, then Christian Faith, and all
The Morall Vertues: Or, that thou shouldst yeeld
To carnall Reason, and forgoe the Field.*

*Moe Arguments I could, as yet, expresse,
To prove thy staying hath much usefulness:
As that it were unkindnesse to forsake
Those persons here, who comfort in thee take.
For, some professe already, that they bide,
By thy example, greatly fortifi'd,
(In their compelled stay) by seeing thee
So willingly, their griefes companion be.
Yea, many a one, observing thee to stay,
Confeßeth, he doth shame to flye away.*

I 2

Thereby,

*Thereby, those Resolutions they have got
Which very lately they embraced not;
And might, perhaps, if now thou shouldst depart,
Become afraid, because thou fearfull art.*

*Me thinks, it is unmanlinesse to flie
From those, in woe, whom in prosperity
Thou lovedst: yea, tis basenesse, not to share
In ev'ry sorrow which thy friends doe beare,
As well as in their pleasures, if they be
Such friends, as some of thine doe seeme to thee.*

*Here, thou hast long continu'd. On the bread
Of Dainties, in this City thou hast fed.
Here, thou hast laught and fung; and here thou hast
Thy youthfull yeares, in many follies past;
Abus'd thy Christian-liberty, and trod
That Maze, which brings forgetfulnesse of God.
Here, thy example, some corrupted hath;
Here, thou hast moved thy Creators wrath:
Here, thou hast sinned; and thy sinnes they were,
Which holpe to bring this Plague now raging here.*

*Here, therefore, doe thou fast: here, doe thou mourne,
And, into sighes, and teares, thy laughter turne.
Here, yeeld thy selfe to prison, till thou see
At this Assize, how God will deale by thee:
Ev'n here, the time redeeme thou: here, restore
By good examples, those whom heretofore
Thou hast offended: here, thy selfe apply
Gods just incens'd wrath to pacifie.
Here, joyne in true Repentance, to remove
That Storme which now descendeth from above.
And then, or live or dye, this Place, to thee
A place of Refuge, and of ioy shall be.
Nor Sin, nor Death, nor Hell, nor any thing
Shall discontentment, feare, or perill bring*

Which

*Which to thy Soule or Body, shall become
A disadvantage, but helpe save thee from
Destruction : Ioyes, as yet, unfelt, procure :
In all temptations, make thy minde secure :
Discover plainly how thy Reason failed ;
And, make thee blesse the time, thy Faith prevailed.*

*But, thou dost want a Calling (R E A S O N cries)
Thy staying in this place to warrantize.
And, that untill thereof thou dost obtaine
The full assurance, all my speech is vaine.
Indeed, the gloriousst worke we can begin,
Vnlesse God call us to it, is a sin,
And therefore, ev'ry man should seeke to know
What, God, and what vaine Fancy cals him to.
For, Pride, and over-weening Arrogance,
The Devill, or a zealous Ignorance,
Suggests false warrants ; and allureth men
To dangerous adventures, now and then :
Yea, maketh some, from Gods commands to fall,
And take employments at the Devils call.*

*To judge thy Calling, then, learne this of me,
That, some Vocations ordinary be,
Some extraordinary. If thou take
An ordinary Calling, thou must make
The common entrance, which that pow'r doth give
Within whose Iurisdiction thou dost live :
Else (whatsoever cause thou dost pretend)
It is Intrusion : and thou shalt offend.*

*If thou conceivest thou some Calling hast
In Extraordinary ; see it past
By Gods allowance, from Gods holy Writ,
Before such time as thou accept of it.
And, then, beware that nothing force thee back,
Or, make thee in thine Office to be slacke.*

*In brieft; a Calling extraordinary,
To juſtifie it ſelfe, theſe Markes muſt carie;
And, if it faile of them, but in the leaſt,
Thy Conſcience is deluded in the reſt.*

Gods glory will be aymed at, in chiefe:
It will be grounded on a true beleefe:
It doth not Gods revealed will oppoſe:
No ſtep that erres from Charity it goes:
It ſeeketh not, what cannot be enjoy'd:
It makes no ordinary calling void:
Some cauſe not frequent muſt invite thereto:
And (to accompliſh what thou haſt to doe)
Some Gift, that's proper for it, muſt be given,
And then, thou haſt thy Calling ſeal'd from heaven.

*Approve thy ſelfe by theſe, and thou ſhalt ſee,
That, God, no doubt, hath truly called thee,
To this adventure. For, thy heart intends
His praiſe in this, above all other ends.
Thou doſt beleefe, that (whether live or dye)
Thy ſtay ſhall ſomewhat adde, to gloriſie
Thy bleſſed Maker; and that ſomething ſhall
To thine, and others profits, here, befall.
Thy Iudgement, to thy Conſcience nought diſcloſeth,
Wherein it Gods revealed Will oppoſeth:
It well agrees with Charity, and tryes
To compaſſe no impoſſibilities.
Nor hinders it, nor calls it thee from ought
Which is more neceſſary to be wrought.
A Cauſe not ordinary now requires
Thy preſence here; and, God himſelfe inſpires
Thy Beſt with Reſolutions that agree
To ſuch an action. Gifts, which none but he
Can give, he gives thee; ſuch, as are by Nature,
Not found in any ſubcœleſtiall Creature,*

But

*But, meerly of his Grace: and, such, as none
Can counterfeit, by all that may be done.*

*And, whence are all these Musings here exprest?
Whence come these combatings within thy brest
Twixt Me and Reason? who is it that makes
Thy heart so fearlesse, now such horror shakes
The soules of others? what embolden can
The frightfull spirit of a naturall man,
In such apparant dangers to abide?
And yet, his Reason nothing from him hide,
That seemeth to be dreadfull; neither leave him
Such Aymes, or such like Passions to deceive him,
As harden others? Who, but he, that giveth
Each perfit Gift; these Gifts to thee deriveth?
And sure he nought bestowes, but therewithall
He sends occasions that employ it shall.*

*Few Officers shall want a doubtfulnesse
That they their places doubtfully possesse,
If this be doubtfull; whether God (or no)
Hath called thee to what I bid thee doe.
For, outward Callings, most men doe, or may
Intrude upon, by some sinister way:
By Symony, by Bribery, by Spoiles,
By open Violence, or secret Wiles.
And therefore (though the Seales of Kings they gaine
To strengthen what unduly they obtaine)
Some doubting of their Callings may be had
To God ward, though such doubts be rarely made.*

*But, for thy Calling thou Commiffion hast
So firme; and it so many Seales hath past,
That nothing should induce thee to suspect
Thy Warrant, or distrust a good effect.*

*God, from thy Cradle, seemes to have ordain'd thee
To such a purpose: for, he yearly train'd thee*

I 4

Through

*Through sev'rall cares, and perils, so inure
Thy heart, to what he meant thou shouldst endure :
Else why shouldst thou (whose actions honest were
To Man ward, though to God ward foule they are)
Be more for that afflicted, which doth seeme
(To some) a worke deserving good esteeme,
Then are a multitude in these our times,
Convicted of the most notorious crimes ?*

*Why, at thy very birth, did he infuse
Thy Soule with naturall helpes to forme thy Muse,
Which is a Faculty not lent to many,
Nor by meere Art attained to, of any ?
To thee, why gave he Knowledge, such a way
As others lose it by ? And why I pray
Did he bestow upon thee so much Fame
For those few childish lines that thou didst frame
In thy minority ? Why did he then
(Then scarce a man) enroule thy Name with men ?
And make thee to be prais'd and priz'd before
Those men whose Yeares, and Sciences are more ?
What was there in thy Poems ? what in thee,
That seem'd not worthy of contempt to be,
Much more then of applause ? And what hast thou
From scorne to save thee, but Gods mercy now ?*

*Beleeve it, he divulgeth not thy Name
For thine owne honor : But to make the same
A meanes of spreading his. From perills past
He sav'd not thee, for any worth thou hast,
But, to declare his Mercies. At this season,
He moves this plea betwixt thy Faith and Reason,
Not to be passed over, as in vaine ;
But, in thy Brest true courage to maintaine.
Thy Muse he gave thee, not to exercise
Her pow'r in base and fruitlesse vanities,*

Or

*Or to be silenc'd: but, to magnifie
The wondrous workings of his Majesty.*

*And, as the seales of Kings authorize those
To whom they doe their Offices dispose,
So, these are Signes which force enough doe cary
To seale this calling extraordinary:*

*And, they who sleight the same will in some measure
Incur the King of heavens high displeasure.*

*More might be said (hereof to make a prooffe)
But, more to say, were more then is enough.
Of this, no further, therefore, & le dispute;
But, bid thee stay, thy Place to execute.*

When *FAITH* had made this *pleading* in my brest
My *REASON* was perwaded to protest
Her full assent, to what she first gainsaid,
Which, that it might be constantly obey'd,
My *Conscience*, in her *Court*, did soone decree;
And, all my thoughts were then at peace in me.

From that time forward, neither Friend, nor Foe,
Could startle me in what I meant to doe.
No vaine desires within me did controule
My purpose: no distrusts did fright my soule:
Nor seemed it, so dangerous, to stay,
As (knowing what I knew) to flye away.

For, though these *Arguments*, and such as these,
Can never fit in all mens *Consciences*,
The just *Meridian* (seeing, variations
In manifold respects, make alterations)
Yet, mine they futed with; and may, and shall
Be some way usefull, to my *Readers* all.
I wisht it so: For, I was then inspired
With love to all; and all mens weale desired.
Me thought, I pitied those, who should not see
What God within this place did shew to me:

And should have grieved to have beene constrained,
 Within the City, not to have remained.
 For by my selfe, when I to censure brought
 My present Lott; it pleas'd me: and, me thought,
 That, God vouchsafed to employ me so,
 And furnish me for what I was to doe,
 With such a healthfull body, and a minde
 To act his will so readily enclin'd;
 It seem'd more comfort, and more honour far,
 Then if a Monarkes *Favorite* I were,
 Or might for temporall respects become
 The noblest person of all *Christendome*.
 And, if I shall not still this minde embrace,
 A dog halfe hanged is in better case.
 For, when that favour I doe value lesse,
 I shall grow senselesse of all happinesse.

Oh! God, how great a blessing, then, didst thou
 Confer upon me? And what Grace allow!
 Oh! what am I, and what my parentage?
 That Thou of all the Children of this Age
 Didst chuse out me, so highly to prefer,
 As of thy *Acts*, to be a *Register*?
 And give me Fortitude and Resolution,
 To stay, and view thy *Judgements* execution?
 That, I should live to see thy *Angell* here,
 Ev'n in his greatest dreadfulnessse appeare?
 That, when a thousand fell before my face,
 And at my right hand (in as little space)
 Ten thousand more, I should be still protected
 From that contagious blast, which them infected!
 That, when of Arrowes thou didst shoot a flight
 So thick by day, and such a storme by night
 Of pois'ned shafts; I, then, should walke among
 The sharpest of them; and yet passe along
 Unharm'd?

Vnharm'd? And that I should behold the path
Which thou dost pace in thy hot burning wrath,
(Yet not consume to Ashes) what a wonder
To me it seemes, when thereupon I ponder!

How great a grace it was, whose tongue can say,
That I who am but breathing dust and clay,
Should waking (and in all my senses, well)
Walke downe the Grave almost as low as hell,
Yet come againe unscarred? and have leave
To live and tell what there I did perceive!
Yea come (as from the dead) againe to shew
The faithlesse world what terrors are below!
(And justifie, that though a man me sent
Ev'n from the Grave to move men to repent,
No Faith would in those hearers be begot,
Who *Moses* and the *Prophets* credit not.)

How great a *Mercy* was it, that when I
Was thought in dangers, and in griefes to lye,
That, for my *Shepherd* I had thee my God?
And in the path of best contentments trod?
That I, on sweetest *Pleasures* banqueted,
When other men did eate *Afflictions bread*?
That, I had perfect joyes ev'n in my teares?
Assured safety in my greatest feares?
A thousand comforts, whereof, they who lived
In better-seeming states, were quite deprived?
And much content, which they will never know,
Who keep those paths in which the Vulgar go.

What matchlesse benefits were these! & whence
Canst thou, that gav'st them, have thy recompence,
But from thy selfe? Or who but thou alone
Can give me heart enough to thinke upon
These Graces as I ought? Oh! therefore, daine
To make my brest sufficient to containe

That

That measure of due thankfulness, which may
Accepted be, for what I cannot pay.
And, suffer not my frailties, or my sin
To hide againe, what thou dost now begin
To make me see ; but grant to me thy grace,
For ever, to behold thy cheerfull face.

Nor *Oile*, nor *Corne*, nor *Wine* can glad me so :
Nor shall their brutish lovers ever know
What joyes within my brest begotten be,
When thy pleas'd countenance doth shine on me.
Let those who of great Kings affections boast,
(And for their favours are engaged most)
Those who possesse (their starveling soules to please)
Sweet Gardens, Groves, and curious Palaces,
Rich Jewels, large Revenues, princely Stiles,
The flatteries of Lords, and female smiles,
The pleasures of the Chamber, and the Fields,
All those which dainty fare, or Musique yeelds,
The City or the Court ; and all that stuffe
Of which their hearts can never have enough :
Let these, and those who their desires approve,
With such enticing *Objects* fall in love :
Let them pursue their fancies, till they finde
What sorrowes and disgraces come behinde :
And let them surfeit on them, till they see
By tride experience, what their fruit will be.
I never shall envy their happinesse ;
Nor covet their high fortunes to possesse,
If thou preserve me still in thy protection,
And cheere my spirit by thine eyes reflection.
For then I shall not feare the scornes of such :
My cares, or wants shall never grieve me much :
I shall not need to crouch and sue to them,
Who thee, and me, and vertue shall contemne.

I

I shall nor shrink nor startle, when I heare
Those evill tidings, which men daily feare.
Nor leave my standing, though that in the roome
Of this great *Pestilence*, a *Warre* should come.
Or (which were worfe) another *Fiery triall*,
To force us, of thy *Truth* to make deniall.
And, in these fearfull times, no temporall blisse
Would seeme a greater priviledge then this,
To those, who now with trembling soules, expect
What our proceedings will at last effect.
Yea, they, perhaps, who now are stupif'd,
Will praise my lot, whē they their chance have try'd.

But (though ev'n all men living should despise
The comfort of it) I the same will prize.
I praise thee for it, LORD, and here employ
That I may praise thee for it, evermore :
That these expressions of thy love to me,
May helpfull also to thy praises be
In other men : And (if it may be so)
In other times, and other places too :
And, that the shewing how I did compose
The *warre* which twixt my *Faith* and *Reason* rose,
May teach some others how they should debate
Such doubts within themselves ; and arbitrate
(Within their *Court of Conscience*) what is fit
To be concluded, and so practise it.
For, why so largely, I have this exprest,
That, was not, of my purposes, the least.

I beg moreover, that I may pursue
To utter that which I have yet to shew.
And, that nor Sloth, nor Want, nor any Let,
May to these *Poemes* their last period set,
Till I have made my *Readers* to conceive,
That this was undertaken by thy leave :

And

And, that my *Censurers* may come to say,
 There was an usefull purpose in my stay :
 Or, shew me what they did ; or, what I might
 Have done to better uses in my flight.

I lastly, crave (which is, I trust, begun)
 That, I the way of thy Commands may run,
 The remnant of my *Talent*, and my dayes,
 Employing in good actions, to thy praise :
 That, I, for ever, may those paths refuse
 Which may unhallow, or pervert my *Muse* :
 And that, when this is done, I may not fall
 Through *Pride* or *Sloth* ; as if this act were all :
 But, humbly strive such other workes to doe,
 As thou requir'st, and I was borne unto.
 Yea furnish me with ev'ry thing by which
 I best may serve thee, and I shall be rich.

This beg I, LORD ; and nothing else I crave,
 For, more then that, were lesse then nought to have :
 I beg of thee, nor Fame, nor mortall praise,
 Nor carnall pleasures, nor yet length of dayes,
 Nor honors, nor vaine wealth, but, just what may
 The Charges of my Pilgrimage defray.

Oh grant me this ; and heare me when I call :
 For, if thou stand not by me, I shall fall.

The fourth *Canto*.

*Our Muse, in this fourth Canto, writes
 Of melancholy thoughts, and sighs :
 What changes were in every place ;
 What Ruines in a little space :
 How Trades, and how provisions fail'd ;
 How Sorrow thriv'd ; how Death prevail'd ;
 And, how in triumph he did ride,*

With

With all his horrors, by his side.

To L O N D O N, then, she doth declare

How futing her afflictions were

To former finnes : what good and bad

Effects, this Plague produced had :

What friendly Champions, and what Foes

For us did fight, or us oppose :

And, how the greatest Plague of all

On poore Artificers, did fall.

Then, from the Fields, new grieve she takes,

And, usefull Meditations makes :

Relates, how slowly Vengeance came,

How, God forewarn'd us of the same :

What other Plagues to this were joyned :

And, here and there are interlined

Vpbraidings, warnings, exhortations,

And, pertinent expostulations.

When *Conscience* had allowed my *Commission*
 For staying, & declar'd on what condition ;
 I did not onely feele my heart consent
 To entertaine it, with a full content,
 But also, found my selfe prepared so
 To execute the worke I had to do,
 That without paine (me thought) I was employ'd,
 And all my *Passions* to good use enjoy'd.

For, though God freed my foule from slavish feare,
 Yet, so much awe he still preserved there,
 As kept within my heart some naturall sense
 Of his displeasure, and of penitence.
 He gave me *Joyes*, yet left some *Griefe* withall,
 Left I into security might fall ;
 Or, lose the fellow-feeling of that paine,
 Whereof, I heard my neighbours to complaine.

He

He lent me *health* : yet, ev'ry day some twitches
 Of pangs unusuall ; many qualmes, and stiches
 Of short continuance, my poore heart affailed,
 That I might heed the more what others ayld.
 He kept me hopefull : and yet, now and then,
 His rods (wherewith, in love, he scourgeth men)
 Did make me smart ; lest else I might assume
 The liberty of *Wantons*, and prefume.
 My ordinary meanes was made their prey,
 Who seeke my spoile, and lately tooke away.
 Yet, me with plenties, daily he did feed,
 And I did nothing want, which I could need.
 Which God vouchsafed to assure to me,
 That when unusuall workes required be ;
 He will (e're we shall want what's necessary)
 Supply us by a meanes, not ordinary.

By many other signes, unmention'd here,
 Gods love, and providence, did so appeare,
 And so me thought ingage me, to remove
 What ever to his work a let might prove ;
 That (so farre forth as my fraile nature could
 Admit, and things convenient suffer would)
 My owne *Affaires* aside, a while I threw,
 And bent my selfe, with heedfulnesse, to view
 What, worth my notice, in this *Plague* I saw,
 Or, what good uses I from thence might draw.

But, farre I needed not to pace about,
 Nor long enquire to finde such *Objects* out.
 For, ev'ry place with sorrowes then abounded,
 And ev'ry way the cryes of *Mourning* sounded.
 Yea, day by day, successively till night,
 And from the evening till the morning light,
 Were *Scenes* of Griefe, with strange variety,
 Knit up, in one continuing *Tragedy*.

No

No sooner wak'd I, but twice twenty knels,
 And many fadly-sounding *passing-bells*,
 Did greet mine eare, and by their heavy towles,
 To me gave notice that some early foules
 Departed whilst I slept : That other some
 Were drawing onward to their longest home ;
 And, seemingly, presag'd, that many a one
 Should bid the world *good-night*, e're it were *noon*.

One while the mournfull *Tenor*, in her tones
 Did yeeld a sound as if in deepe fet grones,
 She did bewaile the sorrow which attends
 The separation of those loving friends,
 The Soule and Body. Other while, agen,
 Me thought, it call'd on me, and other men
 To pray, that God would view them with compassiō,
 And give them comfortable separation.
 (For, we should with a fellow-feeling, share
 In ev'ry sorrow, which our brethren beare)
 Sometime my Fancy tuned so the Bell,
 As if her *Towlings* did the story tell
 Of my mortality, and call me from
 This life, by oft, and loudly founding, *Come*.

So long the solitary nights did last
 That I had leasure my accounts to cast ;
 And think upon, and over-think those things,
 Which darknesse, lonelinessse, and sorrow brings
 To their consideration, who doe know,
 From whence they came, and whither they must go.

My Chamber entertain'd me all alone,
 And in the roomes adjoyning lodged none.
 Yet, through the darksome silent night did flye
 Sometime an uncouth noise ; sometime a cry,
 And sometime mournfull callings pierc'd my roome,
 Which came, I neither knew from whence, nor whom.

And

And, oft betwixt awaking and asleepe,
 Their voices who did talke, or pray, or weepe,
 Vnto my listning eares a passage found,
 And troubled me, by their uncertaine sound.
 For, though the sounds themselves no terror were,
 Nor came from anything that I could feare ;
 Yet, they bred *Musings* ; and those musings bred
Conjecturings, in my halfe sleeping head :
 By their Conjectures into minde were brought
 Some reall things, before quite out of thought ;
 They, divers Fancies to my soule did shew,
 Which me still further, and still further drew
 To follow them ; till they did thoughts procure
 Which humane frailty cannot long endure :
 Ev'n such, as when I fully was awake,
 Did make my heart to tremble, and to ake.
 And, when such frailties have disheartned men,
 Oh ! God, how busie is the Devill then ?

I know in part his malice, and the wayes
 And times, and those occasions which he layes
 To worke upon our weaknesse ; and there is
 Scarce any which doth shew him like to this.
 I partly also know by what degrees
 He worketh it ; how he doth gaine or leese
 His labours ; and some sense I have procur'd,
 What pangs are by the soule that while endur'd.

For, though my God, in mercy, hath indu'd
 My Soule with Knowledge, and with Fortitude
 In such a measure, that I doe not feare
 (Distractedly) those tortures which appeare
 In solitary darknesse : yet, some part
 Of this, and of all frailties in my heart
 Continues he ; that so I might confesse
 His mercies with continuall thankfulnessse,

And

And, somewhat (evermore) about me beare,
Which unto me my frailties may declare.
Yea (though without distemper, now it be)
So much of those grim feares are shewed me,
Which terrifi'd my childhood, and which make
The hearts of aged men, sometimes to quake ;
That I am sensible of their estate ;
And can their case the more compassionate,
Who on their beds of death doe pained lye,
Exil'd from comfort, and from company,
When dreadfull *Fancies* doe their soules afright,
Begotten by the melancholy night.

Glad was I, when I saw the Sun appeare,
(And with his Rayes to blesse our Hemisphere)
That from the tumbled bed I might arise,
And with more lightsomnesse refresh mine eyes :
Or with some good companions, read, or pray,
'To passe, the better, my sad thoughts away :
For, though such thoughts oft usefull are, and good ;
Yet, knowing well, I was but flesh and blood,
I also knew mans naturall condition
Must have in joyes, and griefes, an intermission,
Left too much joy should fill the heart with folly,
Or, too much grieve breed dangerous melancholy.

But, when the Morning came, it little shewed,
Save light, to see discomfortings renewed :
For, if I staid within, I heard relations
Of nought but dying pangs, and lamentations.
If in the Streets I did my footing set,
With many sad disasters there I met.
And, objects of mortality and feare,
I saw in great abundance ev'ry where.

Here, one man stagger'd by, with visage pale :
There, lean'd another, grunting on a stall.

A

A third, halfe dead, lay gasping for his grave ;
 A fourth did out at window call, and rave ;
 Yonn came the *Bearers*, sweating from the *Pit*,
 To fetch more bodies to replenish it.
 A little further off, one sits, and shoves
 The *spots*, which he *Deaths tokens* doth suppose,
 (E're such they be) and, makes them so indeed ;
 Which had been *signes of health*, by taking heed.
 For, those *round-purple-spots*, which most have thought
Deaths fatall tokens (where they forth are brought,
 May prove *Life tokens*, if that ought be done,
 To helpe the worke, which *Nature* hath begun.
 Whereas, that feare, which their opinion brings
 Who threaten *Death* ; the want of cordiall things
 (To helpe remove that poison from the heart,
 Which *Nature* hath expelled thence in part)
 And then, the *Sickmans* liberty of having
 Cold drinks, and what his appetite is craving,
 Brings backe againe those humours pestilent,
 Which by the vitall pow'rs had forth beene sent.
 So by recharging him that was before
 Nigh spent, the fainting Combatant gives o're :
 And he that cheerfully did raise his head,
 Is often, in a moment, stricken dead.
Feare also helps it forward. Yea, the terror
 Occasion'd, by their fond and common error,
 Who tell the *sicke*, that markt for Death they be,
 (When those *blew spots* upon their flesh they see)
 Ev'n that hath murthred thousands, who might here
 Have lived, else, among us, many a yeare.
 For, if the *Surgeons*, or the *Searchers*, know
 Those *markes*, which for the markes of death do goe,
 From *common-spots*, or *purples*, (which we must
 Confesse, or else all kinde of spots distrust)

Then

Then, such as we *Death-tokens* call were seene
On some, that have long since recover'd beene.

Before I learned this, I fixt mine eyes
On many a private mans calamities,
And saw the Streets (wherein a while agoe
We scarce could passe, the people fill'd them so)
Appeare nigh desolate ; yea, quite forlorne
And for their wonted visitants to mourne.

Much peopled *Westminster*, where late, I saw,
So many rev'rend *Judges* of the Law,
With Clients, and with Suitors hemmed round :
Where *Courts* and *Palaces* did so abound
With bus'nesses : and, where, together met
Our *Thrones of Justice*, and our *Mercy-seat* ;
That place, was then frequented, as you see
Some *Villages* on *Holy-dayes* will be
When halfe the Towneship, and the hamlets nigh
Are met to revell, at some Parish, by.
Perhaps, the wronging of the Orphans cause,
Denying, or perverting of the Lawes
There practised, did set this *Plague* abreeding,
And sent the *Terme* from *Westminster* to *Reading*.
Her goodly *Church* and *Chappell*, did appeare
Like some poore *Minster* which hath twice a yeare
Foure visitants : And, her great *Hall*, wherein
So great a *Randevow* had lately bin,
Did look like those old *Structures*, where long since
Men say, King *Arthur* kept his residence.
The *Parliament* had left her, to goe see
If they could learne at *Oxford* to agree ;
Or if that ayre were better for the health
And safety of our English *Common-wealth*.
But there, some did so counsell, and so urge
The Body politike to take a purge,

To

'To purifie the parts that seemed foule :
 Some others did that motion so controule,
 And plead so much for Cordialls, and for that
 Which strengthen might the sinnewes of the *State*,
 That all the time, the labour, and the cost,
 Which had bestowed beene, was wholly lost.
 And, here, the empty House of *Parliament*
 Did looke as if it had beene discontent,
 Or griev'd (me thought) that *Oxford* should not be
 More prosperous, yet ; nor could I any fee
 Refort to comfort her : But, there did I
 Behold two *Traytors* heads, which perching high,
 Did shew their *teeth*, as if they had been grinning
 At those Afflictions which are now beginning,
 Yea, their wide *eye-holes*, star'd, me thought, as tho
 They lookt to see that *House* now overthrow
 Itselfe, which they with Powder up had blowne,
 Had God, their snares, and them, not overthrowne.
White Hall, where not three months before, I spi'd
 Great *Britaine* in the height of all her pride,
 And, *France* with her contending, which could most
 Outbrave old *Rome* and *Persia*, in their cost
 On *Robes* and *Feasts* : Ev'n that lay solitary,
 As doth a quite-forfaken *Monastery*
 In some lone Forrest ; and we could not passe
 To many places, but through weeds and grasse.
 Perhaps, the finnes, of late, committed there,
 Occasions of such defolation were.
 Pray God, there be not others, in the *State*,
 That will make all, at last, be desolate.
 The *Strand*, that goodly thorow-fare betweene
 The *Court* and *City* (and where I have seene
 Well nigh a million passing in one day)
 Is now, almost, an unfrequented way :

And

And peradventure, for those impudencies,
 Those riots, and those other foule offences,
 Which in that place were frequent, when it had
 So great resort ; it is now justly made
 To stand unvisited. God grant it may
 Repent ; lest longer, and another way
 It stand unpeopled, or some others use
 Those blessings, which the owners now abuse.

The *City-houses* of our English *Peeres*,
 Now smoakt as seldome, as in other yeares
 Their *Country-palaces* : and, they perchance
 Much better know then doth my ignorance,
 Why so it came to passe. But, with I shall
 That they their wayes to minde would better call ;
 Left both their Country, and their City-piles,
 Be smoaking seene, and burning, many miles.

The *Innes of Court* I entred ; and I saw
 Each Roome so desolate, as if the *Law*
 Had out-law'd all her *Students* ; or that there
 Some fear'd arrestings, where no *Sergeants* were.
 Most dreame that this great fright was thither sent
 Not purposely, but came by accident ;
 And so, but little use is taken from
 Gods *Judgements*, to amend the times to come.
 Yet, I dare say, it was a warning given
 Ev'n by appointment : and decreed in heaven :
 To signifie, that if our *Lawyers* will
 In their abusive wayes continue still,
 The cause of their profession quite forgetting,
 And to their practices no limits setting,
 Till they (as heretofore the Clergy were)
 Are more in number then the *Land* can beare.
 Their goodly *Palaces* shall spew them forth,
 As excrements that have nor use nor worth ;

And

And, be disposed of, as now they see,
The *Priories*, and *Monasteries* be.

It griev'd me to behold this wofull change,
And places so well knowne, appeare so strange.
But, oh poore *LONDON!* when I lookt on thee,
Remembring therewithall, thy jollity
Erewhile ; and how soone after I did meet
With griefe and sad complaints in ev'ry street.
When I did minde how throng'd thy Gates have bin
And then perceiv'd so few past out or in.
When I consider'd that abundant store
Of wealth, which thou discover'dst heretofore :
And, looking on thy many empty *stalls*,
Beheld thy *shops* fet up their wooden-walls :
Me thought, thou shouldst not be that *London*, which
Appear'd of late so populous, and rich ;
But, some large *Burrough* ; either falling from
Her height ; or, not unto her greatnesse come.

If to thy *Port* I walkt ; it mov'd remorse,
To see how greatly, Trade and Intercourse
Decayed there ; and what depopulations,
Were made in thy late peopled habitations.

Thy *Royall Change*, which was the Randevow
Wherein all Nations met, the whole world through,
Within whose princely walls we heard the sound
Of ev'ry Language spoke on Earths vast *Round* ;
And where we could have known what had bin done
In ev'ry forraine *Coast* below the Sun :
That *Place*, the City-Merchant, and the Stranger
Avoyled as a place of certaine danger :
And feared (as it seemes) they might have had
Some bargain ther, that would have spoild their trade

Thy large *Cathedrall*, whose decaying frame
Thou leavest unrepaired to thy shame,

Had

Had scarce a *Walker* in her *middle Ile*;
 And, ev'ry Marble of that ancient *Pile*,
 Did often drop, and seeme to shed forth teares,
 For thy late ruine though thou sleightest hers.

The time hath been, that once a day, from thence,
 We could have had a large intelligence
 Of most occurrences, that publique were.
 Yea, many times we had relations there,
 Of things, whose foolish actors never thought
 Their deeds to open scanning should be brought.
 There, heard we oft made publique by report,
 What *Secretes* were whisper'd in the *Court*.
 The *Closet-Counsels*, and the Chamber work,
 Which many thinke in privacy doth lurke.
 There heard we what those *Lords*, and *Ladies* were,
 Who met disguised, they know when, and where.
 There heard we what they did, and what they said;
 And many foolish plots were there bewraid:
 There, heard we reasons, why such men were made
 Great *Lords* and *Knights*, who no deserving had,
 In common view: and how great *Princes* eyes
 Are dazled and abus'd with fallacies.
 There heard we for what *Gifts*, most *Doctors* rise,
 And gaine the *Churches* highest dignities.
 The truest causes also there were knowne,
 Why men advanced are, or pulled downe.
 Why *Officers* are changed, or displaced;
 Why some confined are, and some disgraced;
 And what among the wise, those men doe seeme,
 That are great *Statesmen*, in their owne esteeme.
 There we have heard, what *Princes* have intended,
 When they to doe some other thing pretended.
 What *Policies*, and *Projects*, men pursue,
 With publique aymes, and with a pious shew.

K

Why

Why from the *Counsell* one is turned out ;
 What makes another counterfeit the gout,
 And many other mysteries beside,
 Which hardly can the mentioning abide.

But those *Athenian* Merchantmen were gone,
 Who made exchange of Newes ; and few or none
 To heare or make reports remained there.
 Yea they who scarce a day (as if they were
 Of *Pauls* the walking *Statues*) staid from thence
 Since *LONDON* felt the last great *Pestilence*,
 Ev'n they were gone ; and those void *Iles* did look
 As if some *properties* had them forlooke.

Our *Theaters*, our *Tavernes*, *Tennis-courts*,
 And Gaming-houses whither great resorts
 Were wont to come ; then, feldome were frequented :
 Not that such vanities we much repented ;
 But, lest those places, which had follies taught us,
 Might some reward, unlooked for, have brought us.
 Where we with *Pestilences* of the soule
 Each other had polluted and made soule,
 Our bodies were infected ; and our breaths,
 VVhich had endanger'd our eternall deaths,
 (In former times) by uttring heresies,
 By scandals, and by basest flatteries,
 Or wanton speeches ; purifide the Ayre,
 The blood ev'n at the fountaine did impaire,
 To coole our lust : And they that were the blisses
 Of some mens lives, did poison them with kisses.

The Markets which a while before did yeeld
 What ayre, seas, rivers, garden, wood, or field,
 To furnish them afforded ; now had nought,
 But what some few in secret thither brought.
 For (as aforefaid) it was ordred so,
 That none should with provisions, come or goe.

So

So, like a Towne beleaguer'd thou didst fare,
 In some respects : And, but that God had care
 By making others feele necessities
 Which forced them to minister supplies ;
 Thou hadst beene famisht, or beene faine to bring
 Provisions in by way of forraging :
 And then their foolishnesse, had brought upon
 Those men, two mischiefes, who did feare but one.

Hereafter therefore, practise well to use
 Those plenties thou didst heretofore abuse ;
 Left God, againe bereave thee of thy store,
 And never so enlarge his bounty more.
 For, to correct thy *Surfets*, and *Excesse*,
 Thy sleighting of the poore, thy thanklesnesse,
 And such like sinnes ; God worthily restrained
 Those plenties which thy pride and lust maintained.

Thy dwellings, from whose windowes I have seen
 A thousand Ladies, that might Queenes have beene
 For bravery, and beauty : And, some far
 More faire then they that fam'd in *Legends* are.
 Those stood unpeopled, as those houses doe
 Which *Sprights*, and Fairies doe resort unto.
 None to their closed wickets made repaire ;
 Their empty gasements gaped wide for ayre ;
 And where once foot clothes and Caroches were
 Attending ; now stood *Coffins*, and a *Biere*.
 Yea Coffins oftener past by ev'ry doore,
 Then Coaches, and Caroches, heretofore.

To see a country Lady, or a Knight
 Among us then, had beene as rare a sight
 As was that *Elephant* which came from Spaine,
 Or some great Monster spewd out of the *Maine*.
 If by mischance the people in the street,
 A *Courtier*, or a Gentleman did meet,

K 2

They

They with as much amazement him did view,
 As if they had beheld the wandring *Jew*.
 And, many, seeing me to keepe this place,
 Did looke as if they much bewaild my case,
 And halfe belee'vd that I was doomed hither,
 That (since close-prison, halfe a yeare together,
 Nor private wrongs, nor publique dif-respect,
 Could breake my heart, nor much the same deject)
 This *Plague* might kill me, which is come to whip
 Those faults which heretofore my pen did strip.

But here I walkt in safety to behold
 What changes, for instruction, see I could.
 And, as I wandred on, my eye did meet,
 Those halfe-built *Pageants* which, athwart the street,
 Did those triumphant Arches counterfeit,
 Which heretofore in ancient *Rome* were set,
 When their victorious *Generalls* had thither
 The spoile of mighty kingdomes brought together.
 The loyall Citizens (although they lost
 The glory of their well-intended cost)
 Erected those great Structures to renowne
 The new receiving of the Sov'raigne Crowne
 By hopefull *CHARLES* (*whose royall exaltation,*
Make thou oh! God, propitious to this Nation.)

But when those works, imperfect, I beheld,
 They did new causes of sad musings yeeld,
 Portending ruine. And, did seeme, me thought,
 In honor of Deaths trophees to be wrought;
 Much rather, then from purposes to spring
 Which aymed at the honor of a King.
 For, their unpolisht forme, did make them fit
 For direfull *Showes*: yea, *DEATH* on them did sit.
 His *Captives* passed under ev'ry *Arch*;
 Among them, as in *Triumph* he did march;
 Through

Through ev'ry Street, upon mens backs were borne
 His Conquests. His black Liveries were worne,
 In ev'ry House almost. His spoiles were brought
 To ev'ry Temple. Many Vaults were fraught
 With his new prizes. And his followers grew
 To such a multitude, that halfe our Eugh,
 And all our Cypresse trees, could hardly lend him
 A branch for ev'ry one who did attend him.

My fancy did present to me that houre
 A glimpse of *DEATH* ev'n in his greatest power.
 Me thought I saw him, in a Charret ride,
 With all his grim companions by his side.
 Such as *Oblivion*, and *Corruption* be.
 Not halfe a step before him, rode these three,
 (On monsters backt) *Paine*, *Horror*, and *Despaire* :
 Whose fury, had not *Faith*, and *Hope*, and *Pray'r*,
 Prevented, through Gods mercy none had ever
 Escap'd Destruction by their best endeavour.
 For, next to *Death*, came *Judgement* : after whom,
Hell with devouring Iawes, did gaping come,
 To swallow all : But, she at *One* did snap,
 Who now, for many, hath made way to scape.
Death's Cart, with many chaines, & ropes, & strings,
 And, by a multitude of severall things,
 As *Pleasures*, *Passions*, *Cares*, and such as they,
 Vvas drawne along upon a beaten way,
 New gravell'd with old bones : and *Sin* did seeme
 To be the formost *Beast* of all the *Teeme* :
 And, *Sicknesse* to be that which haled next
 The *Charret wheele* ; for none I saw betwixt,
Time led the way ; and, *Iustice* did appeare,
 To sit before and play the *Charioteer*.
 For since our *Sin* to pull on *Death* begun,
 The whip of *Iustice* makes the Charret run.

K 3

There

There was of Trumpets, and of Drums the sound ;
 But in loud cries, and roarings it was drown'd.
 Sad *Elegies*, and songs of *Lamentation*
 Were howled out ; but, moved no compassion.
 Skulls, Coffins, Spades, and Mattocks placed were
 About the Charret. Crawling *Wormes* were there
 And whatsoever else might signifie
Deaths nature, and weak mans mortalitie.

Before the Charret, such a multitude
 Of ev'ry Nation in the world I view'd,
 That neither could my eye so farre perceive,
 As they were thronging ; nor my heart conceive
 Their countlesse number. For, all those that were
 Since *Abel* dy'd, he drove before him there.
 And, of those thousands, dying long agoe,
 Some here and there, among them, I did know,
 Whose Vertues them in death distinguished
 (In spight of *Death*) from others of the dead.
 I saw them stand, me thought, as you shall see
 High spreading *Oakes*, which in fel'd Copses be,
 O're top the shrubs ; and, where scarce two are found
 Of growth, within ten thousand rod of ground.

Of those who dy'd within the Age before
 This yeare, I scarce distinguished a score
 From Beasts, and Fowles, & Fishes. For, *Death* makes
 So little difference twixt the flesh he takes,
 That, into dust alike he turnes it all.
 And, if no vertue make distinction shall,
 Those men who did of much in lifetime boast,
 Shall dying, in the common heap be lost.

But, of those *Captives* which my fantasie
 Presented to my apprehensions eye
 To grace this *Monarkes* Triumph ; most I heeded
 Those troupes, which next before the *Carr* proceeded,
 Ev'n

Ev'n those which in the circuit of this yeare,
 The prey of *Death* within our Iland were :
 It was an *Army-royall*, which became
 A King, and loe, King *JAMES* did lead the fame.
 The Duke of *Richmond*, and his onely brother
 The Duke of *Lenox*, seconded each other.
 Next them in this attendance follow'd on
 That noble *Scot*, the Marquis *Hamilton*,
 Southampton, Suffolke, Oxford, Nottingham,
 And *Holderneffe*, their Earldomes leaving, came
 'To wait upon this Triumph. There I saw
 Some rev'rend *Bishops*, and some men of *Law*,
 As *Winchester*, and *Hubbard*, and I know not
 Who else ; for to their memories I owe not
 So much as here to name them : nor doe I
 Vpon me take to mention punctually
 Their order of departing, nor to sweare
 That all of these fell just within the yeare.
 For of the time if somewhat I doe misse,
 The matter sure not much materiall is.

Some Barons and some Viscounts, saw I too,
Zouch, *Bacon*, *Chichester*, and others moe,
 Whose Titles I forget. There follow'd then
 Some Officers of note ; some Aldermen ;
 Great store of Knights, and Burgesies, with whom
 A couple marcht, that had the *Sheriffedome*
 Of London that sad yeare : the one of which
 In Piety and Vertue dy'd so rich,
 (If his surviving fame may be beleev'd)
 That for his losse the City much hath grieved.
 To be an honor to him, here, therefore
 I fixe the name of *Crisp*, which name he bore :
 And I am hopefull it shall none offend,
 The Muses doe this right unto their friend.

K 4

Some

Some others also of great state and place,
 To me nor knowne by office, name, nor face,
 Made up the concourse. But, the common Rabble
 To number or distinguish, none was able.
 For, rich and poore, men, women, old and yong,
 So fast and so confusedly did throng ;
 By strokes of *Death*, so markt, so gastly wounded,
 So thrust together, and so much confounded
 Among that glut of people, which from hence
 Were sent among them, by the *Pestilence*,
 That possible it was not, to descry
 Or who or what they were who passed by.
 Yet, now and then, me thought, I had the view
 Of some who much resembled those I knew.
 And, faine I would the favour have procured
 To keepe their Names from being quite obscured
 Among the multitude. But, they were gone
 Before the meanes could well be thought upon.
 And passe they must for aye, unknowne of me :
 For, this was but a waking Dreame, I see.

These *Fancies*, Melancholy often bred :
 Yea, many such like *Pageants* in my head
 My working apprehension did beget,
 According to those objects which I met.
 Some, full of comfort, able to relieve
 The heart whom dreadfull thoughts did over-grieve.
 Some full of horror ; such as they have had
 (If I mistake not) that grow desprate mad.
 Some, like to their illusions, who in stead
 Of being humbled in this place of dread,
 Are puffed up by their deliverance :
 And being full of dangerous arrogance,
 Abuse their soules, with vaine imaginations,
 Ill-grounded hopes, suggested revelations,

And

And such like toyes, which in their hearts arise
From their owne Pride, and Sathans fallacies.

Some, such as those I had ; and other some,
Which cannot be by words exprest from
My troubled heart. And, if I had not got
Gods hand, to help untie their *Gordian-knot* ;
His presence, my bold reas'nings to controule ;
To curb my passion ; to informe my soule ;
My faith to strengthen ; doubtings to abate ;
And so to comfort, and to arbitrate,
That I might see I was of him beloved,
(Though me with many secret feares he proved)
Sure, in my selfe some *Hell* I had invented,
Wher endless thoughts, & doubts, had me tormented.

But, God those depths hath show'd me, that I might
See what we cary in ourselves to fright
Our selves withall. And what a hell of feare
Is in our very soules, till he be there.
Ev'n when I had the brightnesse of the day,
To chase my meloncholy thoughts away,
I was to musings troublesome disposed,
As well as when the darknesse me enclosed ;
That, by experiments, which reall are,
Those horrors which to others oft appeare
(And are not demonstrable) might in part
Be felt in me, to mollifie my heart ;
To stir up hearty thankfulnessse ; and make
My soule, in him the greater pleasure take. (me,
For frō those prospects, & those thoughts that grieve
I, those extractions make that much releeve me.
And when my inward combatings are past,
It giveth to my joyes the sweeter tast.

But leaving this, I will againe returne
To that for which the people soonest mourne.

K 5

I

I lookt along the Streets of chiefeſt trade ;
 And, there, perpetuall *Holiday* they made.
 They that one day in ſev'n could not forbear
 From trading ; had not one in halfe a yeare.
 And, all which ſome had from their childhood got,
 The charges of their flight defrayed not.
 To make the greedy *Cormorant* regard
 The *Sabbath* more, and of ill gaineſ aſſear'd.

Falſe wares, falſe oathes, falſe meaſures, and falſe
 Falſe promiſes, and falſified lights, (weights,
 Were puniſht with falſe hopes, falſe joyes, falſe fears,
 Falſe ſervants, and falſe friends, to them and theirs.
 They who of late their neighbours did contemne,
 Had not a neighbour left to comfort them,
 When neighbourhood was needfull. Such as were
Self-lovers, by themſelves remained here ;
 And wanted thoſe contentments, which ariſe,
 From Chriſtian *Love*, and mutuall Amities.
 Moſt *Trades* were tradefaln, & few Merchāts thriv'd,
 Save thoſe men, who by *Death* and *Sickneſſe*, liv'd.
 The *Sextons*, *Searchers*, they that *Corſes* carie,
 The *Herb-wife*, *Druggiſt*, and *Apothecarie*,
Phyiſitians, *Surgeons*, *Nurſes*, *Coffin-makers*,
 Bold *Mountebanckes*, and ſhameleſſe undertakers,
 To cure the *Peſt* in all ; theſe, rich become :
 And what we pray to be delivered from
 Was their advantage. Yea, the worſt of theſe
 Grew ſtout, and fat, and proud by this diſeaſe.

Some, vented reſuſe wares, at three times more,
 Than what is beſt, was prized at before.
 Some ſet upon their labours ſuch high rates,
 As paſſed Reaſon : ſo, they whoſe eſtates
 Did faile of reaching to a price ſo high,
 Were faine to periſh without remedy.

Some

Some, wolvisly, did prey upon the quick,
Some, theevishly, purloyned from the sick.
Some robb'd the dead of sheets, some, of a grave,
That there another guest may lodging have :
Yea, Custome had so hardned most of them,
That they Gods Iudgements wholly did contemne.
They, so hard-hearted, and so stupid grew,
So dreadlesly their course they did pursue,
Yea so they flouted, and such jests did make
At that, for which each Christian heart did ake,
That greater were the Plague their mind to have,
Then of the *Pestilence* to lye and rave.

Now muse I not at what *Thucydides*
Reporteth of such wicked men as these,
When *Athens* was depopulated nigh
By such a Pestilence. Nor wonder I,
That when the *Plague* did this time sixty yeare
Oppresse the Towne of *Lyons*, that some there
Were said to ravish women, ev'n when death
Was drawing from them their last gaspe of breath.
And when infectious Blaines on them they saw,
Which might have kept their lustfull flesh in awe.
For man once hardned in impenitence,
Is left unto a reprobated sense.

Till God shall sanctifie it, weale, nor woe,
Can make us feare him as we ought to doe.
His love made wanton *Isra'el* spurne at him ;
His plagues made *Phar'oh*, his sharpest rod contemn :
And as the Sun from dunghils, and from sinks,
Produceth nothing but ranck weeds, and stinks ;
Yet makes a Garden of well-tilled ground,
With wholesome fruits, and fragrant flowres abound :
Or, as in bruising, one thing senteth well,
Another yeelds a loathsome, stifling smell ;

So

So, *Plagues* and *Blessings*, their effects declare,
According as their sev'rall objects are.

Indeed, my young experience never saw,
So much security, and so much awe
Dwell both together in one place, as here
In this mortality, there did appeare.
I am perswaded, time and place was never
In which afflicted men did more endeavor
By teares, vowes, prayers and true penitence,
To pacifie Gods wrath for their offence.
Nor ever was it seene, I think, before,
That men in wickednesse presumed more.

Here you should meet a man with bleared eyes,
Bewailing our encreasing miseries ;
Another there, quite reeling drunk, or spewing,
And by renewed sins, our woes renewing.
There sate a *peece of shamelesnesse*, whose flaring
Attires and looks, did show a monstrous daring :
For, in the postures of true impudence,
She seem'd as if she woo'd the *Pestilence*.
Yonn talkt a couple, matter worth your hearing :
Hard by, were others, telling lyes, or swearing.
Some streets had *Churches* full of people, weeping :
Some others, *Tavernes* had, rude-revel keeping :
Within some houses *Psalmes* and *Hymnes* wer sung :
With raylings, and loud scouldings, others rung.
More *Charity*, did never, yet, appeare :
Nor more malicioufnesse, then we had here.
True piety was eminently knowne ;
Hypocrisie as evidently showne.
More avarice, more gapers for the wealth
Of such as dy'd ; no former times of health
Afforded us ; nor men of larger heart,
Things needfull for their brethren, to impart.

Their

Their masters goods, some servants lewdly spent,
In nightly feasting, foolish merriment,
And lewd uncleanness. Other some againe,
Did such an honest carefulnesse retaine,
That their endeavors had a good successe,
And, *Man* and *Master* met with joyfulness.

Yea, *Good* and *Evill*, penitence and sin
Did here so drive each other out and in ;
That in observing it, I saw, me thought,
In sight of Heav'n, a dreadfull *Combat* fought,
Concerning this whole *Land*, which yet lyes,
To be Gods purchase, or the devils prize.

Vice wounded *Vertue* ; *Vertue* oft compeld
The strongest *Vices* to forsake the field.
Distrust rais'd up a storme, to drive away
Sure-helpe, our ship, which at *Hopes* anchor lay ;
And brought supplies with ev'ry winde and tyde,
Whereby this Land was fed and fortifi'd.
The *Fort* of *Faith*, was plaid on by *Despaire* :
But then the gun-shot of *Continuall-Pray'r*
(Well aym'd at *Heav'n*) *Devotion* so did ply,
That, he dismounts the *Foes Artillery*.
The *Spirit* and the *Flesh* together strive,
And, oft each other into perill drive.
Presumption, huge high *Scaling ladders*, reared,
And then the taking of our *Fort* was feared.
But awfull *Reverence* did him oppose,
And with *Humilities* deepe *Trench* enclose
The *Platforme* of that Fortresse, from whose Towres
We fight with *Principalities*, and *Pow'rs*.

Suggestion lay *pur due* by *Contemplation*,
And sought to disadvantage *Meditation*.
The *Regiment* of *Prudence* was assailed,
By head-strong *Ignorance*, who much prevailed.

Where

Where *Temperance* was quarter'd, there I saw
Excesse and *Riot*, both together draw
 Their troupes against her : and, I some espy'd
 To yeeld, and overcome on either side.

The place that valiant *Fortitude* made good,
Faint-heartednesse (though out of sight he stood)
 Did cowardly oppose, and courtes take,
 Which otherwhile his Constancy did shake.
 For *Carnall-policy* her Engineer,
 Had closely suncke a *Mine*, which had gone neere
 To blow all up. But *Providence* divine
 Did soone prevent it by a *Counter-mine*.
 Yet *Morall-Iustice* (though a *Court of Guard*
 Was plac'd, and oft releev'd in her *Ward*)
 Had much adoe to make a strong defence
 Against her *Foes*. For, *Fraud*, and *Violence*,
Respect of persons, *Feare*, *Hate*, *Perjury*,
Faire-speaking, and corrupting *Bribery*,
 Did wound her much ; though she did often take
 Avengement ; and of some, examples make.

Some *Vices*, there, I saw themselves disguise
 Like *Vertues*, that their *Foes* they might surprize ;
 As doe the *Dunkirks*, when aboard to lay
 Our ships, an *English* flag they do display.
Pride went for *Comelineffe* : profuse *Excesse*,
 For *Hospitality* : base *Drunkenness*
 Was call'd *Good fellowship* : blunt *Rashness* came
 Attyr'd like *Valour* : *Sloth* had got the name
 Of *Quietness* : accursed *Avarice*,
 Was term'd *Good husbandry*. Meere *Cowardice*
 Appear'd like prudent *Waringness*, and might
 Have pass'd for a very valiant wight.
 Yea, ev'ry *Vice*, to gaine his purpose, had
 Some maskes or vertue-like disguises made,

And

And, many times, such hellish plots were laid,
That divers morall *Vertues* were gainfaid,
Defam'd, purfu'd, and wounded by their owne;
Whose glory had not else beene overthrowne.

Lust-dealing had beene tooke for *Cruelty*:
Pure-love for *Lust*: upright *Integrity*
For cunning *Falshood*: yea, divineſt *Graces*
Have beene at variance brought in divers Cafes,
(By wicked *Stratagems*) that vaine Inventions,
Might frustrate pious workes, and good intentions.

To further ſtrife, great *Quarrels* broached are,
Twixt *Faith* and *Workes*. There is another jar
Begun erewhile, betwixt no worſe a paire,
Then *Preaching*, and her bleſſed Siſter *Pray'r*.
God grant they may agree; for, I ne're knew
A quiet Church but where they kept one Pew.

Faith and *Repentance* alſo are, of late,
About their *Birth-right* fallen at debate.
But by the *Church-bookes* it appeares to me
Their *Births* and their *Conceptions* mention'd be
Without ſuch nice regard to their precedings,
As ſome have urg'd in their needleſſe pleadings,
And, ſo it pleas'd the *Father, Sonne* and *Spirit*:
Becauſe that *Law* by which they ſhall inherit
The promiſt meed; doth never queſtion move,
How ſoone or late, but how ſincere they prove.

Moreover, in this *Battell* I eſpy'd
Some *Ambodexters*, fight on either ſide.
The *Mora-liſt*, who all Religion wants;
Church-Papiſts; Time-obſerving *Proteſtants*.
All *Double-dealers*; *Hypocrites*, and ſuch
Baſe *Neutrals*, who have ſcandalized much,
And much endanger'd thoſe who doe contend
This *Ile*, from Defolation, to defend.

Befide

Befide these former *Combatants*, which fought
 Against or for us ; I perceiv'd, me thought,
 Both good and evill *Angels* fighting too,
 The one, to help ; the other, harme to doe.
 And though this battell yet appeareth not
 To common view, so cruell nor so hot
 As I conceive it : yet it will appeare
 To all in time, with comfort, or with feare.
 For, still, and ev'ry day, those enemies
 Stand arm'd and watching opportunities
 To feize us ; and will feize us if these times
 Shall make complete the measure of our Crimes ;
 Or our continuing Follies drive away
 Our Angell Guard, which doth our fall delay.
Oh stay them Lord ! and make that side the stronger,
For whom this Land shall yet be spared longer.

And let us, my deare Countrimen, with speed,
 Of that which so concerneth us, take heed.
 Observe, thou famoust City of this Land,
 How heavily on thee God layes his hand.
 The very rumour of this *Plague* did make
 The farthest dwellers of this *Ile* to shake :
 And such a sent of *Death* they seem'd to cary,
 Who in or neare about thy Climate tary,
 That, from the *Mount* to *Barwick* they were hated,
 Or shunn'd, as persons excommunicated.
 And three weekes ayling on old *Sarum* plaine,
 Would scarce a lodging for a brother gaine.
 Yea, mark, mark *London*, and confesse with me,
 That God hath justly, thus afflicted thee,
 And that in ev'ry point this *Plague* hath bin
 According to the nature of thy sin.
 In thy prosperity, such was thy pride,
 That thou the *Countries* plainnesse didst deride.

Thy

Thy wanton Children would oft straggle out,
 At honest husbandmen to jeere and flout.
 Their homely garments, did offend thine eyes :
 They did their rurall Dialects despise :
 Their games and merriments (which for them, be
 As commendable, as are thine for thee)
 Thou laugh'dst at ; their gestures, and their fashions,
 Their very diet, and their habitations
 Were sported at : yea, those ingratefull Things,
 Did scoffe them for their hearty *Welcomings* ;
 And taught ev'n those that had been country born
 The wholesome places of their birth to scorne.

And *fee*, now *fee*, those thanklesse ones are faine
 To seeke their fathers thatched Roofes againe ;
 And, aske those *good old women* blessing, whom
 They did not fee, since they did rich become ;
 And never would have seene, perhaps, unlesse
 This *Plague* had whipped their ingratelnesse.
 Yea, thine owne Naturall Children have beene glad,
 To scrape acquaintance where no friends they had,
 To praise a homely, and a smoky *Shed* ;
 A darke low *Parlour*, an uneasy *Bed* ;
 An ill drest diet ; yea, perchance, commend
 A churlish Landlord, for an honest Friend ;
 Yet be contented both to pray and pay,
 That they may leave obtaine with him to stay.

And peradventure, some of those who plaid
 The scoffers heretofore, were fully paid.
 Then, *Citizens*, were sharkt, and prey'd upon,
 In recompence of wrongs before time done
 To silly Countermen ; and were defeated
 Of that, whereof, some Rusticks, they had cheated.

Moreover, for the *Countries* imitations
 Of thy fantastick, vaine, and fruitlesse fashions,

(Of

(Of thy apparell, and of thy exceſſe
 In Feaſts, in Games, in Luſt, in idleneſſe ;
 With ſuch abominations) ſome of thoſe
 Who came from thee, ſhall doubtleſſy diſpoſe
 To ev'ry *Shire* a *Viall* of that wrath,
 Which thy tranſgreſſion long deſerved hath :
 That, thou and they, who ſinners were together,
 May Rods be made to puniſh one another ;
 And give each other bitterneſſe to ſup,
 As you have joyntly quaff of *Pleasures* Cup.

As to and fro I walked, that I might
 On ev'ry ruthfull *Object* fix my ſight,
 Vpon thoſe *Golgotha's* I caſt mine eye,
 Where all the common people buried lye.
 Lie buried did I ſay? I ſhould have ſaid,
Where Carcaſſes to bury Graves were laid.

Lord ! what a ſight was there? & what ſtrong ſmells
 Aſcended from among *Death's* loathſome Cells?
 You ſcarce could make a little Infants bed
 In all thoſe *Plots*, but you ſhould pare a head,
 An arme, a ſhoulder, or a leg away,
 Of one or other who there buried lay.
 One grave did often many ſcores encloſe
 Of men and women : and, it may be thoſe
 That could not in two Pariſhes agree,
 Now in one little roome at quiet be.

Yonn lay a heape of ſkulls ; another there ;
 Here, halfe unburied did a Corpſe appeare.
 Cloſe by, you might have ſeene a brace of feet
 That had kickt off the rotten winding-sheet.
 A little further ſaw we other ſome,
 Thrult out their armes for want of elbow-roome.
 A locke of womans hayre ; a dead mans face
 Vncover'd ; and a gaſtly ſight it was.

Oh !

Oh ! here, here view'd I what the glories be
 Of pamper'd flesh : here plainly did I see
 How grim those *Beauties* will e're long appeare,
 Which we so dote on, and so covet, here.
 Here was enough to coole the hottest flame
 Of lawlesse lust. Here, was enough to tame
 The madst ambition. And, all they that goe
 Vnbetter'd from such objects ; worse doe grow.

From hence (for here was no abiding long)
 Our *Allies* and our *Lanes*, I walkt among,
 Where those *Artificers* their dwellings had,
 By whom our idle *Traders* rich are made.
 The *Plague* rav'd there indeed. For, who were they
 Whom that *Contagion* fastest swept away
 But those whose daily lab'ring hands did feed
 Their honest Families ? and greatly steed
 This place by their mechanick industries ?
 These are the swarmes of *Bees*, whose painfull thighes
 Bring *Wax* unto this *Hive* ; and from whose bones
 The *Honey* drops, that feedeth many *Drones*.
 These are the *Bulwarks* of this senselesse *Towne*,
 And when this *Wall of Bones* is overthrowne,
 Our stately Dwellings, now both faire and tall,
 Will quickly, of themselves, to ruine fall.

Of these, and of their housholds, daily dy'd
 Twice more then did of all sorts else beside ;
 And hungry *Poverty* (without relieves)
 Did much inrage and multiply their griefes.
 The *Rich* could flye ; or, if they staid, they had
 Such meanes that their diseafe the lesse was made.
 Yea, those poor aged folkes that make a show
 Of greatest need, did boldly come and goe,
 To aske mens Almes ; or what their Parish granted :
 And nothing at this time those people wanted,

But

But thankfulness; lesse malice to each other ;
And grace to live more quietly together.
Their bodies, dry'd with age, were seldome struck
By this *Disease*. Their neighbours notice took
Of all their wants. Among them, were not many
That had full families. Or if that any
Of these had children sick ; some good supplies
Were sent them from the generall Charities.

Moreover, common *Beggars* are a nation
Not alwayes keeping in one habitation.
They can remove as time occasion brings :
They have their progresses as well as King ;
And most of these, when hence the rich did goe,
Remov'd themselves into the Country too.
The rest about our streets did ask their bread,
And never in their lives, were fuller fed.

But, those good people mentioned before,
Who, till their worke did faile them, fed the poore
As well as others ; and maintained had
Great families, by some laborious trade :
Ev'n those did suffer most. For, neither having
Provision left them, nor the face of craving ;
Nor meanes of labour : First, to pawne they sent
Their brasse and pewter : then, their bedding went.
Their garments next, or stuffe of best esteeme :
At length, ev'n that which should the rest redeeme,
Their working Instruments. When that was gone,
Their Lease was pawned, if it might be done.
And peradventure, at the last of all,
These things were sold outright for sums but small ;
Or else quite forfeited. For, here were they
Who made of these poore soules, a gainfull prey.
And as one Plague had on the life a pow'r,
So did these other *Plagues*, their goods devour.

When

When all was gone, afflicted they became
 With secret griefes, with poverty and shame.
 And, wanting cheerfull minds, and due refection,
 Were seized on, the sooner by *Infection* :
 For, hearts halfe broke, and houholds famisht neare,
 Are quickly spent, when visited they are.

The carefull *Master*, though it would have saved
 A servants life, to get him what he craved,
 No kinde of Med'cine able was to give him ;
 Nay scarce with bread and water to relieve him :
 The tender-hearted Mother, hath for meat
 Oft heard her dearest child, in vaine, intreat ;
 And had or foure or five on point of dying
 At once, for drink to ease their torment, crying.

The loving husband sitting by her side,
 To save whose life he gladly would have dy'd,
 Vnable was out of his whole estate,
 To purchase her a dram of *Mithridate* ;
 One messe of Cordiall broth, or such like thing,
 Although it might prevent her perishing.

Sometime, at such a need, abroad they came,
 To aske for helpe ; but, then, the feare of shame,
 Of scorne, or of deniall, them with-held
 To put in practice, what their want compell'd.

Vpon an Evening (when the waining light
 Was that which could be call'd nor day nor night)
 I met with one of these, who on me cast
 A ruthfull eye : and as he by me past,
 Me thought, I heard him, softly, somewhat say,
 As if that he for some reliefe did pray :
 Whereat (he seeming in good clothes to be)
 I staid, and askt him, if he spake to me.
 He bashfully replied ; that, indeed
 He was asham'd to speake aloud, what *Need*

Did

Did make him softly mutter. Somewhat more
 He would have spoken, but his tongue forbore
 To tell the rest ; because his eyes did see
 Their teares had (almost) drawne forth tears frō me,
 And that my hand was ready to bestow
 That helpe which my poore fortunes could allow :

Nor his, nor all mens tongues, could more relate,
 Then I my selfe conceiv'd of his estate.
 Me thought, I saw, as if I had beene there,
 What wants in his, and such mens houses were ;
 How empty, and how naked it became ;
 How nasty, *Poverty* had made the same :
 Me thought, I saw, how sicke his wife might lye ;
 Me thought I heard his halfe starv'd children cry ;
 Me thought I felt, with what a broken heart
 He lookt upon them, e're he could depart
 To try, if (by Gods favour) he could meet
 With any meanes of comfort in the street.
 And, *Lord my God*, thou know'st, that, when alone
 The griefes of such as these, I mused on ;
 My pitie I with watry eyes have showne,
 And more bewail'd their sorrowes, then my owne.

But, since those *Dewes* are vaine that fruitlesse be ;
 And since the share that is allotted me,
 Of this worlds heritage, will not suffice
 To bring reliefe to these mens miseries ;
 Oh ! let my teares (ye *rich men*) make your ground
 With fruits of Charity the more abound.
 Let me intreat you, that, when God shall bring
 Vpon this place, another *Visiting*,
 You would remember, some reliefe to send
 To those, who on their labours doe depend,
 And have not got their impudence of face,
 Who idly beg their bread from place to place.

God,

God, you the *Stewards* of his goods doth make,
 And how you use them, he account will take.
 It will not be enough, that you have paid
 The publique taxes on your houses laid ;
 Or that, you, now and then, doe send a summe
 To be disposed, to you know not whom :
 But, you your selves, must, by your selves alone,
 Those neighbours, or acquaintance think upon,
 Who likeliest are in such a time of need,
 To want of that, wherein you doe exceed :
 And, if you know of none, enquire them out ;
 Or leave some honest neighbour thereabout,
 To be your *Alm'ner* (when the Towne you leave)
 That, you, and they, a *Blessing* may receive.
 For, if that ev'ry wealthy man would find
 But one, or two, to cherish in this kind :
 Gods wrath would much the better be appeased,
 And we should of our plagues be sooner eased.

As I request the Richer men to take
 This pious course : A suit, I likewise take
 That our inferiour *Tradesmen*, would not so
 Abuse their times of profit, as they doe.
 For, most of those doe live at rates as high,
 As all their gaires (at utmost) will supply.
 Yea, many times they mount above the tops
 Of present fortunes, and ensuing hopes :
 That, if a sicknesse, or unlook'd-for Crosse,
 Or want of trade, or any slender losse,
 But for a *Yeare*, a *Quarter*, or a *Terme*,
 Befalls them : it soone maketh so infirme
 Their over-strain'd Estates ; that Almes are needed,
 Ere any failings are by others heeded.

Of these, and other things I notions gained,
 Whilst in our sickly *Citie* I remained ;

And

And much I contemplated what I saw,
Some profitable uses thence to draw.
But, feeling that my thoughts nigh tyred were,
With over-musing on those objects there :
I thought to walke abroad into the field,
To take those comforts, which fresh ayre doth yeeld ;
And, to revive my heart, which heavy grew,
With what the streets did offer to my view ;
But little ease I found ; for, there mine eyes
Discover'd *Sorrow* in a new disguise :
And in so many shapes himselfe he shewed,
That, still my passion was afresh renewed.
Here, dead upon the *Road*, a man did lye,
That was (an houre before) as well, as I ;
There, fate another, who did thither come
In health, but had not strength to beare him home.
Yonn, spraul'd a third, so sicke, he did not know
From whence he came, nor whither he should goe.
A little further off, a fourth did creepe
Into a ditch, and there his *Obit* keepe.
About the Fields ran one, who being fled
(In spite of his attendance) from his bed,
Lookt like a Lunatique from *Bedlem* broken ;
And, though of health he had no hopefull token ;
Yet, that he ailed ought, he would not yeeld,
Till *Death* had struck him dead upon the field.
This way, a *Stranger* by his Host expelled,
That way, a *Servant* (shut from where he dwelled)
Came weakly stagg'ring forth, and (crush'd beneath
Diseases, and unkindnesse) sought for Death ;
Which soone was found ; and glad was he, they say,
Who for his *Death-bed*, gain'd a Cock of Hay.
At this crosse path, were *Bearers* fetching home
A Neighbour, who in health did thither come :

Clofe

Cloſe by, were others digging up the ground,
 To hide a ſtranger whom they dead had found.
 Before me, went with Corpfes, many a one ;
 Behinde, as many mo did follow on,
 VVith *running-ſores*, one begg'd at yonder gate :
 At next Lanes end, another *Laſar* fate.
 Some halted, as if wounded in the wars ;
 Some held their necks awry ; ſome ſhew'd their ſcars ;
 Some, met I weeping, for the loſſe of friends ;
 Some others, for their ſwift approaching ends ;
 And ev'ry thing with ſorrow was affected,
 On whatſoe're it was mine eye reflected.

The *Proſpect*, which was wont to greet mine eye
 With ſhowes of pleaſure in variety,
 (And lookt, as if it cheerfully did ſmile,
 Vpon the bordring *Villages*, erewhile.)
 Had no ſuch pleaſingneſſe as heretofore,
 For ev'ry place, a mask of ſorrow wore.
 The walks are unfrequented, and the path
 Late trodden bare, a graſſie Carpet hath.
 I could not ſee (of all thoſe Gallants) one
 That viſited *Hide-parke*, and *Mary-borne*.
 None wandred through the paſtures, up and downe,
 But, as about ſome petty Country towne :
 Nor could I view in many Summers dayes,
 One man of note to ride upon our wayes.

*Lord, what a difference didſt thou put betweene
 That Summer, and the reſt that I have ſeene !
 How didſt thou change our Fields ! and what a face
 Of Sadneſſe, didſt thou ſet upon each place !
 Yet oh ! how few remember it, or feele
 The touches of it, on their hearts of ſteele !
 And when our baniſht tmirk thou didſt renew,
 Who did returne to thee the praiſes due ?*

L

What

What others apprehended, they know best ;
 But if it could be fully here exprest
 What of that alteration I conceiv'd,
 When of their pleasures, God our fields bereav'd ;
 It would much more be minded : For they had
 Nought in them, but what moved to be sad.
 Not many weekes, before, it was not so.
 But, *pleasures*, had their passage to and fro.
 Which way soever from our Gates I went,
 I lately did behold with much content,
 The fields bestrow'd with people all about :
 Some paceing homeward, and some passing out.
 Some, by the bancks of *Thame* their pleasure taking ;
 Some, Sulli-bibs among the Milk-maids, making ;
 With musique, some upon the waters, rowing ;
 Some, to the next adjoyning *Hamlets* going ;
 And *Hogsdone*, *Islington*, and *Tothnam-Court*,
 For Cakes and Creame, had then no small resort.
 Some, fate and woo'd their Lovers in the shadowes ;
 Some, straggled to and fro athwart the meadowes ;
 Some, in discourse, their houres, away did passe ;
 Some, playd the toyish wantons on the grasse ;
 Some, of Religion ; some of bus'nesse talked ;
 Some coached were, some horsed ; and some walked.
 Here Citizens ; there Students, many a one ;
 Here two together ; and, yonn one alone.
 Of *Nymphs* and *Ladies*, I have often ey'd
 A thousand walking at one Evening tide ;
 As many Gentlemen : and yong and old
 Of meaner sort, as many, ten times told.
 And, when I did from some high Towre survey
 The Rodes, and Paths, which round below me lay,
 Observing how each passage thronged was
 With men and Cattell, which both wayes did passe ;
 How

How many petty paths, both far and neare,
 With rowes of people still supplied were ;
 What infinite provision still came in,
 And what abundance hath exported bin ;
 Me thought this populous *City* and the trade
 Which we from ev'ry Coast about her had,
 Was well resembled by an *Ant-hill*, which
 (In some old Forreft) is made large, and rich
 By those laborious creatures, who have thither
 Brought all their wealth, and *Colonies* together.
 For, as their peopled *Borough* hath resort
 From ev'ry quarter, by a severall Port,
 And from each Gate thereof a great Rode hath
 That branches into many a little Path ;
 And, as those *Negroes* doe not onely fill
 Each great and lesser tract unto their hill,
 But, also, spread themselves out of those wayes,
 Among the grasse, the leaves, and bushy sprayes :
 Ev'n so, the people here, did come and goe
 Through our large Rodes ; disperse themselves into
 A thousand passages ; and, often stray
 O're neighbouring Pastures, in a pathlesse way,
 This, formerly I saw ; and, on that *Station*,
 Where this I markt ; I had this *Contemplation*.

*How happy were this People, did they know
 What rest, our God upon them did bestow !
 On us, what showres of blessings hath he rained,
 Which he from other Cities hath restrained ?
 And, from how many mischiefs hath he freed us,
 Which fall on those that in good workes exceed us ?
 Here lurke no ravenous Beasts to make a prey
 On those fat Cattell which these Fields o're-lay.
 Within our Groves no cruell Out-lawes hide,
 That in the blood of passengers are dy'd.*

L 2

Our

Our Lambs, unwarry'd, lye abroad, benighted;
 By day, our Virgins walke the Fields unfrighted.
 No neighbouring country doth our food forestall;
 No Convoyes need to come and goe withall;
 No forraine Prince can suddenly appall us,
 For Seas doe mote us, and huge Rocks doe wall us.
 No rotten Fennes doe make our ayre unsound;
 No Foe, doth with a trench enclose us round.
 We neither tumults have by night or day,
 Nor rude unruly Garifons in pay.
 No Taxes, yet, our Land doth over-load;
 Our Children are not prest for warres abroad,
 From Spanish Inquisitions we are free;
 (God grant that we, for ever, so may be)
 We are compeld to no Idolatries;
 Our people doe not in rebellions rise:
 No factious spirits much disturbe the State;
 No Plagues, our dwellings, yet, depopulate.
 No Rots or Murraines have our Cattell kild:
 Our Barnes and Store-houses, with fruits are fild:
 On ev'ry threshold, store of children play;
 Our breeding Cattell fill both street and way.
 And, were we thankefull unto him that gave them,
 There are no blessings, but we here might have them.
 See, how like Bees upon a Summer-Eve,
 (When their young Nymphes have over-fill'd the hive)
 They swarme about the City, sporting so,
 As if a winter gale would never blow.
 How little doe they dreame, how many times,
 While they deserved ruine for their Crimes,
 God naithelesse, hath shewed mercies on them,
 And slipt those Plagues that comming were upon them!
 How seldome is it thought, the pow'r of him,
 Whose love they much forget (if not contemne)

Might

*Might heape upon them all those fearfull things,
Which he upon our neighbouring Nations brings.
For, in a moment, he could summon hither
His Iudgements, and inflict them, all together.
Ev'n all. But, one of those which he hath brought
On other Cities, would enough be thought.*

*If in displeasure he should call from thence
Where now it raves, the slaughtring Pestilence,
Or else the Famine; what a change were that,
To them that are so healthy, and so fat?
How desolate, in lesse then halfe a yeare,
Might all our lodgings and our streets appeare?
How unfrequented would that randevow
Be made, in which, we throng, and jussle now?
How lonely would these walkes and fields be found,
Wherein I see the people so abound?*

*Or, should he whistle for his armed Bands,
(Which now are wasting other Christian Lands)
To put in action on our Commick Stage
The Tragedies of VVax, and brutish rage:
What lamentations then here would be made,
And calling unto minde, what peace we had?
Should we in ev'ry house, at boord and bed
Have Souldiers, and rude Captaines billeted,
That would command, and swagger as if they
Had all the Towneship (where they lodge) in pay,
To wait upon their pleasures; and should see
Our owne defenders, our devourers be.
Should we behold these fields (now full of sport)
Cut out with Trenches; there, a warlike Fort;
Another here; A Sconce not farre from that;
A new rais'd Mount, or some fire-spitting Cat,
From which the Foes our actions might survey,
And make their Bullets on our houses play.*

L 3

Should

*Should we behold our Dwellings beaten downe ;
 Our Temples batter'd ; Turrets over throwne ;
 Our seats of pleasure burning from asarre ;
 Heare, from without, the thundring Voice of War ;
 Within, the shriekes of children, or the cry
 Of women, stricke with feares, or famisht nigh.
 Should we behold, what painfully we got,
 Posses'd by those that seeke to cut our throat ;
 Our children slaine before us, on the ground ;
 Our selves pierc't through with some deep mortall wound ;
 And see (ev'n there) where we have wantonnis'd,
 Our beauteous wives, by some sterne Troupe surpris'd,
 And ravisht in our view. Or (which is worse)
 When we have seene all this, be forc't perforce
 To live ; and live their slaves that shall possesse
 Our wives, and all our ourward happinesse ;
 And, then, want also, that pure Word of Grace
 To comfort us, which yet adorne this place.*

*Should such a Destiny (as God defend)
 This people, and this place, thought I, attend.
 (For, this may be ; and ev'ry day we heare
 That other Nations doe this burthen beare)
 Should we who now for pleasure walke the field,
 Be faine to search what weeds the pastures yeeld
 To feed us ; and peake hungerly about,
 Some Roots, or Hawes, or Berries to finde out,
 To keepe from starving ; and not gaine a food
 So meane, without the hazard of our blood :
 Should some contagious sicknesse, noisome make
 This place, wherein, such pleasure now we take :
 Should in these places, whither we repaire
 Our bodies to refresh with wholesome ayre,
 Those blastings or Serenes upon us fall,
 Which other places are annoy'd withall.*

Should

*Should from the wife the husband he divorc'd,
Or from the parent should the child be forc'd,
While here they walkt, and perish by the sword:
Or, should here be a famine of the Word,
On which would follow, to our grieve and shame,
A thousand other Plagues which I could name.
Should those things be; then what our blessings are
It would by such a curse too soone appeare.*

*Then, feele we should, what comforts might arise
From those great mercies, which we now despise,
Or think not on. Yea, so we might enjoy
But part of that which now we mis-employ,
We thinke it would, a greater happinesse,
Then, yet we finde in all we now possesse.
We then should know how much we have beene blest
In our long time of plenty health, and rest:
How sweet it is that we may to and fro
Without restraint, or feare, or danger goe;
How much we owe to him that hath so long
Our Granards filled, and our Gates made strong;
Permitting us to walke for our delight
About our fields, whilst others march to fight;
And suffering us to feast, whilst others fast,
Or, of the bread of sower Affliction tast.*

*As heretofore the peopled Fields I walked,
To this effect, my thoughts within me talked;
And though all present Objects gave content,
My heart did such Ideas represent
Of Judgements likely to be cast upon
So great a City, and a sinfull one;
That much I feared, I should live to see,
Some such afflictions, as here mention'd be.
And loe, (though yet, I hope, not in his wrath)
God, part of that I fear'd, inflicted hath;*

L 4

A

A warning *War* he hath begun to wage
 Against the crying sinnes of this our age,
 And of this place : And in a gentle wise
 Pour'd out a taste of those Calamities
 Which other feeble at large : that, we should mourne
 For our transgressions, and to him returne.

*Vouchsafe, oh ! God, that soone returne we may,
 Left thou in anger, sweepe us all away.*

If we observed, well, what God hath done,
 And in what manner, he with us begun ;
 How he forewarn'd us, of those *Plagues*, which he
 Vouchsafed *David* should a chuser be :
 (And how, ev'n he himselfe, in mercy chused,
 To keepe us from what *David* had refused)
 We should perceive, that our most loving God
 At first did threaten, with a *Fathers* rod.

A little while before this *Pestilence*,
 Of his just wrath we had intelligence
 By divers tokens, which we did contemne,
 Or, at the best, but little heeded them.
 The *Spring* before this *Plague*, one jerke we had
 By *WAR*, which made no little number sad,
 By calling many from their ease ; by taking
 Some husbands from their wives, & childles making
 Some *Parents* : which permitted was to show us
 In part, what sharpe corrections God did owe us.
 And make us minde, that this unhallow'd place
 Is thus long spared meerely of his grace.
 Else, to awake us with some touch of that
 Which he hath brought on many a forraine State.

For, that he might but touch us, he did call
 No *Armies* hither, to afflict us all.
 But, as a *Generall* in time of war,
 When all his Troupes of somewhat guilty are ;

On

On them the fortune of the *lot* doth try,
 That some as warnings to the rest may dye :
 Ev'n so, the *God of Armies*, in like case,
 Pickt, here and there a man, from ev'ry place,
 To meet the sword : that, ev'ry place might learne,
 His *Mercies*, and his *Justice* to discern,
 And, leave off sinne ; which, if we breake not from,
 His *Plagues*, and terrors all, will shortly come.

If any shall object, we lost in these
 But some corrupted blood, which did diseafe
 The common *Body* : Let them understand,
 That it portends hot *Fevers* in the Land,
 When such *Phlebotomy* is needfull thought :
 And, that, good blood, as well as what is nought,
 Is lost at ev'ry op'ning of a veine.
 The foot was prickt, and we did feele no paine ;
 The next blood-letting may be in the *Arme*,
 Where lyes our strength. God shend us frō the harm
 Of such like *Surgery* ; unlesse we see
 The *Signe* be better then it seemes to be.

God scar'd us, lately, also, by a *Dearth*,
 And for the peoples faults did curse the Earth.
 The *Winter* last before the *Pest* began,
 Throughout some Northerne *Shires* a Famine ranne,
 That starved some ; and other some were faine,
 Their hungry appetites to entertaine
 With swine, and sheep, and horses, which have dy'd
 By chance : For, better could they not provide,
 Some others on boild nettles gladly fed,
 Or else had oft gone supperlesse to bed.
 And this was much, considering the soile
 And ordinary plenties of this *Ile*.
 Nay, since the *Sicknesse*, we small hopes possessed,
 Of that, wherewith, this Kingdom, God hath blessed.

L 5

For,

For, when *Earths* wombe did big with plenty grow,
 When her large bosome, and full breasts, did show
 Such signes of faire encrease, that hope of more
 Was never in our life-times heretofore :
 A later frost, our early blossomes cropt ;
 The heav'ns, upon our labours, leanneffe dropt ;
 And such perpetuall showres, and flouds we had,
 That of a *Famine*, we were fearfull made,
 And scarce had any hope (in common reason)
 Of harvest either in, or out of season.
 Yet he with-held that *Plague*. The Sky grew cleare ;
 A kindly wheather drove away our feare,
 The Floods did sinck ; the Mildewes were expell'd ;
 The bending eares of corne, their heads up held ;
 And *Harvest* came, which fild our Granards more,
 Then in the fruitfull'st, of sev'n yeares before.
 And, doubtlesse, had we gone to meet our God,
 With true repentance, when this fearfull Rod
 Was raised first ; it had away beene flung,
 And not continued in this *Realme* so long.
 For, as a *Father*, when his dearest child
 Growes disobedient, rude, and over-wilde,
 First warnes ; then threatens ; then, the rod doth show ;
 Then frownes ; and then doth feare him with a blow.
 Then doubles, and redoubles it, untill
 He makes him grow more plyant to his will,
 And leave those wanton tricks which in conclusion
 May prove the parents grieve, and childes confusion.
 Ev'n as this Father ; so, our God hath wrought.
 Vs, by his *Word of Grace*, he first befought :
 Then, of his *Wrath*, and *Iustice* spake unto us :
 Next, hanging over us, he plagues did show us.
 Yea, divers months before this Vengeance came,
 The spotted *Fever* did forewarne the same.

VVas

Was made her *Harbenger* ; and in one week
Sent hundreds, in the Grave, their bed to seek.
Which nought prevailing, he did thereupon
(As being loath to strike) first strike but one.
Then, two or three : then staid a while ; and than
To smite another number he began,
And then a greater. Neither did God show
This mercy, onely, in the publike blow ;
But daign'd it, also, in that chastisement,
Which he to ev'ry man in private sent.
To hasten his repentance ; first, he smote
Some one of those he knew, in place remote,
Within a weeke, another better knowne ;
Next week a friend ; the next a dearer-one ;
A little after that, perhaps, another ;
And then a kinsman, or an onely brother.
Which no amendment working, God did come
(To make him heedfull) somewhat nearer home :
Knockt at his neighbours house, and tooke out all
Or most who lodg'd on tother side the wall :
Then called at his doore, and seized on
A servant first ; soone afterward, a sonne ;
Next night was hazarded a daughters life ;
And e're that morning came, he lost his wife :
At last fell sicke himselfe, and then repented,
Or dy'd, or liveth to be worfe tormented.

Thus, as it were by steps, God came upon us,
That either Love or Terror might have won us,
To seeke our peace. But, yet, so few were warned,
(And this long suffering, so few soules discerned)
That some the nature of this *Plague* beli'd ;
The number of the dead, some strove to hide.
On groundles hopes, Gods Iudgmêts, some deferred,
Some scoffed others, when they were deterred,

Some

Some rais'd a profit from it. Yea, so few
 Conceived what was likely to ensue ;
 That when we should like *Niniveh* have fared,
 For sports, and causelesse *Triumphs* we prepared.
 Of pleasure, in excessive wise, we tasted.
 We *feasted*, when we rather should have *fasted*.
 And when in sack-cloth we should loud have cry'd,
 Ev'n then we ruffled in our greatest pride.

Which God perceiving, and that we were growne
 Regardlesse of his smiles, and of his frowne ;
 He did command his *Mercy*, to let goe
 That hand which did restraine his *Iustice* so.
 Then, catching up a *Viall* of his wrath,
 (Which he in store for such offenders hath)
 He did on this our Citie, poure it downe.
 And, as strong poison shed upon the crowne,
 Descendeth to the members, from the head ;
 And, soone, doth over all the body spread :
 Ev'n so, this noysome plague of *Pestilence*,
 On our head City falling, did from thence,
 Disperse and soake throughout this *Empery*,
 In spight of all our carnall policie.

Our want of penitency to allay
 Gods wrath, and stop his anger in the way,
 Enflamed and exasperated so
 This *Fiend*, that he did thousands over-throw
 In some few minuts : and, the greedy *Grave*
 Devour'd as if it none alive would save.
Death lurkt at ev'ry angle of the street,
 And did arrest whom ever he did meet.
 There scarcely was that house or lodging found,
 In which he did not either slay or wound.
 In ev'ry roome his murthers acted he,
 Our Closets nay our Temples were not free

From

From his attemptings ; no not while men pray'd,
 Could his unbridled fury be delay'd.
 In fundry *Families* there was not one
 Whom his rude hand did take compaffion on :
 Nay many times he did not spare the laft,
 Vntill the buriall of the firft was paft.
 For, e're the *Bearers* back againe could come,
 The reft were ready for their graves at home.
 Nor bad nor good, nor rich nor poore did fcape him :
 Nor foole nor wifeman, an excufe could shape him :
 He fhunned not the yong man in the fadle,
 Nor him that lay and cryed in the cradle.
 So dreadfull was his looke, fo fterne and grim,
 That many dy'd through very feare of him.
 For, to mens fancies he did oft appeare
 In fapes which fo exceedind gaffly were,
 That fiefh and blood, unable was, to brooke,
 The horror of his all affrighting look.

Ev'n in that houfe, whofe rooffe did cover me,
 Of this, a fad experiment had we :
 For, there, a plague-ficke man (at leaft) conceiued
 That Death a fhape affuming, he perceiued
 Deform'd and vgly ; whereat loud he cryes,
Oh ! hide me, hide me, from his dreadfull eyes.
Looke, oh ! looke there he comes : now by the bed
He ftands ; now at the feet ; now at the head.
Oh ! draw, draw, draw the Curtaine, Sirs I pray,
That his grim looke no more behold I may.
 To this effect, and fuch like words he fpake,
 But that their hearers hearts they more did shake.
 Then, refted he a while, and by and by
 Vp ftarting, with a lamentable cry,
 Ran to a Couch, whereon his wife (who waking
 Two nights before had beene) fome reft was taking ;
 There

There, kneeling downe, & both his hands up rearing,
 As if his eye had seene pale *Death* appearing
 To strike his wife ; *Good Sir*, said he, *forbeare*
To kill or harme that poore yong woman there :
For God's sake do not strike her ; for you see
She's great with child. Lo, you have wounded me
In twenty places ; and I doe not care
How me you mischiefe so that her you spare.
 Ev'n this, and more then I to minde can call,
 He acted with a looke so tragicall,
 That, all by standers, might have thought, his eyes
 Saw reall objects and no fantasies.

To others, *Death*, no doubt, himselfe convoid
 In other formes, and other *Pageants* plaid.
 Whilst in her armes the mother thought she kept
 Her Infant safe ; *Death* stole him when she slept.
 Sometime he tooke the mothers life away,
 And left the little babe, to lye and play
 With her cold paps, and childish game to make
 About those eyes, that never more shall wake.

Sometimes whē friends where talking he did force
 The one to leave unfinisht his discourse. (ted,
 Sometimes, their morning meetings he hath thwar-
 Who thought not they for ever had been parted,
 The night before. And many a lovely *Bride*,
 He hath defloured by the *Bridegroomes* side.
 At ev'ry hand, lay one or other dying :
 On ev'ry part, were men and women crying,
 One for a husband ; for a friend another ;
 One for a sister, wife, or onely brother :
 Some children for their parents mone were making ;
 Some, for the losse of servants care were taking ;
 Some parents for a childe ; and some againe
 For losse of all their children did complaine.

The

The mother dared not to close her eyes,
 Through feare that while she sleepest, her baby dyes.
 Wives trusted not their husbands out of doore,
 Lest they might back againe returne no more.
 And in their absence if they did but heare
 One knock or call in hast, they quak'd through feare,
 That some unlucky messenger had brought
 The newes of those mischances they forethought.
 And if (with care and grieve o're-tyr'd) they slept,
 They dream'd of *Ghosts*, & *Graves*, & shriekt, & wept.

He that o're night went healthy to his bed,
 Lookt, ere the morning, to be sicke, or dead.
 He that rose lusty, at the rising Sunne,
 Grew faint, and breathlesse, e're the day was done.
 And, he that for his friend, this day did sorrow,
 Lay close beside him in a grave the morrow.
 Some men amidst their pleasures were diseased :
 Some, in the very act of sin were seized :
 Some, hence were taken laughing, and some singing :
 Some, as they others to their graves were bringing,
 Yea, so impartiall was this kind of *Death*,
 And so extreemly venomous his breath,
 That they who did not in this place expire,
 Where saved, like the *Children in the fire*.

*It may be that to some it will appeare,
 My Muse hath onely poetized here ;
 And that I fain'd expressions doe rehearse,
 As most of those that use to write in verse :
 But, in this Poeme I pursue the story
 Of reall Truth, without an Allegory :
 And many yet surviving witnesse may.
 That I come short of what I more might say.
 But, what I can I utter ; and I touch
 This mournfull string, so often, and so much,*

As

*As in this Book I doe ; that I might show
 To them that of these griefes forgetfull grow,
 What sorrowes and what dangers they have had ;
 That all of us more thankfull may be made :
 And if to any these things doe appeare
 Or tedious, or impertinent ; I feare
 That most of them are they, who take no pleasure,
 For good and usefull things to be at leifure.
 And more delight in Poems worded out,
 Then those that are Gods works employ'd about.*

Me thinkes, I cannot speake enough of that
 Which I have seene ; nor full enough relate
 What I declare ; but still it seemes to me
 I leave out somewhat that should utt'ed be.
 For, though in most, the sence thereof be gone,
 It was God's *Iudgement*, and a fearfull one.

And, *L O N D O N*, what availed then thy pride,
 Thy pleasures and thy wealth so multiply'd ?
 Or, then, oh ! what advantage didst thou get
 By those vaine things, whereon thy heart is set ?
 How many sev'rall *Plagues* did God prevent,
 Before this *Iudgement* was upon thee sent ?
 How many loving favours had he done thee,
 Before so roughly he did seize upon thee ?
 And, that thou mightst his purposes discover,
 How long together, did he send thee over
 The weekly newes, of those great Desolations,
 Which he inflicts on many other Nations ?
 How often did he send, e're this befell,
 His *Prophets*, of his *Iudgements* to foretell ?
 How many thousand *Preachers* hath he sent,
 With teares, to pray, and woo thee to repent ;
 To tell thee, that thy pride, and thy excesse,
 Thy lusts, thy surfets, and thy drunkenesse,

Thine

Thine idlenesse, thy great impieties,
Thy much prophanenesse, thy hypocrisies,
And other vanities, would bring at last
Those plagues whereof thou now some feeling hast?

How did thy *Pastors* to repent conjure thee?
How strongly did Gods Ministers assure thee
That all thy love, thy labour, and thy cost
Bestow'd on carnall pleasures, would be lost?
That, thou hereafter shouldst become ashamed
Of that whereof thy comforts thou hadst framed;
And that those evils would at length befall
From which no mortall hand reprieve thee shall.

Thou canst not but acknowledge these things were
Ev'n ev'ry moment, rounded in thy eare;
And that thy *Sonnes of Thunder* did presage
What, for thy finnes, should be thine heritage.
Yet, thou to heare their message didst refuse.
And, as the stubborne unbelieving *Jewes*,
Despised all those *Prophets*, who foresaw'd
The times of their approaching servitude,
Yea, punisht them, as troublers of the Land,
And such as weakned much the peoples hand:
So, thou accountedst of thy Teachers, then,
But as a crew of busie-headed men,
Who causlessly, thy quietnesse disturbing,
Had for their saucinesse, deserved curbing.
But with amazement, now thou dost behold,
That they have no uncertainties foretold.
For, God in this one single *Plague*, comprised
Those other *Judgements*, all, epitomized;
Which for thy ruine he at large will send,
If this be not enough to work his end.
Observe this *Pestilence*, and thou shalt see,
That as there may be some one *sin* in thee

With

With other great *Transgressions* interlaced,
So, divers *Plagues* in this great *Plague* were placed.

It shew'd thee (in some fashion) their distresses,
Whom *WAR*, in a besieged Fort oppresses :
For, lo, thou wert deprived of all Trade,
As if thy Foes blockt up thy *River* had.
And, though no armed Host thy wall surrounded,
Yet (which was worfe) thou by thy friends wert boun-
For, whatsoever person pass'd from (ded :
Thy Ports, upon an enemy did come.
And none more cruell to thy children proved,
Then some of thine, who from thy *Plagues* removed.

Confusion, and *Disorder*, threatned thee,
(On which attendeth all the *Plagues* that be)
For, most of thy grave *Senate*, who did beare
Thy names of office, far departed were,
To other places ; leaving thee, nigh spent
And languishing for want of Government.
Yea, they that were thy *Trust*, and thy *Delight*,
In times of health, did then forsake thee quite ;
To teach us, that those men, and vanities,
Which have our hearts, in our prosperities,
Will in affliction be the first who leave us ;
And, when we most expect, then most deceive us.

Oh ! whither then ; oh ! whither were they gone,
Who, thy admired Beauty doted on ?
Where did thy *Lovers* in those dayes appeare,
Who did so court thee, and so often sweare
Affection to thee ? whither were they fled,
Whom thou hast oft with sweetest junkets fed ?
And they, whom thou so many yeares, at ease,
Didst lodge within thy fairest *Palaces* ?

Where *London*, were thy skarlet *Fathers* hous'd,
Who in thy glory, were to thee espous'd ?

What

What were become of all thy children, which
 Were nurfed at thy brest, made great, and rich
 By thy *good-hufwifry*? and whom we fee
 In thy prosperity fo hugg'd of thee?

Where were thy rev'rend *Pafors*, who had pay
 To feed thy Flocks, and for thy finne to pray?
 (I muft confesse) the meanest, and some few
 Of better sort, were in affection true,
 And gave thee comfort. But, oh! where were those,
 Those greater ones, on whom thy hand bestowes
 The largest portions? Those, who have profest
 A zealous care of thee, above the rest?
 Those, who (as I conceive) had undertaken
 A charge that should not then have beene forsaken?
 Those many *filken-Docters*, who did here
 In shining fatten Caffocks late appeare?
 They who (till now, a thing scarce heard of ever)
 Do flaunt it in their Velvet, Plush, and Beaver.
 And they, whom thou didst honor far above
 Those meane ones, who, then, shewed thee most love?

Where were they? &, where were thy Lawyers too
 That heretofore, did make so much adoe
 Within thy Courts of *Iustice*? Prethee, where
 Were those *Physitians*, who so forward were
 To give thee physick, when thou neededst lesse,
 And wert but sicke, of ease, and wantonneffe?
 Where did their foot cloths wait? where couldst thou
 For their assistance? what became of all (call
 Their *Diets*, and *Receipts*? and why did they
 In that necessity depart away?

Where lurckt those *Poetafters*, who were wont
 To pen thy *Mummeries*, and vainly hunt
 For base reward, by foothing up the Crimes
 Of our Grand *Epicures*, in lofty Rimes;

And

And doe before each others *Poems* raise
 The fruitlesse *Trophees* of a truthlesse praise?
 Dar'd none of all those matchlesse wits to tary
 This brunt? That his experienc'd Muse might cary
 This Newes to after times; and move compassion,
 By his all moving straines of *Lamentation*?
 What, none but me? me onely leave they to it,
 To whom they shame to yeeld the Name of *Poet*?
 Well; if they ever had a minde to weare
 The *Lawreat Wreath*, they might have got it here:
 For though that my performance may be bad,
 A braver Subject, *Muses* never had.

Where were thy troupes of *Rorers*? where were they
 Who in thy Chambers did the wantons play?
 Provoking God Almighty, downe to cast
 Those plagues from which they fled away so fast?
 Yea, whither were those *Nothings*, all retir'd,
 Of whom thou wert, of late, so much desir'd?
 Alas! was there not any of all these
 Who staid to comfort thee, in this Disease?
 Did all depart away? And, being gone,
 Leave thee to beare thy sorrowes all alone?
 Left they upon thy *Tully* all that sin,
 Which had by them and thee, committed bin?

Yes, yes, they left thee: ev'n all these: and they
 So left thee, *London*, when they went away,
 That thy afflictions they did aggravate,
 And make more bitter thy deplored *Fate*.

A *Dearth* mixt also in this *Pest* was found,
 For they who did in riches most abound,
 (And should have holpen to relieue the poore)
 Departing hence, diminished thy store.
 To other *Borroughes* they themselves betooke:
 Their sick distressed brethren, they forooke,

And

And, left on those that would be hospitable,
 A burthen which to beare they were unable.
 Those few, of worth, who did in thee remaine,
 Had multitudes of beggers to sustaine ;
 And, from the Country (as before I said)
 The sending of supply was long delaid.

There was a *Famine* also, which exceeded
 This other ; though the same by few was heeded.
 We had not so much scarcity of bread,
 As of that food wherewith our foules are fed.
 For, of our *Pastors* (in the greatest dangers)
 Some left us to the charity of Strangers.
 And, many foules, whom they were bound to cherish
 Depriv'd of timely sustenance, did perish.

Who could have thought, this *Vineyard*, heretofore
 So fruitfull ; and wherein the salvage *Bore*
 Of *Turky* rooted not : and whose thick fence
 Hath long time kept the *Bulls* of *Bashan* thence ;
 Should then (ev'n in the *Vintage* time) be found
 So bare of what, so lately did abound ?
 And, then (a thing worth note) when ev'ry Field
 And meanest *Villages* did plenties yeeld ?

Indeed, not long before, we surfeited,
 And plaid the wantons with our heav'nly bread.
 Our appetite was cloy'd ; and we grew dainty,
 And either loath'd, or murmur'd at our plenty.
 Yea, many of us, when at will we had it,
 By private *Cookeries*, unwholesome made it.
 For which, and for our base unthankfulnesse,
 Our portion and allowance waxed lesse :
 And, we who (like fond children) would not eat,
 Vnlesse, this man, or that man carv'd our meat,
 Then (like poore folkes that of meere almes doe live)
 Were glad to take of any that would give.

The

The *Laborers* were few ; the *Harvest* large :
 And of the best of those that had the charge
 To spread Gods *Table* ; some grew faint and tired
 By their perpetuall *travaile* : some expired
 Their painfull *soules*, and freely sacrific'd
 Themselves for us, that we might be suffiz'd.

Among which happy number I doe blesse
 The memory of learned *Makernesse*,
 And zealous *Eton*, whose large Congregations,
 Bemoan'd their losse with hearty lamentations.
 And worthily : for, they did labour here
 With cheerfulness ; and in their *Callings* were
 So truly diligent whilst vigour lasted,
 That they their life blood, yea their spirits wasted ;
 And ev'n unslackt the very nerves and powres
 Of their owne *soules*, to helpe enable ours.

To *bury*, nigh a hundred in a day,
 To *church*, to *marry*, *study*, *preach* and *pray* ;
 To *wake betimes* ; at night *late watch to keepe* ;
 To be *disturb'd* at midnight from their *sleepe* ;
 To *visit* him that on his *death-bed* lyes ;
 Oft to *communicate* ; more oft *baptize* ;
 And daily (and all day) to be in action,
 As were those two, to give due satisfaction
 To their great *Flocks* ; more *Laborers* there needed ;
 And their consumed strengths, it much exceeded.

But, they are now at *rest* : their *worke* is done,
 Their *Fight* is finished : their *Goale* is won :
 And, though no *Trophee* I to them can raise,
 Save, this poore wither'd *Wreath* of mortall praise ;
 Their *Master* (to reward their faithfulness)
 For them reserved Crownes of Happiness ;
 Because, unto his *houehold*, they the *Bread*
 Of *Life*, in season, have distributed.

Nor

Nor was the Food of life diminish'd more
 By such mens want alone, then heretofore.
 But, to our discontent, we also had
 Our due allowances the shorter made
 Ev'n by command. For, some (I know not why)
 Had falsely mis-inform'd *Authority*,
 That our promiscuous meetings, at the *Fast*,
 Increas'd the *Plague*: which was believ'd in haste.
 And being urg'd, perhaps, with such faire shewes
 Of *Reason*, as *Conjecture* could infuse;
 (The matter being aggravated too,
 With such untruths, as travell to and fro)
 The publike preaching on the *Fasting day*,
 Was, in an evill season, tooke away.

For, when the flesh was fed, and soule deprived
 Of two Repasts, which weekly we received,
 Prophanenesse, and hard-heartednesse began
 To get new rooting in the mind of man.
 We missed those good helpes, and those examples
 Which had been preached to us in our Temples.
 The poore did want full quickly, to their grieve,
 Those Almes the *Fast* brought out for their reliefe.
 And, when with *Prayers*, *Preaching* did not goe,
 Our cold *Devotions*, did far colder grow.

VVhat instrument of mischief might he be
 VVho caus'd that? and, what a Foole was he!
 If *Wensday-Sermons* holpe infect; I pray
 VVhat kept us safer on the *Sabbath day*?
 Since most fast then till noone without refection?
 Or what at *Funeralls*, did stop infection?

Good God! in thy affaires, how vaine (to me)
 Doth carnall *Policy* appeare to be?
 How apt is flesh and blood to run a course,
 Which makes the soules condition, worse and worse?

To

To venture on eternall death how toward !
 And in a temporall danger what a coward !
 Sure, had not such a project, had a scope
 Beyond the reaching of the *Devils* hope,
 And been too damnable for any one
 To be his *Procurator* thereupon ;
 Some would have made the motion that we might
 Have liv'd excluded from our *Churches* quite :
 And, that till God his hand should please to stay,
 None should in publike, either preach, or pray.
 'Twas well the weekly number of the dead,
 By Gods meere mercy, was diminished,
 Before the prohibition of the *Fast* :
 The *Fiend* had else, for evermore, disgrac't
 That *Discipline* : and carnall *Policy*
 Had so insulted o're *Divinity*,
 That, in succeeding Ages, men unholy,
 Would thence have proved, such Devotion, Folly.
 But, God prevented it, that we should take
 Good notice of it ; and good uses make :
 And I have mention'd it, that here I may
 God's *Wisedome* and man's foolishnesse display.
 Oh ! let us to our *Fasts* againe returne ;
 Let us, for our omisions truly mourne ;
 And not capitulate with God, as tho
 He, first his Rod out of his hand should throw,
 Eere we would come unto him : for, if thus
 A son of ours should beare himselfe to us,
 It would our ire exasperate the more ;
 And make the fault seem greater then before.
 Why should we in an action that is just
 The mercy of our gracious God distrust ?
 Or, unto any place be loath to go,
 Where God is to be heard, or spoken to,

Though

Through feare of that which may be caught at home
 And in a thousand places where we come?
 Our finnes and plagues were publike: so should wee
 In *Pray'rs*, and *Teares*, and *Almes*, and *Fastings* be.
 For, that strong *Devill* which hath tortur'd thus
 Our generall body, is not cast from us
 By single *Exorcismes*: neither shall
 Our privacies advantage us at all,
 Except in what conduces to the health
 Of private men, or of their private wealth.

If we in close retirements (by our feare)
 At markets, or where worse Assemblies are,
 Infected grow: the *Devill*, by and by
 With us perswadeth, either to belye
 The *Church*, our constant *Fasting*, or some one
 Good worke, or pious action we have done.
 (As visiting the sick, in time of need,
 Or any other such like Christian deed)
 For, he those practices doth greatly spight,
 And, to disparage them hath much delight:
 Because he sees, that such as are inclinde
 To pious meanes, will soone by triall finde,
 Good hopes to thrive beyond their expectations;
 Their knowledge, foole his cunning machinations;
 Their faiths grow strong; temptations weak appeare;
 Their joy most perfect, where most sorrowes are;
 And know, that when the *Lord of Hosts* is armed,
 With all his *Iudgements*, that, he least is harmed,
 Who, bold through *Love*, *selfe-trust* quite from him
 And, runs with confidence to meet his blows. (throws

Let no man then be fearfull to repaire
 Vnto the house of *Preaching*, or of *Pray'r*;
 Or, any whither else, those works to doe,
 Which he by Conscience is obliged to:

M

No,

No, though the Devill in the passage lay,
 Or strow'd most fearfull dangers in the way.
 For, if in such a case, our death we take,
 Our death, shall for our best advantage make.

Yet, let none thinke I this opinion cary,
 That ev'ry *Church*, will be a *Sanctuary*,
 To all that come. For, sure, if any dare
 Without *Devotion*, in Gods house appeare,
 To them, that place, more perill threatens, then,
 A chamber thronged with infected men.

Some fainted in the *Church*, as others did
 Within their houses (where themselves they hid)
 Yet not so often. For, though some did please
 To blame the *Church* for spreading this disease,
 No places were more harmlesse. None did we
 Behold more healthy, or to scape more free
 From this *Infection*, then those persons, whom
 We saw most often, to Gods worship come.
 Nor were there any houses more infected
 Then theirs, who most the house of God neglected.
 I speake not this by rumor: For, ev'n thither
 Reforted I, where thronged were together
 The greatest multitudes: And day by day
 I fate, where all the croud I could survey.
 Yet, I nor man, nor childe, nor woman saw,
 To sinke, looke pale, or from their place withdraw.
 And, doubtlesse, if such faintings there had beene,
 As many prated of; I some had seene.
 Which, since I did not see, I wish againe,
 None would at such a time, Gods house refraine,
 Except in Congregations not their owne,
 And where infection feared is, or knowne:
 Or in their owne Assembly, where disorder
 Committed wilfully, the Pest may further.

Or

Or, when their bodie's weakenes, or the Aire
 Their safeties may some other waies impaire.
 Excepting to (in times of *Visitation*,
 When they are markt with markes of *Separation*,
 As *Rising*, *Blaines*, or *Sores*. Or, newly from
 The company of such like persons, come.
 Or, whensoever they or doe, or may
 Suppose themselves Infectious any way.

These (as the *Lepers* did, by *Moses* Law)
 From publike Congregations should withdraw,
 For, sure, if any such themselves intrude
 To mixe among a healthy Multitude,
 (Though prayers or devotions they pretend,
 Or whatsoever other pious end)
 Their foolish practise is vnwarrantable ;
 Yea, their condition so uncharitable,
 That I abhorre it : and beleeve that for
 So doing, God their *prayers* doth abhorre :

*And, here, (although it may impertinent
 By some be thought) I cannot chuse but vent,
 How I dislike our so much liked fashion
 Of buriall, where the publike Congregation
 Are bound to meet : And then, especially,
 When of infectious griefes great numbers dye.
 I know both Custome, and Opinion, have
 So rooted this, that I my breath may save
 In reprehending it. Yet, when I must
 Be taken hence, and turne againe to dust,
 Let nought but Earth and Heav'n my carcasse cover,
 And neither Church nor Chappell roose me over ;
 Nor any other Buildings, saving those
 That onely serve, such reliques to enclose.*

*For, though I doe ingenuously confesse,
 We should to show our Christian hopefulnesse*

M 2

Of

*Of rising from the dead, lodge decently
 Their flesh, who in Christs Faith professe to dye :
 And, that Churchyards, or plots distinguisht from
 The vulgar use, doe best of all become
 That purpose. Yet, I know the common guise
 Of bur'ing in the Church, did first arise
 From ancient Superstition ; and to gaine
 Some outward profit, to the priestly traine.
 For, many simple men were made conceive
 That if (when they were dead) they might have leave
 To rest within those plots of hallowed ground,
 Which either Church or Chappell did surround ;
 No wicked Spirit should permittance have,
 To trouble or abuse them, in the grave :
 Whereas (which yet old fooles beleieve they doe)
 They might else rise, and walke at midnight too
 About their streets, and houses, or crosse wayes ;
 Till some Masse-monger them at quiet layes :
 And then it was suppos'd, how much the nigher
 They lay unto their Altar, or their Choire,
 By so much more the safer they should rest ;
 Which brought no petty summes to Dagon's chest.
 Thence was it, that our Churches, first of all,
 Were glaz'd with Scutchions like a Heralds hall ;
 And that this age in them depainted sees
 So many vaine and lying Pedigrees.
 Thence comes it that we now adayes behold
 Some Chancels filled up with rotten, old,
 And foolish monuments. From hence we see
 So many puppet Images to be
 On eu'ry wall within our Oratories :
 So many Epitaphs, and lying stories,
 Of men deceast : and, thence the guise was gotten,
 To let so many Banners dropping rotten*

Deforme

*Deforme our pillars ; and withdraw our eyes
From pious objects to those vanities.*

*If any man desirous be to lye
Within a Monument, when he shall dye :
Let ev'ry noble Family erect
Within their Cities some faire Architect,
Within the compasse of whose roofed wall
There may be founded some good Hospitall
Or buildings for the lawfull recreation
Of youth, and for the honor of the Nation.
And of that Name or kin, when any dyes,
There lay their bones ; or to their memories
Erect there Tables. And, let them that had
Such minds, and fortunes, to the Structure adde.
Yea thither (if they please) let them translate
Their ancestors. But, I have spoke too late,
Those times are past in which our noble ones
Were able to erect such piles of stones
As might be eminent. Our kingly race
Had by the seventh Henry, such a place
Erected for them, so magnificent,
That to this Land it is an ornament.
Let them that cannot reach the cost of these,
Raise Cawfies, Bridges, and make Docks, and Keyes
For publike use : which with as little cost
As now upon their pedling Tombe, is lost,
Should make them live farre longer in their fames ;
For, we would those entitle by their Names.*

*All they that love their Country, now they know
Which way they may their money best bestow,
(To memorize their Friends, with profiting
The publike) will consider of this thing
And build them Tombes where we may praise the work ;
Not in a Church obscure, unscene to lurke,*

M 3

Where

*Where few shall view them ; and where most who shall
Behold them, take no heed of them at all.*

*If some good Patriots would begin the fashion,
It might allure, perhaps, to imitation.*

And if it were not greedinesse of gaine

*Among Church-Officers, which did maintaine
Such Customes ; we should somewhat more forbear
To lay so many stinking bodies there*

*Where God we seeke (and him should seeke to finde,
With purity of body, and of minde)*

Indeed our sinne, alone pollutes ; and yet

An outward decency is also fit.

*Was't well, that in the Church (where throngs and heat
Did make us in the croud to pant and sweate)*

Ev'n in the midst of our Devotions too,

Men should, as oft it pleased them to doe,

Thrust in (where we could hardly stand in ease)

With foure or five strong smelling Carkasses ?

Was't fit, so many Graves, at such a season

Should gape and breath upon us ? was it reason,

That heaps of rubbish, Coffin-boards, and stones,

Late bury'd bodies, and halfe rotten bones,

Gods Temple should pollute ? and make it far

More loathsome, then most Charnell houses are ?

Was't fitting that to gaine their griping fees,

They should endanger multitudes to leese

Their lives, or healths ? or, that they should fulfill

A foolish motion in a dead mans will,

By wronging of the living ? God forbid

It should be reason ; and yet, thus they did.

Thus did they ? yea, far worse : for should I tell

At what high rates, some Churchmen, here did sell

Their burying grounds : What fees they did exact :

How Readers, Clarkes, and Sextons did compass,

To

*To racke the dead : to what a goodly summe
 Their large Church-duties (in some cases) come :
 What must be paid for Bearers, though men have
 Their friends to helpe convey them to the grave :
 What for the Bells, though not a bell be rung :
 What, for their mourning-clothes, though none be hung
 Vpon them but their owne : what pay did passe
 For Fun'rall Sermons, where no Sermon was :
 And, what was oft extorted (without shame)
 To give him leafe to preach, who freely came :
 If here (I say) I should discover what
 I might, of those things mentioned, relate,
 Those men who die, that charges they may save,
 Would feare they might be begger'd in the Grave :
 For, more to take that lodging hath beene spent,
 Then would have bought a pretty tenement.*

Thus, as one matter drew another on,
 My *Muse* hath diuers things discours'd upon
 To many fundry purposes : but, what
 I chiefly in this *Canto* aimed at
 Vvas, to preserve in mind an awfull sense
 Of what we suffred in this *Pestilence* :
 VVhat we deserved, and how variously,
 Gods *Iustice*, this one *Corfive* did apply,
 To eate out all Corruptions, which be spotted
 Our soules, and had ere this our bodies rotted.

I might as well have memorized here,
 How diversly God's *Mercies* did appeare,
 Amid his *Iudgements* : how he comforted,
 VVhen outward comfort failed : how he fed,
 VVhen oile and meale were wasted : how he gaue
 Their lives to them, whose feet were in the graue.
 VVhat *Patience*, what high *Fortitude* he granted,
 And, how he still supplied what we wanted.

M 4

I

I might commemorate, a world of Grace
 Bestow'd in this affliction, on this place,
 Both common, and in private. Many a vow
 (Of theirs, who will, I feare, forget it now)
 Was daily heard. Ten thousand suits were daigned;
Reprieves, for soules condemned were obtained.
 Friends prayd for friends; the parents for the lives
 Of their deare children. Husbands for their wives;
 Wives for their husbands beg'd with teares & passiō,
 And, God with pitie heard their lamentation.

In friends, in servants, in the temporall wealth,
 In life, in death, in sicknesses, and health,
 God manifested *Mercy*. Some did finde
 A *Friend*, to whom till then, none had beene kind.
 Some, had their servants better'd, for them, there,
 By Gods correction. Some, left wealthy were
 By dying kindred, who the day before
 Were like to beg their bread from doore to doore.
 Some, by their timely *deaths* were taken from
 Such present paines, or from such woes to come,
 That they are happy. Vnto some, from heav'n,
 The blessing of a longer life was giv'n,
 That they might call to minde their youthfull times,
 Repent omiffions, and committed crimes;
 Amend their courfes, and be warisome
 That they displeas'd not God, in times to come.

Againe, some others by their sicknesses,
 And by the feares they had in this *Disease*,
 Grew awfull of Gods Iudgements; and within
 Their harts, good motions were, wher none had bin;
 Ev'n in their hearts who fear'd nor God nor Devill,
 Nor guilt of sin, nor punishment for evill.
 And, some had health continu'd, that they might
 Gods praise extoll, and in his love delight.

Should

Should I declare, in what unusuall wife
 God op'ned here their foules dimfighted eyes,
 Who blinded were before ; how nigh had reacht
 To highest *Mysteris* : what things they preacht
 Ev'n to their neighbours, and their family,
 Before their foules did from their bodies flye ;
 Or, should I tell but what young *Children* here
 Did speake, to take from elder folke their feare
 Of Sicknesse and Death ; what they exprest
 Of heav'nly blisse, and of this worlds unrest ;
 What faith they had ; what strange illuminations ;
 What strong assurances of their salvations ;
 And with what proper termes, and boldnesse they
 Beyond their yeares, such things did open lay,
 It would amaze our *Naturallists*, and raise
 A goodly *Trophee* to our Makers praise.
 But, this for me were too too large a task,
 And many yeares and volumes it would aske,
 Should I in these particulars record
 The never ending mercies of the *Lord*.
 For he that would his meanest act recite,
 Attempts to measure what is infinite.

That story therefore, in particular
 To meddle with I purpose to defer
 Till in the Kingdome of eternity
 My soule in honor of his Majesty
 Shall *Hallelujah* sing ; and over-looke
 With hallow'd eyes, that great eternall Booke,
 Which in a moment to my view shall bring
 Each passed, present, and each future thing,
 And there my soule shall read, and see revealed
 What is not by the *LAMBE*, as yet, unsealed.

Meane while Ile cry *Hofannah*, and for all
 His love to me, and mercies generall,

M 5

His

His three times holy, and thrice blessed Name
I praise, and vow for aye to praise the same.

The fifth *Canto*.

*The Author justifies againe
His Method, and his lowly Straine.
Next, having formerly made knowne
The Common Feares, he tels his owne.
Shewes with what thoughts he was diseased,
When first the Plague his lodging seized:
Of what God's Iustice him accused;
Vpon what Doubts, or Hopes, he mused;
On what, and how, he did resolve;
And who from Death, did him absolve.
The Plagues encrease, he then expresseth:
The Mercies of the L O R D confesseth:
Emplores that he himselfe may never
Forget them, but, be thankfull ever:
Then, mounting Contemplations wings,
Ascends to high and usefull things.
From thence his Muse is called downe,
To make Great Brittaines errors knowne:
Wherein, he doth confesse a failing;
And (his infirmities bewailing)
Is fitted and resolv'd anew,
His purpos'd Message to pursue:
And, having first anticipated,
His Arrant is, in part, related.*

PErhaps, the nicer *Critickes* of these times,
When they shall sleightly view my lowly *Rimes*,
(Not to an end, these *Poems* fully reading,
Nor their *Occasion*, not my *Aymes*, well heeding)
May

May taxe my *Muse* that she at random flies ;
 For want of *Method*, makes *Tautologies* ;
 And commeth off, and on, in such a fashion,
 That, oft she failes their curious expectation.

It is enough to me, that I doe know
 What they commend, and what they disallow.
 And let it be enough to them, that I
 Am pleas'd to make such faults for them to spy.
 For I intend the *Method* which I use ;
 And, if they doe not like it, they may chuse.
 They who in their *Composures*, keep the fashion
 Of older times, and write by imitation ;
 Whose quaint *Inventions* must be trimd and trickt,
 With curious dressings, from old *Authors* pickt ;
 And whose maine workes, are little else, but either
 Old scattred *Pieces*, finely glew'd together,
 Or, some concealed *Structures* of the Braine,
 Found out (where long obscured they have laine)
 And new attir'd : These must (and well they may)
 Their *Poesies* in formall garbes aray,
 Their naturall defects by Art to hide ;
 And, make their *old new-straines* the Test abide.

These, doe not much amisse, if they assume
 Some *Estridge* feathers, or the *Peacockes* plume
 To strut withall : nor had I greatly heeded
 That course of theirs, if they had not proceeded
 To censure mine. My *Muse* no whit envies
 That they from all their heathnish *Poesies*
 Have skumm'd the *Creame* ; & to themselves (for that)
 The stile of *Prince of Poets* arrogate.
 For, *Plautus*, *Horace*, *Perseus*, *Juvenal*,
 Yea *Greece* and *Romes* best *Muses*, we may call
 Their *Tributaries* ; since from them came in
 Those *Treasures* which their princely *Titles* win.

Some

Sometime, as well as they I play the *Bee* :
 But, like the *Silkeworme*, it best pleaseth me
 To spin out mine owne Bowells, and prepare them
 For those, who thinke it not a shame to weare them.
 My *Matter*, with my *Method*, is mine owne ;
 And I doe plucke my *Flow'rs* as they are blowne.

A *Maiden* when she walkes abroad to gather
 Some herbs to strow the dwellings of her *Father*,
 (Or fragrant flow'rs to deck her wedding Bowre,
 Or make a nosegay for her *Paramour*)
 She comes into the Garden, and first seizeth
 The Flow'rs which first she sees, or what she pleaseth ;
 Then runs to those whom use or memory,
 Presenteth to her thought, or to her eye :
 As toward them she hasteth, she doth finde
 Some others, which were wholly out of minde,
 Ev'n till that very moment : while she makes
 Her prise of those, she notice likewise takes
 Of *Herbs* unknowne before, that lurking lay
 Among the pleasant *Plants* within her way :
 She crops off these, of those she taketh none,
 Makes use of some, and lets as good alone ;
 Here plucks the *Cowslips*, *Roses* of the *prime*,
 There *Lavander*, sweet *Marjoram*, and *Thyme*,
 Yonn *Iuly flow'rs*, or the *Damask Rose*,
 Or sweet-breath'd *Violet*, that hidden growes :
 Then some againe forenam'd (if need she thinks)
 Then *Daisies*, and then *Marigolds*, and *Pincks* :
 Then *Herbs* anew, then *Flow'rs* afresh doth pull,
 Of ev'ry fort, untill her lap is full.
 And otherwhile, before that worke be done,
 To kill a *Caterpillar* she doth run,
 Or catch a *Butterfly* ; which varies from
 That purpose whereabout she first did come.

So,

So, from the *Muses* Gardens, when I meane
Those flow'rs of usefull *Poesie* to gleane,
Which being well united may content
My Christian Friends ; or with a pleasing sent
Perfume Gods house, or beautifie, or cheere
My soule, which else would rude, and sad appeare :
When this I meane ; I paint out ev'ry *Thought*,
As to my heart I feele it to be brought :
I treat of things, as cause conduces them,
And as occasions, unto me, doe show them.
Sometimes, I from the matter seeme to goe,
For purposes, which none but I may know.
Sometime, an usefull *Flow'r* I may forget ;
Anon, into my *Nossegay*, I doe set
Some other twice ; because, perchance, the place
Affords it better use, or better grace.
As one conceit I seriously pursue,
That, brings perhaps another to my view,
And that another ; and that, many a one,
Which if in *Methods* Allies I had gone,
Had, peradventure, else remain'd unseene ;
And, in my *Garland* might have missed beene.
E're I my pen assume, I feele the motions
Of doing somewhat, and have gen'rall *notions*
Of what I purpose : But, *Mogul* doth know
As well as I, what path my *Muse* will goe.
What, in particular, I shall expresse,
I know not (as I hope for happineffe)
And though my matter, when I first begin,
Will hardly fill one page ; yet being in,
Methinks, if neither faintnesse, friends, nor night,
Disturbed me, for ever I could write.
Vpon an instant I oft feele my brest
With infinite variety possest ;

And

And such a troupe of things together throngs,
 Within my brain ; that, had I twenty tongues
 I should (whilst I affaid to utter it)
 Twice more, then I could mention, quite forget.

A hundred *Musings*, which I meane to say,
 Before I can expresse them, slip away ;
 Which to recall, although I much endeavor,
 Oft passe out of my *memory*, for ever ;
 And cary forth (ev'n to the worlds farre end)
 Some other thoughts, which did on them depend.

Whilst I my pen am dipping downe in inke,
 That's lost which next to tell you I did thinke ;
 And, somewhat instantly doth follow on,
 Which till that present, I ne're thought upon.

This, forceth me those *Methods* to forgoe,
 Which others in their *Poems* fancy so.
 This makes me birth to my *Conceptions* give,
 As fast as they their *Beings* doe receive.
 Lest whilst I for the common *Midwife* tary,
 The flitting issue of my braine miscary.
 And, howsoe're they please to censure me,
 Who but *Stepfathers* to their *Poemes* be ;
 This, is that way of uttrance, that each *Muse*
 Makes practice of, whom *Nature* doth infuse :
 And, warrant from their *Naturall-straines* doth set,
 Whom *Artificiall Poets* counterfeit.

These are true *Raptures* ; theirs are *imitations*,
 Or, rather, of old *Raptures*, new *Translations*.
 This *Method* long agoe, old *Moses* used,
 When God his *Hymne* of praise, to him infused.
 Thus, *Solomon* his *Song of Songs*, composed :
 And, when thy finger, *Isr'el*, was disposed
 To praise the *Lord*, or speake unto his God,
 Or vent his passions in a mournfull *Ode*,

In

In this contemned wife, from him did flow,
 Those heav'nly *Raptures* which we honor so.
 As God's good *Spirit* cary'd him along,
 So vary'd he, the matter of each *Song*.
 Now *prays* ; straight *praiseth* ; instantly *lamenteth* ;
 Then halfe *despaires* ; is by and by *contented* ;
 The *person* of the *changeth* ; oft *repeateth*
 One sentence ; and one suit oft *iterateth*.
 Which manner of expreffion, seemes to some
 So methodlesse, and so to wander from
 A certainty, in what he did intend,
 That they his well-knit *Raptures* discommend,
 As broken and dif-jointed ; when, indeed,
 From ignorance (or from their little heed
 To such expreffions, and such mysteries)
 Their causelesse difesteeme, did first arise.
 Yea, *Ignorance*, not knowing what they meant,
 When such an uncouth path the *Muses* went ;
 Was wont (long since) to call our soule-rapt *straines*,
Poetick Furies : And that Name remaines.
 Yet, this old tract I follow ; this I use ;
 And, this no true-borne *Poet* can refuse.
 My scope, I ever keepe, in all my *Layes* ;
 Which is, to *please*, and *profit*, to Gods praise :
 But, in one *path*, or in one *pace* to ride,
 It is not fit a *Poet* should be ty'd.
 Sometime he must be *grave* ; left else, the *wife*
 The matter, or the manner, may despise.
 Sometime he must endeavor to be plaine,
 Left all that he delivers be in vaine :
 Another while, he *Parables* must use,
 And *Riddles*, lest some should the truth abuse,
 And they that are the *Nymrods* of the times
 Grow mad, in stead of leaving off their crimes.

Some-

Sometimes he must be *pleasing*, lest he may
 Drive all his froward *Readers* quite away.
 Sometimes he must have *bitter-straines*, to keepe
 The fullen Reader from a drowfie sleepe ;
 And whip those wantons, from an evill course,
 That, without warning, would be daily worfe.
 Sometimes againe, he must be somewhat *merry*,
 Lest *Fooles*, of good instruction, should be weary.
 Yea, he to all men all things should become,
 That he, of many, might advantage some.

This, makes me change the *Person*, and the *Style*,
 And vary from the matter, other while.
 This, makes me mixe smal things, and great together ;
 Here, I am grave ; there, play I with a feather.
 One page, doth make some *Reader* halfe beleeve,
 That I am angry : In the next, I give
 The Childe an Aple. In one leafe, I chide ;
 I somewhat in another doe provide,
 To helpe excuse those frailties I reproved :
 And those excuses, are in place removed,
 From such reprooves ; lest following on too nigh,
 The *Check*, might without heed, be passed by.

This course becomes the *Muses*. This doth save
 Our *Lines* from just reproofe, when *Tyrants* rave
 At our free *Numbers* : and when *Fooles* condemne
 Our *Straines*, because they understand not them.
 Such *Poesie* is right : and, therefore, they
 Who study matter, and what words to say,
 Doe falsly arrogate to be inspired ;
 Since, when they boast their soules are this way fired,
 It is but *Wine*, or *Passion* makes them rave :
 And thence the *Muses* their disgraces have.
 Most times, when I *compose*, I watch, and fast.
 I cannot find my *Spirits*, when I taste

Of

Of meats and drinks ; nor can I write a line,
 Sometime, should I but take one draught of *wine*.
 Men say, it makes a *Poet*, and doth warme
 His braine, and him with strong invention arme.
 No marvell then, that most doe reckon me
 For none, who of this Age the *Poets* be ;
 And, that so enviously at me they strike,
 For they and I are not inspir'd alike.
 In such like workes as these, if I should fill
 My head, my *Muse* would have an empty quill ;
 And, that which to expresse she then prefumes,
 Would smother'd be, with vapourings and fumes.
 But, when those write ; themselves they first make mery
 With *Claret*, with *Canary*, or with *Sherry*.
 And these are sure the Deities which make
 A sensuall eare, of them, best liking take.

When such as they reprove a sinfull *State*,
 Or would those great enormities relate,
 Wherein their times offend ; they may be brought
 To question for it ; and it may be thought
 Their spleene, revenge, or envy, did incite
 Their braines to hammer, what their pens did write,
 Because they did premeditate, and straine
 Their faculties, their projects to attaine.
 But, when a man one *Subject* purposing,
 Sits downe to write it, and another thing
 (Vnthought upon before) quite thrusteth out
 The matter which at first he went about :
 When he remembers, that nor spight, nor spleene,
 Nor envy hath his *primus motor* beene :
 When he perceives, nor dangers, nor disgrace
 Can fright him, when such *Raptures* are in place :
 When he doth find, that with much ease & pleasure
 He utters what exceeds the common measure

Of

Of his owne *Gifts* : And that (although his Rimes
 Are none of those *strong lines* that catch the times)
 They from the *Vertuous*, good respect can draw,
 And keepe the proudest *vitious-men* in awe :
 What should he thinke, but that the pow'r of God
 Inspireth him, to show his will abroad ?
 What need he feare, but, most undantedly,
 Make use of his inspired *Facultie* ?
 No arrogance it were, if he, or I,
 Should say that God our pens had spoken by,
 To those we live among ; since, we might say,
 He speakes by all his creatures, ev'ry day :
 Yea, since in elder times it came to passe,
 That he declar'd his pleasure by an *Affe*.

What should we do but speake, when we are willed ?
 Whan can we doe but speake when we are filled ?
 While wicked men we doe remaine among,
 With *David*, we a while may curb the tongue ;
 But, burne it will within us, till we speake,
 And forth, at last, some thundring voice will breake.

And what should then our hearers doe, but learne
 Their errors, by our *Poems*, to discern ?
 Why should they raile at us, who neither feare
 Their fury, nor for all their threatnings care ?
 Why doe they, childishly, our Lines condemne,
 That strike but at their *follies*, not at *them* ?
 Why, so unjustly still, are we pursued,
 Who shew them how their *falls* may be eschewed ?
 And why doe they by seeking of our shame,
 Encrease our glories, and themselves defame ?
 Whence comes all this, but from that sottishnesse
 Which doth most people of this age possesse ?

But, let these questions passe ; lest by degrees,
 They draw us on, untill our marke we leese.

Thus

Thus far my *Muse* hath wilfully digrest,
 And of her *purpose*, now she vents the rest.
 When divers weeks together I had wasted
 In viewing those afflictions others tasted ;
 When day by day, I long had walkt abroad, †
 Beholding how the scourging hand of God,
 Afflicted other men, and how, each morning
 My going out, and how my back returning,
 Was ev'ry night in safety ; I began
 Gods care and my unworthinesse to scan.
 And, 'twas, me thought, a favour, which required
 To be both much acknowledg'd, and admired ;
 That (when so many houses, ev'ry day,
 Were visited) the place wherein I lay
 Stood free so long ; considering we were many,
 And, then, resorted to, as much as any.
 But, there was somewhat needfull to be knowne,
 Which no mans grieve could teach me, but mine own.
 And, that I might thereof informed be,
 God sent at last his *Judgements* home to me.
 Yea, peradventure, in my soule he saw
 Some failings of my former filiall awe ;
 Some thanklesse ; some inward pride of heart ;
 Or over-weening of mine owne desert,
 Arising from the mercifull protection
 Which he vouchsafed me from this *Infection* ;
 And therefore sent as my *Remembrancer*,
 His dreadfull, and his bloody *Messenger*
 To take his lodging, where my lodgings were ;
 And put his rage in execution there.
 For, in upon us, that *Contagion* broke,
 Five soules out of our Gate, it quickly tooke,
 And left another wounded ; that I might
 Conceive my danger, and Gods love, aright.

It

It fell about the time in which their fum
 Who weekly died, to the full was come :
 Then, when infection to such height was growne,
 That many dropped on a sudden downe
 In ev'ry street : yea, when some fooles did tell
 The lying Fables of the *Falling-Bell*
 At *Westminster* ; and how that then did flye
 No Bird through *Londons* ayre which did not dye.
 Ev'n then it was. And, though some few did please,
 By such like tales, and strange *Hyperboles*,
 To overstraine the stories of our sorrow :
 They did much needlessly their fictions borrow
 To set it forth. Nay, their false rumors made
 Our woes appeare lesse great, then those we had.

Till now, I made the smart of others knowne :
 The *Griefes* I next will tell you, are mine owne.
 At first, I stood as one who from a Towre
 Beholding how the sword doth such devoure
 (Who in the streets beneath him fighting be)
 Accounts himselfe from danger to be free.
 But, at the last, I fared, as it fares
 With such, whose Foes have made, at unawares,
 A breach upon their *Bulwarke* ; and I stood
 No meane assaults, to make my standing flood.
 For, both within me, and without me, too,
 I had enough, and full enough to doe.

No sooner to my Chamber was I gone,
 But, I was follow'd straight, and set upon
 By strong *Affailants*, who did much intrude,
 And much diseafe me, by their multitude.
 My *Reason*, who to *Faith* did lately sloop,
 Revolted, and brought on a mighty troupe
 Of trayt'rous *Arguments*, whereby she thought,
 On this my disadvantage, to have wrought.

Tempta-

Temptations, flye-Suggestions, Feare and Doubt,
 Did undermine, and close me, round about.
 My *Conscience* did begin to be afraid
 My *Faith* had beene a false one ; who betraid
 My Soule to Death : and (whether then it were
 The pow'r of strong *Infection*, or else *Feare*,
 Occasion'd by those combatings within,
 Or both together) I did then begin
 To finde my body weakned more and more,
 And felt those pangs till then unfelt before.

Ev'n many dayes together, so it fared :
 And sure if *Superstition* could have scared
 My better settled heart, there hapned that,
 Which I had fear'd, and somewhat startled at :
 And (though I never outwardly complained
 To any one, of that which I sustained)
 That week, in which our house was visited,
 And made complete the number of their dead ;
 I had a sleepleffe night ; in which with heat
 Opprest, I purged out (in stead of sweat)
Round-ruddy-spots (and, that, no little store)
 Which on my brest, and shoulders, long I wore.

Perhaps, it was the *Pestilence*, which then
 So marked me ; and I, as other men,
 By her had beene devour'd, had I not
 Through Gods great mercy, my free *pardon* got.
 Which, how, and on what termes, the same I gain'd,
 Ile now declare. For, though they seeme but fain'd,
 Or melancholy thoughts, which here I tell ;
 Yet, sure, to smother them, I did not well.
 For, some, perhaps, will thinke (as well as I)
 That none should sleightly passe such musings by :
 And some (who at first viewing will surmise,
 That in these things I meerly poetise)

Will

VWill find, perchance, in times that shall ensue,
 Experimentall proofes that all is true ;
 Should *Darknesse*, where her visage, *Danger*, shoves,
 (At such a disadvantage) them enclose.

VWhen all alone I lay, and apprehended,
 How many mischiefes my poore soule attended ;
 I plainly saw (though not with carnall eyes)
 God's dreadfull *Angell*, ready to surprize
 My trembling soule ; and ev'ry hideous feare,
 VWhich can to any naturall man appeare,
 (In such a case, to aggravate his terror)
 Approacht, with ev'ry circumstance of horror.
 I saw the *Muster* of each passed evill,
 And all my youthfull follies, by the *Devill*
 Brought in against me, marshall'd, and prepared,
 To fight the battell which I long had feared,
 And such a multitude of them furrounded
 My *Conscience*, that I was almost confounded.

A thousand sinnes appear'd which were forgot,
 And which I till that moment minded not,
 Since first committed ; and more ugly far
 They seem'd, then when they perpetrated were.
 Yea many things whereof I bragg'd, and thought
 That I, in doing them, some good had wrought,
 Declar'd themselves against me ; and I found
 That they did give my soule the deepest wound.
 VWhen these had quite enclosed me, I saw
 The *Tables*, and the *Volumes* of the *Law*,
 To me laid open : and I was, me thought,
 Before the presence of Gods *Iustice* brought,
 VWho from her eye did frownes upon me dart,
 And seemed, thus to speake unto my heart.

(Oh ! *Readers* marke it well ; for to this *Dooome*,
 Or to a worse then this, you all must come.

Sup-

*Suppose thou not, vaine man, thou dost possesse
This life till now, for thine owne righteousness,
Or that thou meritest more grace to have
Then they who now are sent to fill the Grave :
Lo, here, thy Foe hath brought of thy offences
An Army, and so many evidences
Of thy Corruption ; that plead what thou wilt
Of merit in thy selfe, they prove a guilt
So hainous, that thy soule thou canst not free :
Yet other sinfull thoughts of thine I see.*

*I search thy heart, and I discover there
Deceits, which cannot to thy selfe appeare.
I know thy many secret imperfections,
I know thy passions, and thy vaine affections ;
And, that performances thou hast not made
According to those favours thou hast had.
Vaine glory, profit, or some carnall end,
Thy best endeavor alwayes did attend ;
And, as distrusting, God would thee beguile,
An arme of flesh thou seekest otherwhile :
Not as the second, but the chiefeest Cause :
Which from the glory of thy God withdrawes.*

*Mine eye doth see what arrogance and pride
Thou dost among thy fairest vertues hide ;
And, what impieties, thou shouldst have done,
Had I not stopt the course thou thoughtst to run.
Oft times, when others Vices, thou hast showne,
Thou hast forgotten to repent thine owne.
And, many times, thy tart reproofes have beene
The fruits, not of thy Vertue, but of Spleene.
Thy wanton Lusts (but that I did restraine
Their fury, when thou wouldst have slackt the Reine)
Had borne thee headlong to those deeds of shame,
With which thy evill willers blur thy Name.*

Shouldst

*Shouldst thou have done the best that thou wert able,
Thy services had beene unprofitable :
But, thou scarce halfe thy Talent hast employ'd ;
And, that small good thou didst, is nigh destroy'd,
By giving some occasion, needlessly,
Of questioning thy true sincerity.*

*God oft hath hid thy frailties, and thy sunne,
Which being knowne, would thy disgrace have bin.
The show of Wit and Vertue, thou hast had,
He, to the world more eminent hath made,
Then theirs, who wiser, and much better are,
Though outward helpes, and fortunes, wanting were.
And, though thy knowledge, and thy former Layes,
Among your formall Wizzards got no praise,
Yet, what they counted foolishnesse, became
A greater honor to thy sleighted Name,
Then they obtained : And, that Grace (I see)
Begot more pride, then thankfulnessse in thee :
And, I was faine, to let some scandals flye,
To teach unto thee, more humilty.*

*In all thy wants, thou still hast beene relieved ;
From heav'n thou comfort hadst, whē thou wert grieved ;
When Princes threatned, thou wert fearlesse made ;
In all thy dangers, thou a Guard hast had ;
In closest prison, thou best freedome gainedst ;
In great contempts, thou most esteeme obtainedst ;
When, most thy foes did labour to undoe thee,
They brought most honor, and most profit to thee.
Yea, still when thy destruction was expected,
Then, God, thy peace beyond thy hope, effected.
And, in the stead of praising him for this,
Thou robbst him of much honour that was his.
Thou wert content, to heare the vulgar say,
Thy Spirit, and thine Innocence made way*

To

*To thy escape. Whereas thy Conscience knew,
Thou wert a Coward, till God did endue
Thy heart with Fortitude, and freely gave thee
That innocency which from harme did save thee.*

*When God thy Name divulg'd for some good end
(Which his wise Providence did foreintend)
Thou took'st the glory of it for thine owne,
And, justly, therefore, thy so being knowne,
Hath beene a meanes whereby thy Foes have sent
Their scandal farther, then they else had went.*

*As soone as God from trouble did release thee,
(Or, but with hopes of outward things possesse thee)
Some fruitlesse thoughts did quite thy heart estrange,
And after such vaine Projects make thee range,
That he was oft compeld to put thee from
Those blessings, which ev'n to thy lips were come ;
Lest, being then unseasonably received,
Thou might'st of better things have beene bereaved.
Few men so nigh great Hopes attained ever,
With such small fortunes, and without endeavor,
As thou hast done; and fewer have beene crost
That way (which thou hast beene) in what was lost;
That see and know thou might'st, such losse and gaine,
He sent; and, that he neither sent in vaine
Yea, that those evils which thou had'st in thought,
Should scape the being into action brought,
Ill tongues were flured to prevent the fall,
By blazing what was never yet in act:
But, might have beene, perhaps, had not that armed
Thy heart; whereby thy foes would thee have harmed.*

*Thou to refresh thy soule, hast pleasures had,
And thou by their abuse, hast feebler made
Her usefull Faculties. Thou hast enjoyed
Youth, strength, and health; and, them hast mis-employed.*

N

Thy

*Thy God hath made thee gracious in their eyes,
 Whose good esteeme, thy foule doth highly prise;
 And (of ill purpose though Ile not condemne
 Thy love, or meaning, to thyselfe or them)
 Thou hast full often stole their hearts away,
 Ev'n from themselves; and made thine owne a prey
 To many passions; which did sometimes bring
 Vpon your selves, a mutuall torturing:
 Because you did not in your loves propose
 Those ends, for which, Affection, God bestowes.
 But, spent your houres (that should have beene employ'd
 To learne and teach how you should have enjoy'd
 Gods love) that flame, to kindle, in each other;
 Wherein, you might have perished together.*

*Thou aggravated hast thy pard'ned crimes,
 And, iterated them, a thousand times.
 Ev'n yet, thou dost renew them ev'ry day;
 And when for Mercy thou dost come to pray,
 Thou meritest confusion, through that folly,
 Which makes thy prayers to become unholy.*

*Nay, at this time, and in this very place,
 Where God in Iudgement stands before thy face,
 Thou oft forgetst the danger thou art in;
 Forgetst Gods mercy, and dost hourly sin.
 Thou dost neglect thy time, and trifle out
 Those dayes, that should have beene employ'd about
 The service of thy Maker. Thou dost give
 Thy selfe that liberty, as if to live
 Or dye, were at thy choice; and that at pleasure,
 Thou mightst pursue his worke; and at thy leisure.
 Thy Talent thou mis-spendsst; and here, as though
 To looke upon Gods Iudgements were enough
 For thee to doe; thou dost with negligence
 Performe thy vowes; which adde to thy offence.*

And,

*And loe, for these thy faults, and many moe;
Whereof thy Conscience thee doth guilty know,
My spotted-Hound hath seized thee: from whom,
That thou with life shouldst licence have to come,
What canst thou say? I could not make reply;
For, Feare, and Guilt, and that dread Majesty
Which I had apprehended, tooke away
My speech; and not a word had I to say.*

*But Mercy who came arme in arme along
With Justice, and about her alwayes hung;
Did looke, me thought, upon me, with an eye
So truly pitifull, that instantly
My heart was cheer'd, and (Mercy prompting her)
Such words, or thoughts as these she did prefer.*

*'Tis true most awfull Justice, that my sin
Hath greater then thy accusations bin.
The most refined actions of my soule,
Are in thy presence, horrible and foule.
And if thou take account of what is done,
I cannot of ten thousand answer one.
As soone as I am censured from my sinne,
To soile my selfe anew I doe begin.
I to my vomit, like a Dog, retire,
And like a Sow, to wallow in the mire:
I have within my soule, distempers, passions;
And hourly am besieged with strong temptations.
My Flesh is weake, except it be to sin;
My Spirit faints, when I the goale should winne.
My Will Afflicteth most, what is most vaine;
My Memory doth evill best retaine.
That little good I would, I cannot doe;
Those evils I detest, I fall into.
The vapours which from earthly things arise,
Too often veile heav'ns glories from mine eyes.*

N 2

And

*And I, who can sometimes by contemplation,
Advance my soule above the common station,
(The world contemning) doe sometimes agen,
Lye groveling on the ground with other men:
My Faith doth faile; my mounting wings are clipt;
Of all my braveries I quite am stript;
My hopes are hid; my sins doe me defile;
And in my owne esteeme, my soule is vile.
I will acknowledge all my aberrations,
According to their utmost aggravations;
And here confesse, that I deserve therefore
The losse of Mercies love for evermore;
Which were a greater plague, then to abide
All torments here, and all hell plagues beside.*

*But, I repent my sinne: loe, I abhorre it,
And, with my heart, am truly sory for it.
I feare thine anger, (but, to feare the love
Of Mercy could be lost, would in me prove
A greater horror) and no slavish dread,
But loving feare, this grieve in me hath bred.
It paines my soule, that I who have conceived
Such pleasures in thy favours, and received
Such tokens of thy love, from day to day,
Should passe a moment of my time away
In any vanity; or live to be
One minutes space without a thought of thee.
But, more I grieve, that I should more transgresse
Then many doe, whom thou hast favour'd lesse.*

*Although I am a sinner, yet I vow,
I doe not in my soule my sinnes allow;
But, I detest them, and oft pray, and strive,
That, I according to thy Law may live.
(At least I thinke I doe) and hopefull am,
My love to thee is true, though much to blame.*

In

*In me there howrely rise (against my will)
Those lusts which I should mortifie and kill :
And as I am enabled, I doe smile
As well the fat, as leane Amalekite.*

*But, if I have a sin that is become
My Agag ; or as deare as Absolom,
I wish a Samuel, or a Ioab may
Destroy it ere my soule it shall betray.
For, if my heart hath not it selfe deceived,
It would, with willingnesse, be quite bereaved
Of what it most affects (yea, sacrifice
That which is dearer then my hands, or eyes)
E're cherish, wittingly, within my brest,
A thought, which thy uprightnesse doth detest.*

*Thou knowest, that I take no pleasures in
That act which I doe feare to be a sin :
Much lesse if I doe know it so : and, this
Doth bitter make it, when I doe amisse :
Though in my wayes my walkings, now and then,
Appeare irregular to other men ;
(And other while may shewes of evill make)
Because from thence offences others take,
Yet, thought I not, it lesse offended thee
To use it, then unus'd to let it be,
I would not tread once more in such a path,
To save my life, and all the joy it hath.
But, should it cost my life I cannot tell
If (in some actions) I doe ill or well,
For, many times, when I doe seeke to shun
A plash, into a whirlepoole I doe run.
The Wolfe I flye, and loe, a Lyon frights me ;
I shun the Lyon, and a Viper bites me.
A scandall followes, if I take my course ;
If I divert it, there ensues a worfe.*

N 3

I

*If I persist in that which I intend,
 It giveth some occasion to offend :
 If I forgoe it ; my owne knowledge sayes
 'T sin, and scandall give some other wayes.
 I find not in my actions, or affections
 That thing that is not full of imperfections.
 'T cannot doe a good or pious act
 But there is somewhat evill in the fact,
 Or in the manner ; and it either tends
 To this mans dammage, or that man offends.
 Whatever I resolve upon, I finde
 'T doth not fully satisfie my minde.
 I am so straitned, that I know not whence
 To finde the meanes of shunning an offence ;
 And, if dear Mercy, thou assist me not,
 My fairest act will prove my foulest blot.*

*The World, our Friends, our Passions, or our Feare,
 Hath so intangled us, at unaware,
 With manifold engagements ; and so drawes
 And windes us, by degrees, into that Maze
 Of endlesse Wandrings ; that it leads us to
 That sin, sometimes, which we abhor to doe :
 And, otherwhile so strangely giddifies
 The Reason, and the soules best Faculties ;
 That (as I said before) we doe not know
 What in our selves to like, or disallow.
 Yea, we such turnings and crosse wayes doe finde,
 That oft, our Guides (as well as we) are blinde.*

*The Spirit and the Flesh have their delight,
 In things, so diverse, and so opposite :
 And, such a Law of Sinne doth still abide
 Within our Members ; that, we swarve aside
 Doe what we can : and, while we helpe the one,
 To what seemes needfull, th'other is undone.*

If

*If by the Spirits motion, I proceed
 To compasse what I thinke my Soule may need,
 My Body wants the while ; and I am faine
 To leave my course ; that her I may sustaine :
 Lest my engagements, or necessities,
 Might my well meant endeavor scandalize.
 If I but feed my Body, that it may
 Assist my Spirit in some lawfull way ;
 It straight growes wanton : If I fast, it makes
 My spirit faint in what she undertakes :
 And, if I keepe a meane ; meane fruits are they,
 (And little worth) which then produce I may.*

*If in a Christian love some hours I spend
 To be a comfort to some female friend,
 Who needs my counsell : I doe cause, the while,
 Another with hot jealousies, to boyle :
 Nor know I how my selfe excuse I may
 Vnlesse anothers weaknesse I display.
 Which if I doe not, or some lye invent,
 They censure me unkinde, or impudent.*

*I can nor doe, nor speake, nor thinke that thing,
 But, still, some inconvenience it will bring ;
 Or, some occasion of an evill, be
 To me, or others ; or to them, and me.
 And from the body of this Death, by whom
 But, by my Saviour, can I freed become ?*

*Oh ! therefore, sweet Redeemer, succor lend me,
 And, from these bogs, and snares of sin, defend me ;
 Deare God, assist in these perplexities,
 Which from our fraile condition doe arise.
 Set straight, I pray thee, Lord, the crookednesse
 Of erring Nature ; and these faults redresse.
 So out of frame, is ev'ry thing, in me,
 That, I can hope for cure, from none, but thee.*

N 4

To

*To thee I therefore kneele ; to thee I pray ;
To thee my soule complaineth ; ev'ry day :
Doe thou but say, Be whole ; or be thou cleane ;
And, I shall soone be pure, and sound, agen.*

*The Will thou gav'st me, to affect thy Will,
Though it continue not so perfect still,
As when thou first bestow'dst the same ; accept it,
Ev'n such as my polluted Vessell kept in.
For, though it wounded be, through many fights
Continu'd with my carnall appetites :
Yet, if my hearts desire to me be knowne,
Thy Pleasure I preferre before mine owne.
If I could chuse, I would not guilty be
Of any act displeasing unto thee.
In all my life, I would not speake a word,
But, that which to thy liking might accord.
I would not thinke a thought, but what might show,
That from thy Spirit, all my musings flow.
I would nor hate, nor Love, nor hope, nor feare,
But, as unto thy praise it usefull were.
I would not have a joy within my heart,
Of which thou shouldst not be the greater part.
Nor would I live or dye, or happy be
In life or death ; but (Lord) to honour thee.
Oh ! let this Will (which is the precious seed
Of thine owne Love) be taken for the deed.
Assist thou me against the potent evill
Of my great Foes, the World, the Flesh, the Devill.
Renew my fainting pow'rs, my heart revive ;
Refresh my spirits, and my soule relieve.
Lord draw me, by the cords of thy affection,
And I shall fall in love with thy perfection.
Unloose my chaines, and I shall then be free ;
Convert me, and converted I shall be.*

Yea,

